I — Mé im’ naoidhneán.	1 — My Childhood.
Mo mhuinntir, an tseana-bhean bhéal-dorais, cliabh na móna, an íle bhuidhe, an bríste, na muca mara, long na cruithneachtan, me féin agus an eascú.	MY PEOPLE · THE OLD WOMAN NEXT DOOR · THE TURF BASKET · THE PALM-OIL · MY BREECHES · THE PORPOISES · THE WHEAT SHIP · MYSELF AND THE CONGER-EEL
Lá San Tomás, sa mbliain 1856, ’seadh rugadh me.	I WAS born on St Thomas’s day in the year 1856.
Is cuimhin liom bheith ar bhrollach mo mháthar. Cheithre bliana bhíos sarar baineadh de dheol me.	I can recall being at my mother’s breast, for I was four years old before I was weaned.
Is me dríodar an chrúiscín, deire an áil.	I am ‘the scrapings of the pot’, the last of the litter.
Sin é an fáth gur fágadh comh fada ar na cíní me.	That’s why I was left so long at the breasts.
Do bhíos im’ peata ’na theannta san.	I was a spoilt child, too.
Ceathrar driféar agam agus gach nduine aca ag cur a goblaigh féin im’ béal.	Four sisters I had, and every one of them putting her own titbit into my mouth.
Bhíos mar bheadh gearrcach éin aca:	They treated me like a young bird in the nest.
Máire Dhomhnaill, Cáit Dhomhnaill, Eibhlín Dhomhnaill agus Nóra Dhomhnaill, Pádraig Dhomhnaill agus me féin Tomás Dhomhnaill.	Maura Donel, Kate Donel, Eileen Donel, and Nora Donel—those were their names; my brother was Pats Donel, and I am Tomás Donel.
Tá Máire fós beo san oileán so, tá beirt eile aca beo i Meirice, tá Pádraig beo.	Maura is living still in this island, two of them are still alive in America, and Pats isn’t dead yet.
Cailleadh Cáit agus an pinsion ráithe aici.	Kate died after drawing the old-age pension for three months.
Sin iad an t-ál do bhí againn ann.	That was the whole bunch of us.
Do bhíodar san ar fad mór le linn mise bheith im’ bháb insa tslí nárbh’ iongantas dom a bheith im’ peata eatartha.	They were all well grown when I was a baby, so that it was little wonder that I was spoilt among them all.
Ní raibh mór-shúil chuige liom san am gur bhuaileas chúcha.	Nobody expected me at all when I came their way.
Fear ná raibh árd dob’ eadh m’athair. É teann téagartha.	My father was a middle-sized man, stout and strong.
Bhí mo mháthair i n-aoirde póilín go rábach. Í scufánta, lúthmhar, láidir, fionna-ghléigeal	My mother was a flourishing woman, as tall as a peeler, strong, vigorous, and lively, with bright, shining hair.

ach le linn mise do bheith ar a brollach aici ní raibh an scamhárd ar an mbainne cích'; agus rud eile, me féin im' ghamhain seana-bhó agus deacair a thógaint.	But when I was at the breast there was little strength in her milk, and besides that I was 'an old cow's calf', not easy to rear.
Tar éis an tsaoghail do bhí siotalacha breaghtha ag an rógaire báis 'á bhreith leis agus é ag tabhairt deire domh-sa.	For all that, the rascal death carried off many a fine young ruffian and left me to the last.
Is dócha gurbh' amhlaidh nárbh' fhiú leis me dh'aistriú.	I suppose he didn't think it worth his while to shift me.
Bhíos ag dul i gcruadhacht agus me ag imeacht liom féin faid ba mhaith liom dul ach bhíodh faire amuich orm sara raghainn ar bhruach na mara.	I was growing stronger all the time and going my own way wherever I wanted, only that they kept an eye on me to see that I didn't go by the sea.
Cóta de ghlas na caorach orm agus caipín cniotálta;	I wore a petticoat of undressed wool, and a knitted cap.
cineál agam 'á fhagháil: ubh circe, blúire ime, blúire éisc, báirneach agus miongán—blúire de gach ní ó fhairrge agus talamh.	And the food I got was hens' eggs, lumps of butter, and bits of fish, limpets, and winkles—a bit of everything going from sea or land.
Tigh beag caol gur mhaireamair ann. Luachair ó'n gcnoc air.	We lived in a cramped little house, roofed with rushes from the hill.
Is minic a bhí nead circe anáirde 'n-a dhrom agus dosaon ubh innti.	Often the hens would nest in the thatch and lay a dozen eggs there.
Do bhí leabaidh socair insa chúinne ann agus dhá leabaidh i dtóin an tighe.	We had a post bed in the corner, and two beds at the bottom of the house.
Bhíodh dhá bhó ann, dhá mhuic, na cearca agus a gcuid ubh istigh, agus asal agus an méid seo againn féin.	There used to be two cows in the house, the hens and their eggs, an ass, and the rest of us.
Do bhí cúl an tighe le muinntir, sé sin bhí a dhoras ó thuaidh agus doras na coda eile ó dheas.	Our house was reversed: that is, its door faced north— all the others were turned to the south.
Do bhí tigh eile os ár gcoinne amach agus a dhoras linn.	There was another house opposite with its door towards us,
Bhíodh lucht an dá thighe ag cainnt le n-a chéile gach lá.	and the two families chattered together every day.
Bhíodh bean an tighe sin gach uile nóimeat isteach agus amach chughainn-ne.	The woman from that house was in and out of our house all day long.
Bhíodh rud éigin 'e bharra na dturus aici.	She always had something as a result of her visits.

Aithiseóir beag gliobach, buidhe, mí-dheas, gan toirt dob’ eadh í.	She was a little, undersized, untidy-haired babbler with a sallow face, not much to look at—
Í scéalach, bothánach. Is minic adeireadh sí lem’ mháthair ná tógfadh Éire gamhain seana-bhó;	a gossip, always hither and thither. She was always saying to my mother that all Ireland couldn’t rear an old cow’s calf,
agus is dócha ná raibh gamhain riamh age bó, chríona ná óg, ba thruaillithe ná í féin.	and I don’t think any cow, old or young, ever had a more wretched-looking calf than herself.
Mar sin féin bhí croidhe maith aici.	But all the same, she had a good heart.
Is gairid go rabhas ag eascar go maith agus go raibh an cóta glas ag fagháil gearra dhom.	I was soon sprouting finely, and the grey petticoat was getting too short for me.
Me i mblianta na tuiscionna an uair seo.	I was coming to know things then.
Is gairid go rabhas ag dul i n-aitheantas ar an seana-chailligh agus go rabhas ag tabhairt gach ’ra seadh dhi.	I took the measure of the old girl opposite pretty soon, and gave her tit for tat.
Bhíodh dream an dá thighe gach Domhnach ’ár dtigh-ne agus an Choróin Pháirteach age m’ athair ar siubhal.	The two families used to be in our house every Sunday when my father said the Rosary.
Deireadh bean an tighe amuich, annsan, lem’ mháthair:	The woman from the house across the way used to say to my mother every Sunday:
“Fágfair a’ cóta glas air nó go mbeir ag lorg mná dhó!	‘You’ll leave the grey petticoat on him till you’re looking for a wife for him.
Nách maith atá sé ag fás, bail ó Dhia air!” adeireadh sí agus cleithire de dheargán úr thiar ’n-a bolg aici.	Isn’t he growing at a rate, God bless him!’, so she would say, with a great lump of a bream safe in her stomach.
Ó Dhúnchaoin treabhchas m’athar.	My father’s kin were from Dunquin.
Phós sé insan oileán so.	He married into the Island.
Ó Pharóiste Fionntrágha treabhchas mo mháthar.	My mother’s people were from Ventry.
Do bhíodar araon toilteanach le chéile.	They were both willing to take one another.
Ní raibh an galar ortha a bhíonn ar a thuille aca go gcaithtar maide thabhairt do chuid mhaith aca.	They hadn’t the way that some couples have that makes you want to take a stick to them to make them marry!

Do chuireadar chúcha i mbothán bocht ag dul i leith sealgaireacht’ na fairrge agus do bhí píosa talmhan aca agus iad araon go dian-mhaith chun earraidheacht a bhaint as mhuir agus thalamh.	They settled down in a little cabin to live on the produce of the sea, and they had a bit of land, too; and both of them were well gifted to make the best profit out of sea and land.
Ní raibh aon asal insan oileán so san am san ach cléibheanna ar dhrom gach fir—agus mná, sé sin aon bhean nár pheata í nó rógaire gurbh’ fhearr léi gorta ná obair.	There were no asses in the Island in those days, only a creel on the back of every man—and of every woman, too—that is to say, every woman that wasn’t a pet or a sly knave who would rather starve than work.
Sealgaire iongantach dob’ eadh m’athair agus an-fhear oibre.	My father was a marvellous fisherman and a great man for work.
Saor cloiche agus captaen báid dob’ eadh é agus fear cliste chun gach gnótha.	He was a stonemason and boat’s captain, and handy at every trade.
Is mó gnó a dheineadh sé do dhaoinibh eile mar ná raibh ’n-a bhfurmhór san am úd ach mar bheadh scata asal ar pháirc.	He often did a hand’s turn for other folk, for in those days most of them were little better than a drove of asses in a field.
Ana-bhliain éisc dob’ eadh an bhliain sin go raibh an cóta glas orm-sa agus gan me ró shaor ar bhreach-shúil a thabhairt ar bhrollach mo mháthar—dar liom gur cheart dom bheith ag siolpaireacht na gcíní fós.	It was a great year for fish, that year when I wore the grey petticoat, and was still throwing an odd glance now and again at my mother’s breast, for I had a fancy that I ought to be dragging at the teats still.
Is dócha nach mó ná dhá bhliain a bhíos fágtha iad an uair sin.	I suppose that they weren’t more than two years behind me that time.
Do bhí m’athair ag dul ag iascach maidean.	One morning my father was going out fishing.
Bhí cruach bhreagh mhóna aca, isteach insa bhliain, insa chnoc agus bhí tuairisc aca go raibh sí ar fad goidithe ó indé roimis sin.	They had a fine rick of turf on the hill, well on in the year, and they had been told that all the turf had been stolen the day before.
Dubhairt sé lem’ mháthair saothar éigin a dhéanamh ar chuid de’n mhóin a thabhairt abhaile, go raibh an lá breagh.	He told my mother to do her best to bring some of the turf home, for the day was fine.
Do bhuail sí a cliabh ar a drom agus do bhí sé cléibheanna insa bhaile aici sarar mhúscail an peata as a shuan.	She threw the creel on her back, and had brought back six creels of turf before the pet woke out of his slumbers.

Dob' éigean dom' mháthair staonadh de'n mhóin agus cluas a thabhairt do'n pheata do bhí tar éis múscailt as a chodladh.	She had to leave the turf alone then and lend an ear to him now he was awake.
Cuireadh an cóta glas orm, tugadh gráinseáil le n-ithe dhom agus an uair ba cheart dom a bheith sásta ní rabhas.	She dressed me in the grey petticoat and gave me a bite to eat, and, though I ought to have been contented, I wasn't.
Do chuir mo mháthair an cliabh i bhfearas chun tabhairt fé'n gcnoc arís ach do bhíos ag faire 'n-a diaidh agus dob' éigean di me scaoileadh i n-éineacht léi.	My mother set the creel straight to make for the hill again, but I had my eye on her and she had to let me go with her.
Leis an sórt lamhncáin siubhail a bhí agam ní ró fhada do bhíos an t-am gur bhuaileas cortha agus dob' éigean di me bhualadh isteach 'on chliabh agus me thabhairt léi i gcoinnibh an chnuic.	I could only make a shift at climbing the hill, crawling on all fours sometimes, and I soon grew tired, so that she was forced to throw me into the creel and carry me up the hill.
Chuir sí cúpla mallacht im' dhiaidh—rud nár locht uirthi.	She cursed me once or twice, and I don't blame her.
Nuair a líon sí an cliabh de'n mhóin do bhagair sí orm bheith ag bogadh liom síos le fánaidh ach ba dhúire 'teacht me ná ag dul.	When she had filled up the creel with the turf, she signed to me to be making my way down hill, but I made more fuss about going back than I had about coming.
Is cuimhin liom go maith gur chuir sí barra na coise fúm agus gur thóg ó thalamh me agus chuir achar breagh ó bhaile me agus dubhairt:	I remember well that she put the toe of her foot under me and lifted me clear off the ground to help me well away, and said:
"Beagán rí ná rath' ort, maran breagh atá'n lá laithithe agat orm!" Dob' éigean di me thabhairt léi ar a brollach abhaile agus an cliabh comh lán de mhóin agus bhí sé riamh.	'Bad cess to you, you've made a fine muddle of the day on me.' She had to carry me home in front of her with the creel at her back as full as it had ever been before.
Do chaith sí isteach ar an úrlár me agus dubhairt le Máire me chur isteach fé bhéal cléibh agus leigean dom maireachtaint nó bás d'fhagháil!	She dropped me on the floor, and told Maura to shove me under a creel and leave me there to live or die.
D'á mhéid na crosa do dheineas thug sí fiche cliabh móna léi an lá san. Bhí an chruach mhór mhóna age baile fé Dhomhnach aici.	For all the tricks I played, she brought down a score of creels that day, and by Sunday she had the whole great rick of turf safely housed.
Do bhí chúig mhíle éisc age m'athair an tseachtain sin.	My father got five thousand fish that week.
Bhíodh mo mháthair ag innsint na neithe sin do'n seana-chailligh bhéal-dorais.	My mother would be telling these tales to the old hag over the way.

Tháinig bliain ghádhtair timcheall na h-aimsire go rabhas-sa ana-bheag.	A hard year came about the time when I was still very young.
Do bhuail long an bliain chéadna insa taobh thuaidh de'n oileán so.	A ship was wrecked that year on the north side of the Island.
Deineadh min-ramh de'n luing agus d'imigh a raibh innti—saghas íle buidhe—'n-a ailpeanna ar snámh ar fuaid na fairrge.	The ship was ground to smithereens, and her cargo—some kind of palm-oil it was— went afloat in lumps all over the sea.
Íle dhaor dob' eadh í agus is suarach a bheadh ag duine bocht di an uair a bheadh fiacha leath-phaca de mhin bháin aige (ní raibh min bhuidhe ann an uair úd).	It was valuable stuff, and very little of it would bring a poor man a half sack of white meal—yellow meal hadn't come in at that time.
Do bhí gárdaí cósta i nDúnchaoin an uair sin agus gnó ann díobh mar do bhíodh luingeasa 'á chur i dtír go tiugh toisc gan cur amach a bheith ar aon ghléiseanna eile chun a dtiomáint ach seolta.	There were coastguards in Dunquin in those days, and there was need of them, for ships were always being driven in on the coast, as there was no other contrivance known for propelling them but sails.
Ar chlos do sna fir ghorma (sin é an ainm do bhíodh ortha sa cheanntar) go raibh an long bháidhte san oileán agus fios cad a bhí innti, ní raibh codladh lae ná oidhche ortha ach ag rith isteach gach am, mar do bhí bád greanta aca féin, gan amhras, go deigh-fhearais, agus iad féin go deigh-eolach.	When the bluecoats (that's the name they had in the countryside) heard of the wreck in the Island and of her cargo, they kept rushing into the Island night and day, without allowing themselves time for sleep, for they had a splendid boat, well-equipped, and they themselves were knowledgeable men.
Do chlipeadar san an croidhe age sna h-oileánaigh d'iarraidh na h-ailpeanna a chur i bpuill i n-áiteannaibh ná raibh sé i gcumas cait ná madra dul go dtí iad.	They worried the life out of the Islanders, who were trying to hide the lumps of palm-oil in holes in places where neither cat nor dog could come at them.
Tár éis an tsaoghail do mhair na daoine go maith an bhliain sin insan oileán d'á fheabhas do dhein na fir ghorma a ndícheall.	Anyhow the people lived very well in the Island that year, though the bluecoats did their very best.
Thugadar cuid mhór de'n íle bhuidhe treasna Bhágh an Daingin agus dhíoladar thall í gach oidhche cé gur thug na fir ghorma cion a gcíosa leo, leis, di.	They took a lot of the palm-oil across Dingle Bay, and sold it on the opposite coast every night, though the bluecoats got away with enough of it to pay their rent, too.
Tháinig an bád isteach lá aca agus ní raibh innti ach ceathrar.	They came in on their boat one day, only four of them.

Bhí bád an Oileáin tagaithe díreach rómpa agus sé ailp mhóra innti.	An Island boat had just got in with six great lumps of the palm-oil in it.
Thóg na fir-ghárda isteach ’na mbád féin gan mhoill iad agus is iad a bhí go sásta.	The coastguards took them into their boat at once, and they were very pleased with themselves.
Bhí óigbhean ar an gcalath agus stocán mór cloiche aici.	There was a young woman on the landing-place with a huge lump of jagged rock in her hands.
Do chuaidh isteach go bád a h-athar agus níor bhraith na fir ghorma faic nó go raibh an stocán curtha síos tríd an mbád san aici agus an fhairrge mhór tríthe aníos.	She went into her father’s boat, and the first thing the bluecoats knew was that she had flung the rock right through the bottom of their boat and the ocean was coming up through the hole.
B’eo amach na fir ghorma.	Out came the bluecoats.
B’eo amach na h-ailpeanna de’n íle bhuidhe ar snámh arís.	Out came the lumps of palm-oil afloat once more.
Do shábháil na mná arís iad.	The women brought them to shore again.
Do chaith fir an rí a mbád a tharrac aníos agus paiste stáin a chur uirthi agus an uair a fuaireadar deisithe í do chuireadar a dhá láimh ar an dtigh abhaile!	The King’s men had to drag their boat up the beach and patch her with a piece of tin, and once they had her put to rights, they made their best speed home.
Is dóigh liom nach mór an turusóireacht a thugadar as san amach faid a bhí an íle bhuidhe ar siubhal.	I fancy they didn’t come visiting much more after that during all the palm-oil season.
Tamall ’n-a dhiaidh sin do bhí fearaibh sa chnoc agus do chonnacadar caora tuitithe síos i gcladach.	Some time after that two of the men were on the hill and they saw a sheep that had fallen down on one of the beaches.
Do chuadar síos ag triall uirthi chun í thabhairt leo ach súil-fhéachaint d’ár thug duine aca chonnaic sé bollta práis fé chab lice.	They went down to recover the sheep, but, looking round, one of them saw a brass bolt under an overhanging rock.
Do bhog é agus do bhain.	He worked it out.
Bhí cheithre troighthe ar faid ann.	It was four feet long.
Bhí an cladach lán de’n sórt san idir phrás agus umha.	The whole beach was full of them—bolts of brass and copper.

N’fheadair aenne cad a shábhail an bheirt an lá sin de’n sórt san mianaigh mar is insa chladach do briseadh an long agus bhí cleathacha móra istigh insan áit fós di.	Nobody knows what quantity of that kind of metal the two of them salvaged that day, for that was the beach on which the ship had been wrecked, and great timbers from her were still there.
Do dhein na h-oileánaigh mórán airgid an bhliain sin as na bolltaí.	The Islanders made a good deal of money out of the bolts that year.
Droich-bhlianta dob’ eadh iad agus mara mbeadh an long so do bhualadh ní bheadh duine beo san Oileán, adeireadh na sean-daoine.	Those were bad years, and if it hadn’t been for that shipwreck, nobody would have survived on the Island, the old people used to say.
Chloisinn-se go maith an chailleach bhéal-dorais go minic ’á rádh gurbh é Dia do chuir ameasc na mbochtán í.	I often heard with my own ears the old hag over the way saying that God Himself sent that ship amongst the poor.
Do mhaireadar go maith cúpla bliain d’á deascaibh an uair a bhí an ceanntar lasmuich ag siollagar agus ganntar a ndóthain ag breith ortha.	They lived well enough for a year or two because of her when the whole countryside on the mainland was famishing in extremity.
An uair a thugadh m’athair abhaile leis i bpaca ualach de sna bolltaí níorbh’ fhéidir liom-sa ceann aca a chur ’na sheasamh.	When my father used to bring home a load of those bolts in a bag, it was beyond my strength to stand one of them on end.
Is olc an ghaoth ná séideann maith do dhuine éigin agus is minic a chuir ár muinntir-ne droch-bhliain díobh de bharra na gaoithe agus na stoirme, bíodh gur aindis d’fhágadh san an scéal ag daoine bochta eile go mbeireadh an scríb ortha.	It’s an ill wind that blows good to nobody, and our folk often got through a bad year with the help of storm and tempest, though it was a bad business for poor people who were at the mercy of the wind.
An lá cuireadh an bríste orm do chailleas mo mheabhair nach mór.	The day I first wore breeches I nearly went out of my senses:
Ní raibh aon stad agam le déanamh ach mar bheadh coileán cú.	I was like a puppy dog unable to stand still.
Cheapas nár ghádh dhom faic d’ithe agus níor dheineas, ach ag rith amach agus isteach, anonn agus anall. Bhíodh duine éigin ag faire im’ dhiaidh.	I felt no need to eat at all, and I didn’t eat anything, either, but kept on running in and out, this way and that, and one of the family keeping an eye on me.
Seadh, turus dár thugas go dtí an teine d’fhéach mo mháthair orm agus chonnaic sí rian fliche ar an mbríste glas agam.	Now, once when I came up to the fire, my mother looked at me and saw a patch of wet on my grey breeches.

“T’anam gléigeal,” ar sise, “bíodh geall gur mar sin atá déanta agat!” Dubhart léi gurbh eadh agus go ndubhart le Nóra na cnaipí do scaoileadh dhom agus nár dhein.	‘Heavens!’ said she, ‘that’s what you’ve done, I’ll bet.’ I told her that it was so, and that I’d asked Nora to undo the buttons for me, and she hadn’t done it.
Is dócha gurbh í sin an chéad bhréag adubhart riamh mar ná dubhart le Nóra bhocht é, cé gur thug mo mháthair ana-bhúrdáil di nár dhein sí é.	I suppose that was the first lie I ever told, for I hadn’t asked Nora, though my mother gave her a good talking-to for not doing it.
Is mór an truagh an té a bhíonn ’á dhaoradh insan éagcóir, ach féach gur luath do ceapadh an rógaireacht dom-sa.	It’s hard to be condemned for a crime you haven’t committed, but see how soon roguery showed itself in my nature.
Do ghaibh m’athair chun an bhríste arís, mar is é a dhein ar dtúis é, agus do shocruigh go cliste é go raibh sé oiriúnach chun gach gnótha as san amach, gan aon duadh.	My father set about the breeches again, for he was the one who had tailored them, and he made a smart job of them, so that they were ready for any use without trouble from that time out.
Ocht mbliana, adubhairt mo mháthair, a bhíos an lá san.	Eight years old I was that time, my mother said.
Lár-na-mháireach b’eo liom ar fuaid an bhaile agus Eibhlín i n-éineacht liom ó thigh go tigh.	Off I went visiting from house to house through the village next day, Eileen with me.
Nós é sin do bhí an uair sin ann, an uair a bheadh ball nua nó culaith nua ar gharsún, dul is gach tigh.	It was the custom in those days, when a boy had a new garment or a new suit, for him to go into every house.
Bheadh pinginn is dhá phinginn le cur id’ phóca ins gach tigh.	You’d get a penny or two to put into your pocket in each house.
Ar theacht dúinn bhí trí scillinge insa phóca ghlas.	I had three shillings in the pockets of the grey breeches when I came home.
Dom athair a thugas iad, is cuimhin liom, ’r a shon gur mheasa dhom mo mháthair ná é, mar is í is mó a fuair dem’ dhuadh;	I gave them to my father, I remember, though I’d rather have given them to my mother, for she had more trouble with me than he had.
ach toisc m’athar a bheith ag ól an tobac agus gurbh’ é ghein an chulaith is do thugas iad.	But since my father was a smoker and, after all, he had made the breeches, I gave them to him.
Ní ró fhada go raibh tón an bhriste ghlais briste agam agus mo léine thríd siar.	Soon enough there was a hole through the bottom of the breeches, with my shirt hanging out.
Dubhairt mo mháthair go gcaithfeadh sí paiste chur air sara raghadh sí a chodladh.	My mother said that she must patch them before she went to bed.

Do dhein, leis, agus d’fhógair orm aire thabhairt do agus gan é bhriseadh arís go luath nó go mbeadh stráiméadh de’n tslait le fagháil agam.	She did it, too, and warned me to take care and not make another hole in them again so quickly or I’d get a slash of the stick.
Fuaireas uaithe slán ar maidin é.	I got it all right next morning!
Do bhí an lá ana-bhreagh san am go raibh ubh circe thiar agam, cupa bainne agus pé rud a bhí agam leo—prátaí, is dócha.	It was a very fine day by the time I had a hen’s egg down me and a cup of milk, and whatever else I had to go with them—potatoes, I suppose.
Níor chaitheas an méid sin i gan fhios do’n chailligh bhéal-dorais.	I didn’t escape the eye of the old woman across the way as I ate that meal.
Do bhí a cainnt sin ag atharú nuair a chonnaic sí go rabhas ag dul i gcruadhacht agus i n-anamúlacht.	Her talk was changing now as she saw me growing in strength and spirits.
“A ghrádh ghil,” adeireadh sí lem’ mháthair, “teannuigh leis.	‘My dear,’ she would say to my mother, ‘keep at him.
Déanfaidh san fear maith fós.”	He’ll make a fine man yet.’
Ní raibh sí fíor san méid sin, leis, mar ní dubhairt aenne ó shin go raibh aon ghaol agam le hOscar.	She was wrong in that, too, for nobody since has ever said that I was in any way kin to Oscar.
Is ar mhaithe léi féin a bhíodh sí ag crónán, ar nós an chait, mar thugadh m’athair gach sórt seilge chun an tighe leis ach ní raibh a fear féin oilte chun na neithe sin i n-ao’ chor.	She was purring like a cat, to gain her own ends, for my father used to bring home all sorts of game, and her own man wasn’t handy in that way at all.
Lútálaidhe cnuic is guirt dob’ eadh é. Leis sin, do bhuaileadh greim suaineasach do shíor léi ’ár dtigh-ne.	He was a fumbler on the hill and in the field, and good morsels were always coming her way in our house.
Do bhíos-sa ag léimeadh as mo chorp ar an úrlár an uair sin. Mórtas orm.	I was leaping out of my skin on the floor at that time, set up with myself,
Mo bhríste glas fáiscithe suas orm, mo bholg lán go smig agus pé duine go raibh cíos, cás ná cathú air an t-am san de ló is orm-sa ná raibh pioc de.	the grey breeches high and trim on me, full to the chin of food; and, if anybody felt the troubles of the world heavy on him at that time of day, it wasn’t me.
I mbéal eadartha scaoileadh chun na Trágha Báine me agus Máire i n-éineacht liom.	As the height of the morning came on, I was sent off to the White Strand with Maura.
Ar dhul ar an dtráigh dom bhíos ag rith as mo chorp.	When I reached the strand, I ran for all I was worth.

Súil-fhéachaint dár thug Máire chonnaic sí, an Gob andeas, an ráth de sna muca mara agus níor stadadar go dtí gur thánadar os ár gcoinne amach ar bholg na trágha, seolta móra anáirde aca agus iad comh dlúth ar a chéile agus a bheadh aon iasc eile.	Maura cast an eye along the strand and saw a school of porpoises rounding the Gob from the south, and they never stopped till they came over against us, just out from the shore, with their great fins sticking up out of the water, all of them close together like any shoal of fish.
Chonnaic Máire go minic roimis sin ’n-a gceann is ’n-a gceann iad ach ní fheacaidh sí riamh an ráth mór so.	Maura had often seen them before swimming singly, but she’d never seen a great school of them like this.
Do cheap sí go dtiocfaidís isteach ar an dtráigh agus tháinig eagla uirthi.	She thought that they would come ashore, and she was terrified.
Do chuir sí mise ar a drom agus do bhaineamair an tigh amach.	She took me on her back, and we hastened home.
Le linn sinn do bheith age baile d’fhógair mo mháthair go raibh na báid ag teacht agus go raibh cuid aca ag teacht timcheall ar na muca mara d’iarraidh iad a chur isteach ar an dtráigh.	When we got home my mother cried out that the boats were coming, and that some of them were making a ring round the porpoises, trying to drive them ashore.
Trí báid mhóra saighne do bhí insan Oileán an uair úd agus seacht cinn i nDúnchaoin.	There were three large boats working seine nets in the Island in those days, and seven of them in Dunquin.
Bhí gach ceann de’n méid sin bád láithreach ag gabháil do sna muca mara an turus san. Bhí báid an Oileán d’iarraidh iad a chur i dtír ar an dtráigh agus muinntir Dhúnchaoin ag magadh fútha gan cor asta.	Every one of those boats was on the scene busy about the porpoises, the Island boats trying to drive them ashore, while the crews of the Dunquin boats remained standing by, jeering at them.
Fé dheire chuaidh ceann suas ar an dtráigh tirm glan.	At last one of the porpoises went high and dry up on the strand.
Do thairrig fear maith éigin a chuid fola agus an uair a fuair an chuid eile bolaith na fola as go bráth leo fé n-a dhéin suas tirm glan ar an dtráigh.	Some able fellow drew his blood, and when the rest of the porpoises smelt the blood they came ashore, helter-skelter, to join the other high and dry on the sand.
An uair a chonnaic báid Dhúnchaoin an saidhbhreas tirm istigh agus lucht na trágha ag tarrac a gcuid fola b’eo isteach iad chun lán na mbád a thabhairt leo abhaile aca; ach ní leigfeadh an dream istigh ceann leo aca.	When the Dunquin boats saw the rich prey ashore and those on land drawing their blood, in they came to take boatloads of them home with them, but those on shore wouldn’t let them take a single one.

Níor ró fhada go raibh fuil ar dhaoine ann comh maith is bhí ar na muca, gur chuir na h-oileánaigh thríd an dtráigh amach iad gearrtha, gortaithe.	It wasn’t long till the men there were as bloody as the porpoises, and the Islanders drove them down the strand covered with cuts and wounds.
Bhí aon bhád amháin ó Dhúnchaoin nár chorruigh cos ná lámh leo.	There was one Dunquin boat that never stirred hand or foot to interfere.
Thug muinntir an Oileáin an mhuc dob fhearr a bhí ar an dtráigh dóibh sin agus do chuaidh na sé báid eile abhaile gan a mblaiseadh;	The Islanders gave them the best porpoise on the strand, and the six other boats went home without a taste of them.
agus cuid aca gur olc a bhíodar ábalta ar dhul.	Some of them found it hard enough to go at all.
Obair an domhain do bhí ar iad a thabhairt abhaile agus iad a chur ar salann.	It was a tough job getting the porpoises home and salting them.
Ach is beag an leisce do bhí ar dhaoine, mar san am úd is fada go bhfaghfá ceann aca ar mhuic tighe.	But the people didn’t spare their trouble, for in those days you could hardly get anybody to exchange a porpoise for a pig.
Bhí aghaidh m’athar dearg le n-a chuid fola féin agus fuil na muc;	My father’s face was red with his own blood and the blood of the porpoises,
ach níor chuaidh sé as m’aithne, mar bhíos cabanta an uair úd.	but I knew him well enough all the same, for I had my wits about me then.
Do bhíos ag magadh fé’n tseana-chailligh an uair a thagadh sí agus cliabh mór de sna muca thiar ar a geidirne	I jeered at the old woman whenever she came along with a creel full of porpoise meat balanced on her rump.
agus gur dhóigh leat gur amach as ceann de sna muca tháinig sí féin ’s an cliabh, bhí sí comh lán san d’fhuil.	You might imagine that she came out of one of the porpoises herself with her creel, she was so thickly smeared with blood.
Ach do bhí céim chreidiúna tairricthe aici mar is beag nár mhairbh sí captaen báid ó Dhúnchaoin le buille ’shluasaid.	But she had earned a meed of praise, for she nearly killed the captain of one of the Dunquin boats with a blow of a shovel.
Ní raibh easba muicfheola lá agus bliain ortha tar éis an lae úd agus ní bheadh ná dhá bhliain mara mbeadh ar bhain leo de ghaolta is gach áit lasmuich go rabhadar.	The Islanders had no lack of pork for a year and a day after that day, and it would have lasted two years if it hadn’t been for all the relations they had everywhere on the mainland.
Ní raibh aon dul age cuimhne an lae úd scarúint liom dá mairfinn dhá chéad bliain:	There was no risk of me forgetting that day even if I should live to be a hundred.

gach nduine do bhí le feiscint dearg le fuil, i n-ionad do bheith bán nó buidhe.	Everybody you saw was crimson with blood instead of being pale or swarthy.
Rud eile, a ghiorracht do chuas féin do bheith marbh roim mhuic ná banbh ar an dtráigh, agus Máire im’ theannta, ba bhaoghlach, dá mbéarfadh an cogadh beag agus na muca orainn ann.	Another thing, I was within an ace of being killed myself on the strand before any sea-pig or sea-bonham died, and Maura with me, if we had been so unlucky as to be caught in that skirmish with the porpoises on the shore.
Is againn-ne do chaith an chailleach a cuid bídh tar éis an lae.	The old woman took her food with us in the evening.
Le linn me bheith ana-bheag do chloisinn trácht thar “Luing na Cruithneachtan.”	When I was a little lad, I used to hear tell of ‘the wheat-ship’.
Sompla eile iseadh í ar an rud a thagadh le h-anaithe na fairrge agus a dheineadh maitheas dúinn-ne tar éis olc daoine eile bheith déanta thar fóir.	That was another example of what storm on the sea would bring us and the help it would be to us when other people had suffered the limit of ill fortune.
An bhliain do bhuail an t-árthach so ar an dTráigh Bháin, ní cuimhin liom-sa san, mar ná rabhas ann ná súil go mbeinn.	The year this ship was wrecked on the White Strand I can’t remember, for I wasn’t born or thought of in those days.
Ach tá eólas agam ar a h-imeacht agus ar an méid do shábháil sí ó’n mbás sa droch-shaoghal, agus cúntas beacht agam ar conus mar imigh sí agus mar chaill sí féin a criú agus í buailte ar an dtráigh agus nár féadadh aon duine amháin do shaoradh acu.	But I know well all that happened to her, and all the people she saved from death in the famine time, and I can give an exact account of her fate—how all her crew were lost when she was cast upon the strand, and not a soul of them all could be saved.
Sí an bhean bhéal-dorais agus mo mháthair gur thógas-sa mo cheacht uatha, mar bhíodh a gcómhrádh i dteannta chéile go minic.	It was from the woman over the way and from my mother that I learnt my lesson, for they used to be chattering together often and often.
Ní raibh luid seólta ar an luing seo ach aon ghiobal amháin do bhí ar an gcrann tosaigh.	There wasn’t a vestige of canvas on the ship except for one rag on the foremast.
B’éigean do í scaoileadh fé’n dTráigh Bháin.	They had to run her ashore on the White Strand.
Do bhuail sí i bhfad amach, toisc í bheith ládálta.	She struck far out, for she was deeply loaded.
Do chuir na fearaibh do bhí ar bórd ailp adhmaid ar cheann téide ach níorbh’ fhéidir leó teacht i dtír.	The men on board tied a piece of timber to a rope’s end, but they failed to come ashore.

Dubhairt na daoine ná feacadar riamh aon lá stoirmeach ba mhó ná é.	The people said that they had never seen a wilder day.
Bhí an ghaoth thríd an dtráigh amach.	The wind was blowing out to sea across the strand.
Tar éis an tsaoghail, do tháinig bloc ó’n luing isteach i n-áit éigin de’n dtráigh.	At long last, a block of timber from the ship came ashore on the strand somewhere.
Do tharraig an dream istigh agus na fearaibh amuich ar an dtéid ach, mo léir, do bhris an téad, agus b’eo leis na fearaibh thríd an anaithe ó dheas....	Those on shore and those on sea dragged on the rope, but, alas, it broke, and away went the sailors southward through the smother.
Níorbh ’fhearrde de na h-oileánaigh ó shin an radharc san.	The Islanders have been the worse for that sight ever since.
Do scoilt an long tamall ’n-a dhiaidh sin.	A while after the ship split in two.
Má chaill sí fearaibh féin, do mhair na mílte d’á deascaibh an bhliain ba mheasa de’n Droch-shaoghal.	If she destroyed her own crew, thousands survived the worst year of the famine through her.
Do shábháil na h-oileánaigh na mílte mála de’n chruithneacht, do dhein a ndóithin agus dóithin ar bhain leó ar feadh i bhfad.	Those thousands of sacks of wheat saved the Islanders, for they lasted them and their relations a long while.
Ní bheadh aoinne beó ins an oileán so mara mbeadh í, agus níor chuaidh sé gan rádh ón gcailligh ná gurbh’ é Dia do chuir chun na mbocht í.	If it hadn’t been for her, not a soul would have survived in the Island, and you may be sure that the old hag said that it was God who sent her to the poor.
Ní raibh Eibhlín ach seachtain ar an saoghal so nuair a bhuail an long;	Eileen was only a year old when the ship struck,
maireann sí insa Talamh Úr fós.	and she’s still alive in the New Land (i.e. America).
Trí bliana atá an pinsion aige n-a cómh-aois insa tír seo.	Her contemporaries have had a pension for three years in this country;
Fágann san trí bliana déag agus trí fichid í.	that makes her seventy-three.
Bhí mo mháthair ar an dtráigh, cé gur sé lá do bhí ó leabaidh an luighe-sheóil aici.	My mother was on the strand, though she was only six days up from childbed.
Bhí Pádraig, mo dhritheáir, comh cruaidh is go raibh sé féin, leis, ann, ach is mó an díobháil do dhein sé ann ná mhaitheas, mar ná raibh ciall a dhóithin aige, gan súil do bheith ’na dhiaidh.	Pats, my brother, was strong enough to be there, too, although he was more a trouble than a help there, for he hadn’t wit enough to look after himself.

Bhí mórán rudaí ag teacht isteach; agus mórán eile ná tagadh, toisc na gaoithe do bheith amach.	A lot of things came ashore, though there was much that didn’t, for the wind was offshore.
Bhí an chruithneacht ag bogadh, leis, aisti, comh luath agus do scoilt sí.	The wheat began to sift out of her, too, as soon as she split.
Sé mo thuairim ná raibh aon mhála ’n-a timcheall, gur caithte síos innti do bhí sí, mar bheadh gual nó salann;	I suppose that it wasn’t in bags at all, but cast loosely into her like coal or salt,
mar is ar an mbarrataoide is mó do dheinidís lámh ar í bhailiú.	for they gathered it mostly at high tide.
Is fada Éireann do sheasaimh roinnt ag teacht aisti dhi—chun caoth do thabhairt dóibh chun í shábháilt, adeireadh na daoine le n-a chéile.	It was drifting in from time to time— so as to give the people a chance to save it, they used to tell one another.
Bhí ortha í nighe i n-uisce chun an sáile do bhaint aisti, agus í chur le gréin ansan, agus as san i gcómhgar do’n teine.	They had to wash it in water to take the salt out of it, and then spread it in the sun, and after that they dried it by the fire.
Cuirtí ag beirbhiú í nó go mbíodh sí leachta, ansan bhíodh sí ’n-a praisigh reamhar.	Then they would boil it till it softened and turned to a thick mash.
Baighreán a thugadh na daoine air.	Baighrean the people called it.
Pé rud eile do bhuaileadh leó, ba mhaith an chabhair chun maireachtaint é.	Whatever else came their way, that was a great stand-by to them to keep them alive.
Chloisinn an tseana-chailleach ag rádh go minic lem’ mháthair gurbh’ é an chuid is fearr dá saoghal do chaith sí féin riamh é—an fhaid do sheasaimh sí dhi.	I used to hear the old hag saying to my mother, again and again, that she never lived better in her life than the time it lasted.
Bhí cír dhúbalta aici, agus an dá chorrán a’ meilt i n-éineacht aici.	She had a double row of teeth and two sets of jaws grinding together.
Bhí sé ráidhte go mbíodh sí ag ath-chogaint ar nós na bó.	It was said that she chewed the cud like a cow.
Le linn an bhríste ghlais a bheith orm agus me ag imeacht dom féin, do bhínn ag dul fé bhrághaid na mbád gach tráthnóna.	In the days when I wore the grey breeches, and went about on my own, I used to go to meet the boats every evening.
Is é sórt éisc do bhíodh ann an uair sin ná séirdíní, agus do bhídís lán de chnámha.	The most common fish in those times was pilchard, and they were full of bones.
Tá ana-chosúlacht aca so le scadáin.	They are very like herrings.
Ní bhíodh aon mholadh age sna h-iascairí ortha.	The fishermen hadn’t a good word to say for them.

Iasc mion, agus do théigheadh cuid mhór díobh chun púint;	They're a small fish, and a lot of them go to a pound.
agus rud eile, lobhaidís na líonta.	Moreover, they rotted the nets.
Do ghlaoidh m'athair isteach 'on bhád orm, tráthnóna, faid do bhí an t-iasc 'á chaitheamh amach, agus do chuir sé ar an dtaobh thiar de me i ndeire an bháid.	My father called me into the boat one evening, while they were throwing out the fish, and he put me behind him in the stern.
Bhíos a' gliúmáil ansan, agus níorbh' fhada go bhfeaca dorú agus smut de shéirdín ar a dhubhán.	I was peering about me, and before long I saw a line with a bit of pilchard on the hook.
Cad deire liom ná gur chaith amach an baighte.	And what do you say if I didn't throw out the bait.
Do chonnaic m'athair me 'á dhéanamh, agus níor chuir sé suim ann, mar cheap sé ná beadh aon iasc comh fada isteach do bhéarfadh ar an mbaighte.	My father saw me doing it, but he didn't trouble himself about me, for he never thought that there would be any fish so far inshore to take the bait.
Níorbh' fhada go rug breac air, agus do bhí an dorú casta ar mo chosa.	But before long a fish bit, and I had the line twisted round my legs.
D'árduigh an breac amach 'on pholl me.	The fish dragged me overboard.
Do scread a raibh ar an gcalath ar m'athair; ach, nuair do chas sé siar, chonnaic sé an peata ar snámh do féin.	All the men on the harbour shouted out to my father, but, when he turned round, he saw his darling swimming away.
Do chuir sé an gatha ceangailte insa bhríste ghlas thiar i n-árd mo thóna, do thug isteach me go deire an bháid,	He stuck the boathook into the grey breeches high up on my backside and dragged me into the stern of the boat.
do tharraig sé an dorú agus do bhí a dhóithin cúraim air an breac do thabhairt isteach—	He pulled in the line, and it was as much as he could do to get the fish aboard.
eascú mhór ghroidhe go raibh sé troighthe innti.	It was a huge big conger six feet long.
Isé eagla is mó bhí orm-sa go marbhóchadh mo mháthair me i dtaobh mo bhríste do bheith fliuch.	My greatest fear was that my mother would kill me for getting my breeches wet.
Bhí na mná óga a scartghail gháirí fúm ach ná raibh aon choinnlíocht ionnam chun aon mhustar a bheith ag baint liom.	The girls were bursting with laughter at me, but I wasn't grown up enough to have any feelings of pride.
Fairceallacha d'óg-mhná, an uair sin, amach go dtí n-a mbuilg, a' folamhú na mbád, agus iad comh teann, comh téagartha le h-aon chailíní do bhí riamh i nÉirinn.	Stout young women they were in those days, up to their bellies unloading boats, as sturdy and strong as any girls that ever were in Ireland.

Ar theacht abhaile dham agus me ar láimh aige Nóra, nó go rabhamair i n-aice an tighe, do chuireas stailc suas ansan!	I went home hand-in-hand with Nora till we drew near the house, and then I struck
agus dubhart le Nóra ná raghainn a thuille, mar go marbhóchadh mo mháthair me.	and told Nora I wouldn’t go a step farther, for my mother would kill me.
Bhí an bhean eile a’ bladaireacht liom ’á rúdh ná déanfadh.	She was coaxing me on, saying she wouldn’t.
B’é toil an tsaoghail gur tháinig m’athair orainn, agus cliabh éisc air:	By the greatest luck in the world my father came by, carrying a creel of fish.
“Cad tá ansan uait, a Nóra;	‘What do you want, Nora?’ said he.
ná tabharfá é sin abhaile leat agus é fuar fliuch?”	‘Why don’t you take him home?
“Ní raghadh sé liom,” ar sise, “tá eagla air roime mham.”	He’s dripping wet.’ ‘He won’t come with me,’ she said. ‘He’s afraid of mother.’
“Ó, téanam leat, a Thomáis, a bhuachaill.	‘O, come on, Tom, my lad.
Mise fé ndeara thu bheith fliuch, mar is me ghlaoidh ort,” arsa m’athair.	It was my fault you got wet, for I called you into the boat,’ said my father.
Rug sé ar láimh orm, agus do bhogas leis chun siubhail.	He seized my hand, and off I went with him.
Nuair do chuas isteach, ní raibh oiread mire ná cleas a’ baint liom agus ba ghnáth liom.	When I went in, I wasn’t as lively and playful as usual.
D’aithin mo mham go raibh rud éigin sa treis agam.	My mother saw that there was something up.
Chuir sí am shuidhe i n-aice na teine me, mar do cheap sí gur rud éigin eile do bhí orm; ach is gairid go raibh leac na teine fliuch báithte agam.	She sat me down near the fire, for she thought that something else was wrong with me, and before long I had the hearthstone swimming wet.
Tháinig m’athair isteach.	My father came in.
“Ar bhainis a chuid éadaigh do san fós agus é fliuch báidhte air?” ar seisean.	‘Have you taken the clothes off him yet, for he’s wet through?’ he said.
Bhí an eascú aige ’á tharrac ’n-a dhiaidh.	He was dragging the conger behind him.
Do thug isteach í, agus do bhí faid an tínteáin innti.	He brought it in, and it was as long as the hearth.
“Dhera, an b’amhlaidh do chuaidh sé i bhfarraige?” ar sise.	‘Yerra, is it how he fell into the sea?’ said she.
“Ná ficeann tú an breac breagh mór san marbh aige, agus ó’s é an chéad bhreac aige é, tá sé go maith aige,” arsa m’athair.	‘Don’t you see the fine big fish he caught? And for the first fish he ever caught, it’s a very fine catch,’ said my father.

D’innis sé an scéal ar fad ansan di, agus do fuair sé saor me.	He told her the whole tale then, and saved me.
Caitheadh díom anuas a raibh anáirde orm agus do cuireadh éadach tirm orm.	All my clothes were stripped off me and dry things put on me.
Níor thaithin an bríste liom a fuaireas, mar ceann do bhí caithte uaim do b’eadh é, agus paistí air.	I didn’t like the breeches I got, for they were an old, patched pair.
Ní té, leis, do chuir sí chugham, ach muga leitean agus bainne, tar éis mo chuid snámha dhom.	She didn’t give me tea either, but a mug of porridge with milk, after all my swimming.
II — I n-aois Scoile dhom.	2 — My Schooldays.
An chéad mhúinteóir, an scoil, an t-ubhall, an caipín ó’n nDaingean an bád raice, Máire pósta, na mná sa tráigh. Tháinig lá ana-bhreagh.	MY FIRST TEACHER · THE SCHOOL · THE APPLE · THE CAP FROM DINGLE · THE DERELICT BOAT · MAURA’S MARRIAGE · THE WOMEN ON THE STRAND
Lá Domhnaigh do b’eadh é. Do thug rud éigin bád mór ó Dhúnchaoin isteach (ní raibh aon chur amach ar naomhóga an uair sin, agus is fada ’n-a dhiaidh go raibh).	There came a very fine day, a Sunday it was, and some business brought in a big boat from Dunquin (nothing was known of canoes in those days, or for some time to come).
Nuair do shroich an bád an calath, dubhairt na daoine go raibh bean uasal innti, ach b’í bean í ná máighistreás scoile.	When the boat reached the harbour, the people said that there was a lady on board, but the lady turned out to be a schoolmistress.
Ar chlos an scéil sin domh-sa, níor chuir sé puinn suilt orm, mar is sid é an t-am díreach do bhíos ag tosnú ar bheith ag imeacht ag slat-fhiadhach dam féin ó thráigh go cnoc agus gan aenne ag faire im’ dhiaidh an uair seo, mar bhíos im’ chleithire fir dar leó, slat bheag agam agus dubhán ceangailte ’n-a barra.	When I heard that, I was anything but pleased, for at that very time I was just beginning to go hunting by myself on hill and strand, with nobody to keep an eye on me now, for I was a big chap, they thought. I had a little rod, with a hook hanging from the tip of it.
Bhíodh fiche donán bainte amach as phuill age gach garsún againn;	Each of us boys would have a score of minnows fished out of holes,
seilg neamh-maitheach ach bhíodh peataí faoileann againn agus bhíodh na donáin an-áisiúil dóibh.	not much of a catch, but we kept pet gulls, and the minnows were the very thing for them.
Seadh! Dia Luain, tar éis bídh na maidine do bheith caithte, ní raibh fear an bhríste ghlais le fagháil.	Well, Monday came, and when breakfast was over they couldn’t find the man with the grey breeches.

Bhí na gearrchailí ullamh chun scoile, ach ní raibh an fiadhaire le fagháil.	The girls were ready for school, but the hunter was to seek.
Cuireadh Máire amac ar mo thuairisc ach thug sí cúntas chun mo mháthar go rabhas a’ lorg dhonán, agus beirt i n-éineacht liom, Seán Mháiréadh agus Micil Pheig.	Maura was sent out to look for me, but she reported to my mother that I was after minnows, with two other boys in my company —Johnny Meg and Mike Peg.
“Bíodh an lá indiu leis, agus go raibh m’anam-sa age Dia amáireach,” arsa mo mháthair, “má shleamhnuigheann sé i gan ’fhios domh-sa.” Thána go dtí an gullaí (faoileann óg) agus thugas mo chuid donán di.	‘He can have to-day,’ said my mother, ‘but may God take my soul to-morrow if he slips off without my knowing.’ I came to my gully and gave him the minnows I had caught.
Nuair a chuas isteach ní rabhas comh mórtaiseach agus bhínn laetheannta eile.	When I went into the house I wasn’t so set up with myself as I would be other days.
Do bhraitheas an líon déanta agem’ mháthair dom;	I saw that my mother had the net ready for me;
agus rud eile, bhí an caillichín bhéal-dorais istigh rómham chun go mbeadh sí ag féachaint ar an mbúrdáil a gheobhainn mar do bhínn-se ag magadh go láidir fúithe an t-am so.	besides, the old hag next door was in before me to see the beating I was to get, for I used to be mocking her unmercifully in those days.
Ach bhí mo mháthair ró ghlic di.	But my mother was too clever for her!
An uair a tháinig na cailíní abhaile ó scoil bhí mo mháthair ag cur ceisteanna ortha cad é an sórt mná í—macánta nó mallaithe.	When the girls came home from school, my mother catechized them about the mistress, and asked what sort of woman was she—kind or cross.
Dubhairt gach nduine aca gur bhean bhreagh mhacánta í—nár thug sí buille ná stráiméad dóibh.	They all said she was a splendid woman, and that she didn’t strike or thrash them.
Sin é an uair a chuir mo mháthair an scéal im’ láthair-se.	That’s when my mother brought the talk round to me.
“Féach an teallaire seo ag imeacht i rith a’ lae ó mhaidean agus é i gcúntúirt dul ar bhior a chinn síos i bpoll éigin a’ soláthar éisc d’á ghullaí;	‘Look at this fine fellow, running round all day since morning, in danger of tumbling head over heels into a pool, getting fish for his gully.
ach bíodh ’fhios ag an mbuachaill a bheith ullamh ar maidin agus bheith i n-éineacht libh suas, le cúnamh Dé,” ar sise.	But I’d have him know that he’d better be ready in the morning to go with you, in God’s name.’

“B’fhéidir,” arsa Cáit, “go mbeadh an cleas céadna déanta amáireach aige leat ó’n uair nár chuiris aon eagla air.” B’í ceann ba chabanta de sna driféaracha í, agus ba lugha go raibh cion agam-sa uirthi. “Ó!	‘Maybe,’ says Kate, ‘he’ll play the same trick on you to-morrow, since you didn’t frighten him.’ She was the pertest of them all, and the one I liked best.
beidh sé seo ’n-a bhuachaill mhaith amáireach, a Cháit.	‘O, he’ll be a good boy to-morrow, Kate.
Bíonn gach tosnú lag,” arsa mo mháthair.	The beginning’s always the worst,’ said my mother.
Bhíomair go síodhach, grádhach le n-a chéile nó go raibh aimsir chodlata ann—iad san ag trácht thar an scoil agus ag innsint dom mháthair an ainm a bhí ar an máighistreás.	We were on the best of terms with one another till bedtime came, the girls talking about the school, and telling my mother the teacher’s name.
Ach chuaidh dóibh an ainm a thabhairt leo ar feadh i bhfad de’n oidhche nó gur chuadar chun cocaidheachta le n-a chéile, insa tslí an méid seóidh a bhí aca san orm-sa i dtosach na h-oidhche go raibh sé agam ortha an t-am so.	But they couldn’t bring out the name till late into the night, and they started to squabble together, so that I had as much fun over them as they had over me earlier on.
Fé dheire thug Máire an ainm léi—Neans Ní Dhonnchadha.	At last Maura managed to get the name out— Nancy Donoghue.
Ainm chrosta ar a leithéidí dob’ eadh í, leis, mar nár chualadar a leithéid d’ainm riamh san oileán so.	It was a difficult name for them, as they had never heard anything like it in the Island.
B’eo gach duine ag propáil chun dul a chodla.	Then off we all went to get ready for bed.
Ar maidin bhí gach nduine chun a bheith ’n-a phost féin agus do bhí an biadh ullamh cuibheasach moch mar “ní fhanann tráigh le headartha.”	Next morning each one was ready for his post, and the meal was prepared pretty early, for—‘the tide doesn’t stay for high noon’.
Do bhí Pádraig an uair seo i gcoinnlíocht go maith, dob é an dara duine, de’n ál, ba shine é ach bhí Máire roimis.	Pats was in good trim in those days. He was the second oldest of the litter, only Maura was in front of him.
Do bhí m’athair ag soláthar téadán agus corráin ar fuaid an tighe do féin agus do Phádraig.	My father was preparing ropes and a sickle for himself and Pats up and down the house.
Do bhí Máire, leis, le bheith i n-éineacht leo agus mo mháthair.	Maura and my mother were to go with them.
Lá rabharta dob’ eadh é agus lá feamnaighe duibhe do bhaint chun leasaithe. Do bhí Cáit le bheith mar bheantighe;	It was flood-tide, and a fine day for cutting black seaweed for manure. Kate was to be the housewife;

Eibhlín, Nóra agus me féin chun scoile— sin mar bhíomair socair, nó riartha, insa lá san.	Eileen, Nora, and I were for school—that’s how we were settled or arranged that day.
Corcán prátaí do bhí beirbhithe, agus iasc agus braon bainne leo. Do phromsálamair siar lán ár mbuilg aca, críona agus óg.	A potful of boiled potatoes, fish and milk with them, we gobbled down our bellyful of them, young and old.
I dtaobh trácht thar té ní raibh aenne san oileán san am san a chonnaic riamh citeal ná i bhfad ’n-a dhiaidh.	As for tea, nobody in the Island in those days had ever seen a kettle, or for long after.
An adharc séidthe—b’eo amach lucht na trágha, b’eo amach lucht na scoile.	The horn blew, and off went the shore party, off went the scholars.
Cáit istigh agus í go seana-chríonna ann.	Kate stayed at home, quite grown-up.
“Bí macánta ar scoil, a Thomáis, a bhuachaill,” arsa mo mháthair, agus mheasas ná fágfadh sí rian de’n chroicean ná de’n tsróin orm leis an nglanadh thug sí ortha le linn imeacht chun na trágha dhi.	‘Be a good boy at school, Tom, my lad,’ said my mother; and I thought she wouldn’t leave a trace of skin or nose on me, she gave them such a scrubbing before she went to the shore.
Deich mbliana bhíos an lá san ag dul ar scoil dom, adubhairt mo mháthair, timcheall ’sa mbliain 1866.	I was ten years old that day I first went to school, my mother told me —about the year 1866.
Ar dhul isteach dom go tigh na scoile do bhíos go h-anamúil agus go cruaidh agus me ar láimh age Nóra.	As I went into the schoolhouse, hand-in-hand with Nora, I was bold and lively.
Do cheap Nóra bhocht go ndéanfainn seodh dhi ach níor dheineas.	Poor Nora thought I would make a show of her, but I didn’t.
Do bhí an Mhaighistreás age béal an dorais agus do shín sí ubhall breagh chugham agus bhí iongna orm nuair a chuas isteach ná feaca aon ubhall ag aenne eile.	The teacher was in the doorway and she gave me a fine apple, and I was surprised when I went in that nobody else had one.
Ach ní raibh sí chun ubhall a thabhairt gach lá dhúinn, cé gur cheapas-sa an uair seo go raibh.	But she didn’t intend to give us an apple every day—though I thought then that she did!
Ubhall sealbhaithe dob eadh é seo le tabhairt do gach scoláire an chéad lá.	It was a handsel apple given to every scholar the first day.
B’é seo an chéad lá agam-sa agus b’shin é an réasún go bhfuaireas é.	This was my first day, and that’s why I got it.

Níor mhór an faraireacht a dheineas istigh nó go raibh m'ubhall meilte agam.	My prowess at school was little enough till I'd ground down the apple.
Do bhí an muileann meilte go maith agam an uair úd, rud ná fuil indiu agam le rádh leis.	I had good grinders in those days, though I can't say the same of them now.
Ní fada gur scaoileas an radharc a bhí im' shúilibh mór dtimcheall an tighe.	I didn't take long to cast my eyes all round the house.
Do chonnac leabhair agus páipéir thall agus i bhfus 'n-a mbuilc bheaga.	I saw books and papers in little heaps on every side.
Do bhí clár dubh ar crochadh leis an bhfalla ann agus marcanna bána thall agus i bhfus breacaithe air mar bheidís déanta le cailc.	A blackboard was hanging on the wall with white marks all over it, made with chalk apparently.
Iongantas na gile do bhí am' bualadh cad é an bonn a bhí leo-san, nó go bhfeaca an Mháighistreás ag glaodhach ar na cailíní ba mhó chun an chláir duibh, cipín 'na láimh aici agus í ag teasbáint na marcanna úd dóibh agus do tuigeadh dom go raibh sórt éigin ráiméis cainnte aici 'á labhairt leo.	I was beside myself with wonder what they meant until I saw the teacher calling up the oldest girls to the blackboard and point out the marks to them with the stick in her hand, and I heard her talking some kind of gibberish to them.
Do phriocas Peats Mhicí do bhí le h-ais liom ar an stól.	I nudged Pats Micky, who was sitting by me on the stool.
'Sé seo an Peats Mhicí céadna atá 'n-a Rí orainn indiu agus le fada.	He's the same Pats Micky who has been King over us now for a long while.
Thugas cogar do cad é an sórt brilléise cainnte a bhí ar siubhal ag an Máighistreás leis na cailíní timcheall an chláir dhuibh.	I asked him in a whisper what was the rigmarole the teacher was talking to the girls round the blackboard.
"M'anam 'on fial ná feadar!" ar seisean, "ach gur dóigh liom gur cainnt í ná tuigfar annso go deo." Do cheapas gurab é an t-ocras a chuirfeadh chun báis ar scoil me ach, ambasa, nach amhlaidh a bhí mar nár ró fhada ar fad gur labhair an Mháighistreás.	'Damned if I know,' says he, 'but I fancy it's a sort of talk nobody will ever understand here.' I thought that hunger would make an end of me at school, but bedad it wasn't so, for pretty soon the teacher spoke:
"Play time," ar sise.	'Playtime,' says she.
Do bhain an focal úd leathadh as mo shúile mar n' fheadar cad é an sórt brí a bhí leis.	The word made me stare, for I hadn't the faintest idea what it meant.

Do chonnac láithreach an méid gramaisc a bhí istigh ag preabadh ’n-a seasamh agus ag bualadh amach an doras.	But immediately I saw the whole crowd in the school jump up and rush out through the door.
B’éigean do Nóra breith ar láimh orm-sa sarar bhogas de’n stól.	Nora had to take hold of my hand before I would move from the stool.
Do bhain gach nduine againn a thigh féin amach.	We all of us ran home.
Do bhí dorn prátaí fuarbheirbhithe rómhainn-ne.	There was a handful of cold potatoes waiting for us.
Buaileadh cois na teine iad, iasc againn leo—gabhair bhuidhe, agus is iasc ana-mhilis iseadh iad.	They were set down by the fire, and we had fish with them—salted scad, and that’s a very sweet fish.
Do bhí mo mháthair agus gríscín báirneach ó’n dtráigh aici — mar do bhíodar tagaithe ó’n dtráigh faid a bhíomair-ne ar scoil.	My mother had brought a dish of limpets from the strand with her, for they had returned from it while we were at school.
Do bhí na báirnigh ’á róstadh aici ar an dteine agus ceann aici ’á chaitheamh chughainn-ne mar bheadh cearc na sicíní.	She was roasting the limpets and throwing them to us one by one like a hen with chickens.
Ní mór an chainnt a bhí age triúr againn-ne ’á dhéanamh ach ag meilt gach sóirt aca siar nó go rabhamair i mbuille do bheith sásta.	The three of us hadn’t much to say, but were chewing away at the food till we were near to being full.
Sin é an uair do chuir mo mháthair cainnt orm-sa i dtaobh na scoile mar bhí eagla uirthi go dtachtfadh an ghreamatáil me nuair a bheinn ’á freagairt.	My mother began to question me then about the school, for she was afraid I’d choke myself if I answered her with my mouth full.
“Seadh, a Thomáis, a bhuachaill! nach breagh bheith ar scoil?” ar sise.	‘Well, Tom, my lad, isn’t school fine?’ says she.
“Conus a thaithin an bhean uasal leat?”	‘How did you like the lady?’
“’Mhuire, an t-ubhall mór groidhe a thug sí dho!” arsa Nóra.	‘O, the great big apple she gave him!’ said Nora.
Ní rabhas buidheach de Nóra nuair nár leig dom féin í fhreagairt.	I was cross with Nora for not letting me answer her for myself.
“A’ bhfuairis, a Thomáis?”	‘Did you have one, Tom?’
“Fuaireas, a mham, ach bhain sí seo smut as agus Eibhlín smut eile.”	‘I did, mom, but Nora took a bite of it, and so did Eileen.’
“Ach bhí an t-ubhall ana-mhór—bhí do dhóthain ann ’ár ndiaidh,” arsa Eibhlín.	‘But it was a great big apple,’ said Eileen; ‘we left enough for you.’

“Seo libh aríst, a chroidhe,” arsa mo mham liom.	‘Off with you again, my dear,’ said my mother to me.
Thugamair tamall eile ar scoil agus bhíodh an Rí le h-ais liom féin ar an stól agus ba bhreagh sochma an balcaire garsúna é agus do lean sé dhe.	We spent some time more in school, and the King kept his seat on the stool at my side. He was a fine, easy-going lump of a lad, and so he was always.
Comh-aois dob’ eadh sinn.	We were the same age.
Do bhíodh sé ag síneadh a mhéire go minic chun garsúin eile a bhíodh crosta, duine aca ag scréachaigh, beirt, uair eile, dólámhach ag gabháil d’á chéile, srón gan séide age balcaire thall ’s i bhfus.	He’d often point his finger at some boy who was being naughty—screeching out, maybe, or a pair of them setting about one another with both hands, or a lout here and there with his nose running.
Níor mhaith leis an Rí na radhairc sin agus bhíodh sé i gcomhnaidhe ’á dteasbáint domh-sa.	Sights like that worried the King, and he used to point them out to me.
Féach an mianach a bhíonn geinte as óige i nduine gur gnáthach leis gan scarúint leis.	See how the character that is born in a lad sticks to him throughout his life.
B’in ionbhadh[1] ag an Rí é, níor mhaith leis na radhairc tuathalacha salacha úd d’ fheiscint i dtúis a óige, agus a laighead suime a chuireadh an chuid eile go léir ionnta!	That’s how it was with the King when he was a child. He didn’t care for such disgusting, vulgar sights; but as for the rest of them, it’s little enough they troubled their heads about them.
Níorbh iongna mar sin nuair do ghaibh na h-údair timcheall agus gur mhaith leo ainm Rí a bheith ar an mBlascaod gur dheineadar amach an té do bhí ábalta chun na h-ainme do ghlacadh agus d’iompar.	So it’s little wonder that when knowledgeable people came our way and thought that there ought to be someone with the style of King in the Island, they chose out the man fit to take the title and to carry it with credit.
Níorbh fhada liom an lá fós ar scoil agus ba luath liom nuair adubhairt an Mháighistreás “Home now”—abhaile anois.	My day at school hadn’t lasted long enough yet for me, and it was too early for me when the teacher called out : ‘Home now!’
Do chuaidh cuid aca i ngreim sa doras le feac chun bóthair.	Some of them stuck in the doorway, they were so keen to be gone.
Cannta de chíste do bhí romhainn-ne agus braon bainne leis.	A slice of bread and a drink of milk were ready for us.
Do bhíodh iasc le h-anaman na marbh i gcomhnaidhe beirbhithe ach bhíodh col againn leis go minic.	There was always any amount of fish ready cooked, but often we hadn’t any fancy for it.

Do bhí Pádraig agus oiread seilge aige lem' athair an uair seo agus raghairse agus flúirse insa bhothán againn, teine iongantach, annlan ár ndóthain chun gach sórt bídh do thagadh treasna orainn do shlugadh siar go faobharúil.	Pats used to have as good a catch as my father in those days, and there was plenty and to spare in the cabin for us, a marvellous fire, 'kitchen' enough to go with all sorts of food that came our way, to gulp down with an edge on our hunger.
Ar an dTráigh Bháin annsan linn an chuid eile de'n lá.	Off to the strand we went for the rest of the day.
Amáireach b'í an scoil ár gcúram ar fad, mar bhí rabharta na feamnaighe imithe.	The next day the whole lot of us were for school, for the spring tide for seaweed cutting was gone.
Do chonnac a cuid éadaigh nua ar mo mháthair agus b'ait liom san.	I saw that my mother was wearing her new dress, and I wondered what was up.
Do rith sí anall chugham agus rug sí ar láimh orm, do chroch mo chuid éadaigh agus thug póg dom.	She ran across to me and took me by the hand, hung my clothes on me, and gave me a kiss.
"Bí id' bhuachaill mhaith anois," ar sise, "nó go dtucfad-sa abhaile.	'Be a good boy now,' she said, 'until I come home.
Tabharfad-sa milseáin ó'n nDaingean chughat.	I'll bring you some sweets from Dingle.
Dein rud ar Mháire agus ar Cháit agus téir' a chodla dhóibh." Chromas ar ghol ach níor leanas ró fhada air.	Do what Maura and Kate tell you, and go to bed when they say.' I began to cry, but not for long.
Do bhuaileas amach chun scoile i n-éineacht le Nóra is Eibhlín.	I started off for school with Nora and Eileen.
D'fhan Máire agus Cáit i bhfeighil an tighe toisc mo mháthair a bheith ag dul as baile.	Maura and Kate stayed behind to look after the house because my mother was going out.
Ar dhul isteach dúinn bhí an ghramaisc ar fad istigh cé ná raibh mo pháirtidhe féin tagaithe fós—an té dob' annsa liom.	When we went in, the whole crowd was there, though my chum hadn't come yet, the one I liked best.
Do bhí leabhair bheaga 'á thabhairt amach an lá so, an clár dubh agus rudaí stróinséartha 'á chur air agus na seana-rudaí 'á lot.	Little books were being given out that day, new things were being written on the blackboard and the old ones rubbed out.
Rudaí móra eile thall is i bhfus ar crochadh leis an bhfalla.	Other big objects were hung up here and there on the wall.
Do bhí mo shúil ar gach ceann aca.	I gazed at every one of them.
Do bhí breithniú déanta ar gach ní aca san agam nuair do bhuail an Rí isteach agus ba gheal liom é.	I had finished examining them all when the King came in, and I was delighted to see him.

Do bhí a ionad féin roimis agus do bhain amach í le h-ais liom agus ar an slí go bhfeaca ag póiceáil é d'iarraidh a bheith le h-ais liom do thuigeas go raibh oiread de ghean aige orm agus do bhí agam air.	His place was waiting for him and he made his way to the seat beside me, and from the way I saw him thrusting through the others, so as to be next to me, I realized that he was as fond of me as I was of him.
"Táim déanach," ar seisean liom i gcogar.	'I'm late,' said he in a whisper.
"Anois a tháinig a bhfurmhór isteach," arsa mise leis.	'Most of them have only just come in,' I said.
Do sméid an Mháighistreás orainn go dtí an clár dubh.	The teacher called us up to the blackboard.
Do theasbáin sí dhúinn na litreacha bhí air sé h-uaire.	She explained the letters on it to us six times.
Tháinig an Aoine agus nuair a bhí an lá istigh agus sinn chun dul abhaile dubhairt sí linn gan teacht go Luan.	Friday came, and when the day was over and we were getting ready to go home, she told us not to come back till Monday.
B'ana-mhaith le cuid mhaith aca an rabhadh san d'fhagháil ach níor chuir sé sceitimíní móra orm-sa mar b' fhearr liom teacht. Is dócha nách le dúil sa léighean é ach gur bhreagh liom bheith i dtreo mo pháirtidhe—an Rí.	Most of them were delighted at this announcement, but I wasn't over-pleased, for I'd rather have come back, not from any passion for learning, I suppose, but because I liked being with my chum the King.
Ní raibh mo mháthair le teacht ó'n nDaingean go Domhnach agus do cheap Máire agus Cáit ná raghainn a chodla dóibh bán ná dearg, agus do bhíodar ag briadaireacht liom agus ag dul chun tláithínteacht liom.	My mother wasn't due back from Dingle till Sunday, and Maura and Kate thought that they wouldn't get me to bed whatever they did, and they began to coax me and to be very nice to me.
Sara raibh am chodlata chuige ann do thuiteas im' mheig ar ghlúin m'athar agus dubhairt san leo me thabhairt a chodla.	But before bedtime came at all I fell fast asleep on my father's knee, and he told them to take me to bed.
Do bhí san déanta gan mhoill.	They did it at once.
'Sé an coileach a dhúisigh ar maidin me agus an t-eadartha ann.	It was the cock woke me in the morning, and it was high noon then.
Toisc nár chuireas codla na h-oidhche amú ortha bhí gach nduine aca im' chúram. Ní rabhas gan fritheáladh ó gach nduine aca.	Since I hadn't lost them any sleep the night before they were all busy about me, all waiting on me.
Ní rabhas im' ghliogaire comh mór agus a cheapadar dom, dar ndóigh.	I wasn't quite the fool they imagined me to be, believe me.

Do bhí na fiacla tagaithe dhom agus me ábalta ar gach ní do mheilt leo agus me insa tslí nár cheap aenne dhom a bheith insan aois a bhí agam.	I had all my teeth and could use them to eat anything, and was further on than anyone would have thought at my age.
Comhartha leis sin gur stop an chailleach bhéal-dorais ó bheith ag rádh faic liom. Do chaith sí uaithe “an peata” agus “gamhain seana-bhó” agus rudaí mar seo adeireadh sí lem’ mháthair im’ thaobh-sa, ’r a shon go dtabharfadh duine an leabhar an bhó gur léi í féin go raibh sí caoga bliain.	For a proof of this, the old hag over the way had stopped calling me ‘mother’s darling’ and ‘old cow’s calf’—all the things of the kind she used to say to my mother about me, though anybody would be ready to take his oath that the cow, whose calf she was, was fifty years old.
Lá Domhnaigh a tháinig mo mháthair abhaile ó’n mbaile mór.	On Sunday my mother came home from the town.
Do bhí mála bán agus mála garbh aici agus a lán rudaí ionnta.	She had a white bag and a coarse cloth bag with her, and all sorts of things in them.
Ach ní raibh blaiseadh de thé ná de shiúicre ’n-a measc, ná aon chur amach ortha insan am úd.	But there wasn’t a taste of sugar or tea among them, for nothing was known of them in those days.
Me féin a thug an mála bán abhaile liom agus níor bhe’ liom d’ualach é cé gur balcaisí chun na gcailíní ba mhó bhí ann.	It was I who carried the white bag home, and I found it heavy enough, though its chief contents were clothes for the girls.
Do bhí an chailleach liath romham istigh chun go mbeadh scéalta nua ó bhean a’ Daingin aici.	The grey old hag was waiting for me in the house to hear the news from Dingle.
Caipín go raibh dhá adhairc air a thóg sí amach ar dtúis agus do bhuail ar mo cheann é.	The first thing my mother took out was a two-peaked cap, and she put it on my head.
“Dar Muire!” arsa m’athair, “tá sé ’n-a phóilín déanta agat!” agus do chrom a raibh istigh ar scartghail gháirí.	‘By the Virgin!’ said my father, ‘you’ve made a complete peeler of him!’—and all of them burst out laughing.
“B’fhéidir go mbeadh post éigin fós aige,” ar sise;	‘Well, maybe he’ll get a post yet,’ said she.
“tá sé óg agus rud le foghluim le n-a linn agus coimeádadh sé an scoil nó go bpriocfaidh sé a mbeidh innti.” Is maith is cuimhin liom fós an chainnt sin mar d’athruigh aindise an tsaoghail an port san.	‘He’s young, and learning’s to be got in his day, and he can stay at school till he’s picked up all there is there.’ How well I remember that speech, for the troubles of the world changed that tune.
Do bhí ubhla, milseáin, cácaí, builíní, tobac chun m’athar, feidhre bróg chun Pádraig, éadaí bána chun na n-inghean agus a thuille rudaí, leis, aici.	She had apples, sweets, cakes, loaves, tobacco for my father, a pair of boots for Pats, white dresses for the girls, and a great deal more.

Fuair an bhean liath blaiseadh de gach sórt mar duine beag go raibh miagnas ag baint léi dob’ eadh í.	The grey woman had a taste of everything, for she was a little woman who liked a bit of anything that was going.
Ar scoil gach lá, annsan, sinn ach Pádraig, a bhí mór groidhe agus é ag sealgaireacht i n-éineacht lem’ athair.	School every day then for all of us, except Pats, who was a great big fellow now going out fishing with my father.
Níor mhór an t-achar do chaith Máire, leis, ar scoil mar bhí sí ’n-a mnaoi san am so.	Maura didn’t spend long at school either, for she was a woman by this time.
Do bhí ceathrar againn ag déanamh go maith—sinn féin ag múineadh a chéile.	There were four of us getting on very well, helping one another to learn.
Lá tar éis sinn a leigeant amach ó scoil i lár an lae chonnacamair a raibh de dhaoine ar an mbaile ar bharra an chalaith agus do bhí iongantas ar an Máighistreás agus orainn ar fad cad a bhí ar siubhal.	One day, after we had been let out of school, we saw all the people in the village collected on the cliff above the harbour, and both the teacher and we wondered what was up.
Thug garsún súil idir é agus Ceann Sléibhe agus d’fhéach go géar.	A boy peered across to Slea Head, looking intently.
“A Mhuire! féach na báid i gcorp na scríbe agus na farraige,” ar seisean.	‘ look at the boats in the midst of the tempest and the smother,’ said he.
Tugadh suas na báid—ná feicfí aenne d’á raibh ionnta go deo arís.	The boats were given up for lost, and nobody thought that we should ever see any of the crews again.
Is amhlaidh a bhí báid an oileáin ceangailte as bhád raice agus í ’á tarrac agus an fhairrge ag gabháil lastuas díobh.	The Island boats had a boat adrift in tow and the sea was sweeping right over them.
Do shroicheadar an calath fé dheire mar bhí an taoide leo agus cabhair mhór aici ’á thabhairt dóibh.	They reached the harbour at last, for the tide was with them, and that was a great help to them.
Bád mór groidhe bád na raice.	The wrecked boat was a fine big one.
Do bhí an captaen innte agus beirt eile fhear agus ógánach timcheall sé déag de bhlianaibh agus gan ann ach an dé.	The captain was in her with two other men and a young lad about sixteen years old at his last breath.
Tógadh amach as an mbád ar an dtalamh é agus d’éag gan mhoill.	They lifted him to land out of the boat, and he died immediately.
Tá sé curtha i Rinn a’ Chaisleáin—sé sin mar a raibh caisleán Phiarais Firtéar an uair a bhí sé i gceannas.	He is buried in Castle Point—the place where Pierce Ferriter had his castle when he ruled here.

Níorbh’ fhéidir le comhacht na h-áite ar fad an bád raice do shábháil agus thug an mhuir mhór léithe aríst í.	It was beyond the power of the whole Island to bring the wrecked boat to shore, and the great sea swept her away again.
Do bhí m’athair innte, agus mar chaptaen féin uirthi.	My father was in her, acting as captain.
Alix ainm an chaptaen, fear mór groidhe.	Alec was the name of the captain, a fine big man.
Tá an ainm beo fós insa Bhloscaod agus beidh a thuille achair mar is chomh-aois do’n bhád mórán do rugadh san Oileán an bhliain sin.	The name is still remembered on the Island, and will be for some time, for there are many on the Island who were born the year the boat came.
Fuaireadar fagháltas as iad a shábháil agus an chuid aca a thug óstaidheacht dóibh díoladh go maith iad.	They got salvage for bringing them to land, and many of those who lodged them were well paid for it.
Traisc[2] a thug m’athair aisti ní fadó do scar sé linn.	We were using a saw my father got out of her till the other day.
Bhí mo dhrifiúr Máire ’n-a scafaire de mhnaoi acmhuinneach an uair seo agus toisc triúr eile do bheith ann do bheartuigheadar ar í chur uatha amach i dtigh éigin eile.	My sister Maura was a fine vigorous woman by this time, and as there were three more of them, they arranged to find her a home in one of the other houses.
’Sé an taoiseach is fearr do bhí insan oileán an uair sin ná Paidí Mháirtín.	The chief man in the Island at that time was Paddy Martin.
Do bhí deich cinn de bha bainne aige ar feadh i bhfad ach n’ fheaca-sa riamh an méid sin ba aige mar bhí beirt mhac leis pósta i dtighthe amuich agus cuid de’n talamh tugtha aige dhóibh agus ba gan amhras.	He had ten milch cows for a long time, but I never saw that much in his possession, for he had two sons married in other houses, and he had given them some of the land, and cows, too, no doubt.
Chúig cinn do bhí an uair sin aige agus an mac dob’ óige ’n-a theannta istigh gan pósadh fós—Máirtín óg.	He had five cows at this time, and his youngest son still lived at home unmarried—young Martin.
Socruigheadh cleamhnas idir Mháire agus Mháirtín, mar bean deigh-eolais chun gnótha agus ábalta ar é dhéanamh do bhí uatha agus dob’ í sin Máire gan bhréag agus ní ’r a shon í bheith mar dhrifír agam-sa é.	A match was arranged between Maura and Martin, for what he wanted was a woman who knew what work was and was able to do it; and, in all truth, Maura was a woman of that kind, and I don’t say it only because she was my sister.
Níor loirgeadh aon airgead ar m’athair mar bhí ’fhios aca ná raibh sé ann.	They didn’t ask my father for any money, for they knew that he had none.

Saothar maith a dheineadar sinn a choimeád suas i saoghal ná raibh ró mhaith.	They had had enough to do to keep us alive in difficult times.
Do bhí Máirtín, a athair 's a mháthair sa tigh an uair sin—ceathrar Máire nuair a phósadar.	Martin and his father and mother were all living in the house in those days, four of them, counting Maura, after the marriage.
Bliain do mhair Máirtín tar éis phósta agus b'éigean dom dhrifiúr Máire casadh abhaile ar a muinntir féin arís mar chuaidh dritheáir do Mháirtín isteach go dtí an mbeirt aosta arís, gan fonn ortha faic a thabhairt do bhean Mháirtín, cé go raibh leanbh mic 'n-a dhiaidh.	Martin lived only a year after his marriage, and then my sister had to return home to her own people, for one of Martin's brothers came back to live with the old people. They wouldn't give Maura anything, although Martin left a boy child.
D'fhág Máire an leanbh againn-ne agus do bhain sí amach Americe.	Maura left the boy with us and went off to America.
Trí bliana thug sí thall an uair a chas sí.	After three years there she came back home again.
Do chuir sí chun na dlí iad agus bhain sí amach cuid an athar do'n mhac.	She had the law of them, and got the father's share for the son.
Níorbh' fhada 'n-a dhiaidh sin gur glaodhadh abhaile ar Mháighistreás na scoile am na h-Inide chun pósta.	Soon afterwards the teacher was summoned home at Shrovetide to be married.
D'fhág san an scoil dúnta ar feadh tamaill nó gur tháinig sreangaire de Mháighistir, Roibeárd Gabha.	That meant that the school was closed for a time until a thin lath of a master called Robert Smith came.
Ní raibh sé ró chneasta leis an ngramaisc scoláirí do bhí roimis.	He wasn't very nice to the rabble of scholars he found.
Níor thaithin sé leis an bpáirtidhe bhí agam-sa, sé sin an Rí. Do bhí cuma fhiain air.	My chum the King didn't like him at all. He had an unfriendly way with him.
Deireadh an Rí liom-sa gurb' ó'n Rúis a tháinig sé.	The King used to pretend to me that he came from Russia.
Do bhí pus mór air, bolg-shúile, é sleamhain, buidhe, stranfhiaclach agus tor anuas as a shróin mar do bheadh meigeal gabhair.	A great mug he had on him, hollow eyes, and a sleek swarthy complexion. He had prominent teeth, and a bush dripping from his nose like a goat's beard.
Ní h-é an tor san ball ba mheasa dhe mar bhí finneacht ann agus é ag clúdach na coda dhe do bhí an-chúmtha.	But the bush wasn't the worst part of him, for it was fair in colour and hid his ugliest feature.
Do phós an Mháighistreás i sráid-bhaile i bParóiste an Fhirtéaraigh.	The mistress married in a village in Ballyferriter parish.

Gabha dubh dob’ eadh a fear agus do bhí an sagart paróiste buidheach de is dócha.	Her husband was a blacksmith, and the parish priest favoured him, I suppose.
Fuair sí scoil ar an mbaile sin agus do chaith sí a saoghal ann nó go raibh pinsion ar an scoil aici.	She got a school in that place, and spent her life there till she got a teacher’s pension.
Táid san uaigh anois tar éis a gceithre fichid bliain, gach nduine aca.	They are in the grave now, after eighty years of life, every one of them.
Sin an chrích a chuaidh ar an gcéad mhúinteóir scoile a tháinig go dtí an Bloscaod.	That was the end of the first school-teacher that ever came to the Blasket.
Níorbh’ fhada go raibh fead ’á dhéanamh fé Roibeárd age garsúin agus gáire age giarraigh; agus, a mhic ó! pantalóga móra groidhe ag dul go dtí an scoil insan am úd.	Before long all the boys were whistling at Robert, and the girls laughing, and I tell you there were great lumps of women at school at that time.
D’aithin Roibeárd go maith ná féadfadh sé an bheart a dhéanamh ’na measc agus níor thug sé againn ach trí mhí agus d’fhág annsan sinn.	Robert soon saw that he would never be able to do anything with them. He spent only three months among us, and off he went.
Ar chaitheamh mo ghráinseáil bheag bhidh dom maidean lae, bhí súil i bhfus agus thall agam.	As I was crunching my bite of food one morning, I was looking about me on this side and on that.
Do ghaibh mo mháthair an doras isteach agus bior iarainn ’n-a láimh aici, smut de ghraidhp bháid.	My mother came in at the door with a sharp piece of iron in her hand—a piece of a boat’s grappling.
Níor shuidh sí ach do chrom ar bheith ag lorg rud éigin eile.	She didn’t sit down, but set about looking for something else.
Sa lorgaireacht di is mála a thug sí léi.	She found a bag in the search.
Do bhíos féin ag faire mar do bheadh cat ar luich mar do thuigeas gur fuadar trágha a bhí fúithe.	I was watching her like a cat watching a mouse, for I knew that she meant to go down to the strand.
“Seadh,” ar sise, “an bhfuil aenne ’gaibh gur mhaith leis dul ’on tráigh ó tá ’n lá breagh?” Is nós atá riamh ann dul ’on tráigh agus annlan ó’n dtráigh do bheith Aoine an Chéasta age gach nduine a bheadh ’n-a chumas.	‘Well,’ said she, ‘would any of you like to go down to the strand, the day is so fine?’ It has always been a custom here to go and get ‘kitchen’ from the strand to eat on Good Friday for anyone who has the opportunity.
“A Mhuire, ’mham! Bead-sa i n-éineacht leat,” arsa mise ag preabadh ó’n mbórd, cé nach é mo dhóthain a bhí ithte agam.	‘Sure, mom, I’ll go with you,’ said I, jumping up from the table, though I hadn’t finished my meal.
“Níl a bhac ort, ach mo chroidhe thú! ith do dhóthain.	‘Of course you can, but finish your meal, my love.

Fanfad-sa leat," ar sise.	I'll wait for you,' said she.
"Raghad-sa, leis, an'," arsa Nóra.	'I'll go with you, too,' said Nora.
"Bead-sa, leis, le nbhur gcois," arsa Eibhlín.	'So will I,' said Eileen.
"Níl a bhac oraibh," arsa mo mháthair, "mar dhein an saoghal go maith oraibh é an scoil a bheith dúnta." Bhí m'athair agus Paidí ag rómhar sa ghort, Cáit i mbun an tighe agus an naoidhneán ar a cumraidhe mar bhí Máire thall 'sa Stáit.	'There's nothing to stop you,' said my mother, 'since the world has been so good to you as to close the school.' My father and Pats were digging in the field, Kate was looking after the house —with the baby in her charge, for Maura was over in the States.
D'fhógair mo mháthair ar Cháit gan é thabhairt ar chamán ná ar liathróid nó go sroichfeadh sí féin abhaile. Do bhuaileamair amach an doras.	My mother charged Kate not to think of anything else in the world but him till she came back.
Thugamair ár n-aghaidh chun na trágha agus má bhí aenne againn Márta a trí[3] is mise é, bhí oiread san scóip orm chun a bheith ag lapadáil insa tsáile lem' bríste glas.	We went out at the door and turned our faces to the strand, and I was beside myself for joy, if any of them was, I was so set on paddling in the sea in my grey breeches.
Ar shroistint na trágha dhúinn ní raibh aon stocán ná go raibh bean, leanbh agus páiste ag baint bháirneach, cnósach agus miongán agus gach sórt do bhuaileadh leo.	When we reached the strand there wasn't a single rock that hadn't a woman or child of some sort picking limpets and winkles, and such-like seafruit of every kind, that came in their way.
Do bhí tráigh mhór rabharta ann agus do bhí oileán laistiar go dtugaid siad an tOileán Bán air agus níorbh' fhéidir dul air ach le h-ana-thráigh agus do bhíodh báirnigh agus cnósach ana-shaidhbhir ann, toisc gan an priocadh bheith air.	It was the ebb of a spring tide, and to the west of the strand there was an island called Woman's Island that could only be reached at a very low tide: limpets and winkles were very plentiful there because they were never gathered.
Do bhí góilín doimhin 'á dheighilt ó'n áit laistigh ach níor mhór an t-uisce do bhí ann an uair seo.	It was separated from the nearer shore by a deep channel, but there wasn't much water in it that day.
Níorbh' fhada go bhfeaca mo mháthair ag cruinneáilt a cuid éadaigh le n-a chéile agus 'á tharrac aniar idir a dhá cois.	Before long I saw my mother gathering her skirts together and bringing them forward between her legs.

Ní raibh náire orm-sa cosa agus colpaí mo mháthar a bheith le feiscint ag an saoghal mar nár chearnóg ná alpachán í ach fainge fionn gléigeal ó bhathas go sáil.	I didn’t mind a bit that the world should see my mother’s legs and calves, for there was nothing stunted or lumpy about her: she was a fine well-grown woman, fair-skinned and bright from crown to heel.
Is oth liom nár chuaidh an chuid ba mhó dhíom léi.	My grief is that I don’t take after her in my whole person.
Ach is dócha gur dhein sé dochar dom me bheith im’ ghamhain seana-bhó mar do bhí an chuid eile de’n ál go h-álainn.	But I suppose what ruined me was that I was ‘an old cow’s calf, for the rest of the litter were good-looking enough.
Do bhí súil ’n-a diaidh agam féachaint cad é an fuadar do bhí fúithe.	I was watching her carefully to see what she meant to do.
Do ghlaoidh sí láithreach ar na mná do bhí i n-aice léi chun dul ar an oileán.	She called out immediately to the women near her to go to the Island with her.
Do fhreagair ceathrar í go tapaidh—an chailleach bhéal-dorais, drifiúr m’athar, Siobhán Bhán agus “Ventry.” Do chuaidh an t-uisce thar glúine ortha, ach tháinig scout ar an gcailligh agus ar m’aintín a thug a dtriopall anáirde.	Four of them responded at once—the old hag over the way, my aunt, White Joan, and ‘Ventry’. The water was above their knees, but a wash upset my aunt and Ventry and tumbled them head over heels.
Ba mhaith an mhaise é ó Ventry, do chuir sí crúca im’ aintín agus thugadar anáirde iad.	Ventry gripped my aunt very neatly, and they set them on their feet again.
Thabharfadh aon duine an leabhar gurbh’ aon athair agus aon mháthair do bhí ag an gcailligh agus age m’aintín; comh-ghné, comh-aoirde agus comh-imeacht a bhí fútha.	Anybody would take his oath that the old hag and my aunt came of the same parents; they had the same complexion, the same height, and the same way with them.
Do bhíos féin ag pusaoil ghuil i dtaobh fhaid do bhí mo mháthair as amharc.	I was snivelling—my mother was so long out of sight.
Is amhlaidh a bhíodh Nóra am ghríosadh chun a dhéanta, ach bhíodh Eibhlín ag cur staonadh orm.	Nora kept egging me on, but Eileen was trying to stop me.
Do bhíodh Nóra i gcomhnaidhe insa mhullaigh orm agus sinn araon ana-míchéadfhach chun a chéile;	Nora was always very much down on me, and we never could get on together.

ach do thuigeas cad é an fáth a bhí leis sin nuair a thána chun coinnlíochta agus do bhíodh an chailleach, leis, go minic ’á chur i dtuiscint dom mar nárbh’ fhearr léi ár bpaidear go minic againn ná an toirmeasc.	But I understood the reason of it when I began to grasp things, and the old hag used to give me a hint of it, for, often enough, we’d just as soon be fratching as praying.
Do bhí Nóra chúig bliana ’na peata romham-sa.	Nora had been the favourite for five years before I came.
Ní raibh aon tsúil liom-sa aca an t-am gur bhuaileas chúcha ach nuair a chonnacadar mise do cuireadh Nóra as peataidheacht;	I came unexpectedly, and, when they saw me, Nora’s nose was put out of joint.
agus dob’ shin é an fáth ná raibh an gradam age Nóra dhom seachas an chuid eile.	And that’s the reason why she thought less of me than the others did.
Ní fada gur scread bean thall agus i bhfus go raibh an góilín líonta ar na mná do bhí ar an oileán.	Before long women here and there began calling out that the women on the Island were cut off by the tide in the channel.
Ní raibh duine aca le feiscint.	Not a soul of them was to be seen.
B’eo leis gach duine ag teacht i radharc an ghóilín.	Off went everybody to look at the channel.
Do bhí an taoide ag teacht agus bhí suas le h-aoirde fir d’uisce sa ghóilín cheana féin agus sin é an uair díreach a bhíodar ag teacht ’nár radharc agus na málaí lán age gach bean aca.	The tide was flowing, and there was a man’s depth in the channel already, and that was the moment that they came into view, every woman of them with a full bag.
B’éigean dóibh fanúint mar a raibh aca.	They had to stay where they were.
Dubhairt a raibh timcheall gurbh’ é a stáitse go maidean é, agus bhíos-sa gan mheabhair ar chloisint sin dom.	Everybody present said that they’d have to stick there till morning, and I was beside myself when I heard it.
B’eo le cuid de sna cailíní do bhí insa tráigh ag tabhairt tuairisc don mhuinntir a bhí insa guirt go raibh lán ar na mná a bhí ar an Oileán Bán.	Some of the girls on the strand ran off to carry the news to the men on the fields that the women were cut off by the tide on the Island.
Thug na fearaibh a n-aghaidh ar an dtráigh ach is ar an dtigh a thug m’athair aghaidh ag triall ar dhréimire.	Most of the men faced for the strand, but my father ran to the house to get a ladder.
Ní raibh sé ró fhada an t-am go bhfeaca chugham é agus dréimire ar a ghualainn aige go raibh fiche troigh ann.	Very soon I saw him coming towards me with a ladder, twenty feet long, on his shoulder.
Do chuireadar i dtreo é chun dul treasna an ghóilín ach bhí sé ró throm chun é chur san áit cheart.	They laid it so as to reach across the channel, but it was too heavy to put in the proper place.

B’éigean dom athair bocht dul ’on tsnámh agus breith ar cheann an dréimire agus é chur i muirtís sa chloich.	My poor father had to take to the water and swim across to catch hold of the end of the ladder, and fix it in a crevice in the rock.
Is í mo mháthair an chéad bhean a chuaidh treasna ar an ndréimire agus Ventry ’n-a diaidh, agus thánadar go rábach.	My mother was the first of them to go across on the ladder. Ventry followed her, and they came to land splendidly.
Annsan chuaidh an triúr eile air.	Then the three others ventured on it.
Do bhí beirt ar thaobh agus duine ar thaobh eile agus toisc gan é bheith comhthrom d’iompuigh an dréimire agus buaileadh síos ’on pholl iad.	Two of them were on one side of it, and the third on the other side, so that the ladder overbalanced and upset, and down they went into the sea.
Do bhíos féin go h-aerach nuair a bhí mo mháthair agam agus me ag seinm “Domhnall na Gréine.”	I was in high spirits now I’d got my mother again, singing ‘Donal na Greine’.
Ach níorbh’ fhada bhí an port san agam mar b’éigean dom’ athair preabadh sa tsnámh arís, a dheirfiúr a chur i dtír ar an dtaobh so agus crúca eile a chur i Siobhán Bán agus do bhí an chailleach bhéal-dorais ag dul síos an t-am go rug sé ar stuaic uirthi.	But I changed my tune soon enough, for my father had to jump into the sea again and bring his sister to land on this side, and take a grip of White Joan; and the old hag over the way was going under when he caught her by the hair.
Ní raibh ionnam-sa ach an dé san am gur tháinig m’athair i dtír.	I was at my last breath by the time my father landed:
Ba dhóbair go mbáidhfeadh an chailleach é d’iarraidh í thabhairt chun cinn mar do bhí lán a h-aprúin de bháirnigh aici.	the old hag very nearly pulled him under as he tried to save her with her apron full of limpets.
III — NA TIGHTHE BHÍ AGAINN.	3 — Our Houses.
A méid, a ndéanamh, an troscán, ár n-ainmhithe agus ár n-éanlaithe, ár gcóir bidh agus dighe.	THEIR DESIGN · THEIR FURNITURE · OUR ANIMALS AND FOWLS · OUR FOOD AND DRINK
Níor mhiste, b’fhéidir, a chur síos annso beagán cúntais ar an bhfeiste bhí orainn san oileán so le linn m’óige-se; go mór mhór ó tá an saoghal a bhí ann an uair sin imithe agus gan a chuimhne ag aenne atá suas anois ach age beagán sean-daoine.	I may as well give some brief account here of the way we managed things in this Island when I was young, more particularly since the fashion of that world has passed away and nobody now living remembers it except a few old people.

Maidir leis na tighthe bhíodh againn le linn m'óige agus go ceann tamaill mhaith 'n-a dhiaidh sin níor mhar a chéile bhídís, dáltha gach aon áit eile.	As for the houses that we had in my youth, and for some time after, they differed among themselves, just as in other places.
Do bhíodh cuid aca maisiúil seachas a chéile agus a thuille aca ana-shuarach.	Some of them had a handsomer appearance than the rest, and others were pretty wretched.
Bhí roinnt ortha agus gan ionnta ach deich dtroighthe ar faid agus ocht dtroighthe ar leithead agus ó shin amach go mbíodh go dtí a cúig déag nó fiche troigh ionnta.	A number of them were only ten feet by eight. Others were larger—from that size to fifteen or twenty feet long.
D'fhonn roinnt a dhéanamh sa tigh bhíodh dresser treasna lár an tighe ó'n bhfalla ar thaobh agus síonáil ag freagairt do ó'n dtaobh eile.	To divide the house into two a dresser stood out from the wall in the middle of the floor, and a partition met it from the other side.
Do bhíodh dhá leabaidh laistíos díobh san. Daoine ionnta.	There were two beds in the lower portion, where people slept.
Bhíodh dhá mhuic ag dul fé leabaidh aca agus bhíodh prátaí fé'n gceann eile.	Potatoes would be stored under these beds.
Comhra mhór idir an dá leabaidh i gcoinnibh na binne.	A great chest was kept between the two beds up against the gable end.
Insa taobh eile de'n síonáil—taobh na cisteanach— bhíodh na daoine i rith an lae nó cuid de'n ló, deichniúr aca b'fhéidir.	On the other side of the partition—the kitchen side—the family used to spend the whole day, or part of the day, ten of them perhaps.
Do bhíodh cúib leis an síonáil; cearca innti; cearc ar gor i n-aice léi i seana-chorcán.	There was a coop against the partition with hens in it, and a broody hen just by it in an old cooking pot.
Istoidhche bhíodh bó agus dhá bhó, gamhain nó dhá ghamhain, asal, dhá mhadra ceangailte de thaobh an fhalla nó ar fuaid an tighe.	At night-time there would be a cow or two, calf or two, the ass, the dog on a chain by the wall or running about the house.
Tigh go mbeadh muirear mór ann do bheadh leabaidh chnaiste insa chúinne annsan nó b'fhéidir leabaidh ar an úrlár.	In a house with a large family you would find a post-bed, or maybe a bed on the floor.
Bheadh an dream aosta innti sin i n-aice na teine; dubhdóg de phíp chré i bhfearas aca, nó dhá cheann má bheadh beirt aca beo, agus iad 'á ól.	The old people used to spend the night in that beside the fire, with an old stump of a clay pipe going, or two pipes if there were two of them living, and smoking away;

Sop siúirlín déanta de thuighe aca;	they would have a wisp of straw for a pipe-lighter.
teine mhaith stuaicín ré-dhearg aca go maidean;	A good fire of fine turf smouldered away till morning;
ar gach múscailt an sop a chur ’on teine agus plubóg ’á bhaint as an bpíp;	every time they woke they took a light from the fire and puffed at the pipe.
má bheadh an tseana-bhean aige an sop a shíneadh thairis isteach;	If the old woman was alive, the old man would stretch across to give her a light from the wisp;
annsan gal an dá dhubhdóige ag baint an tsimné amach gur chosúil le luing gaile leabaidh na beirte nuair a bhídís ar lán-séideadh.	then the smoke from the two old pipes would drift up the chimney, and you could imagine that the couple’s bed was a steamship as they puffed away in full blast.
Bhíodh an cúpla madra nó trí luighte isteach age cosa na leabthan; an bhó nó na ba síos uatha san agus a gceann le falla; an ghamhain nó dhó agus rith na cistean aca agus a bpus leis an dteine.	Two or three dogs would stretch out at the foot of the bed, the cow or the cows below them, head to the wall, and there would be a calf or two with the run of the kitchen, or lying muzzle to the fire.
Bhíodh an t-asal ceangailte ar an dtaobh eile de’n dtigh os choinne na mba agus cat go mbeadh cúpla piscín aici, b’fhéidir, i bpoll an iarta.[1]	The ass would be tied up on the other side of the house opposite the cows, and a cat with a couple of kittens, maybe, in the chimney niche.
Gach a mbíodh eile de ghliogairnéis insa tigh is fé thóin an leabaidh chnaiste bhíodh sé istoidhche.	The rest of the trumpery in the house was stuffed under the post-bed for the night.
Bhíodh an leabaidh so breis agus cúpla troigh ar aoirde ó’n dtalamh agus í déanta d’adhmad, nó d’iarann.	This bed was more than a couple of feet from the ground, and it was made of wood or iron.
Bhíodh cuid de sna tighthe gan aon roinnt ortha chun seomra dhéanamh ach leabaidh chnaiste i gcúinne de’n dtigh agus leabaidh urláir sa chúinne eile;	Some of the houses had no division to make a room, but there was a post-bed in one corner and a bed on the floor in the other.
dresser leis an bhfalla nó leis an mbinn;	The dresser was up against the wall or the gable-end.
na muca, nuair a bhídís aca, fé’n leabaidh áird;	
cúpla soitheach éisc nó trí is gach sórt tighe aca;	Every kind of house had two or three barrels of fish.
agus i dteannta na n-ainmhithe go léir eile b’fhéidir go bhfaghfá peata uain nó dhó ar fuaid an tighe.	And, besides all the other animals, you would find a pet lamb or two running about the house.

De chlocha agus de mhairtéal chré a bhíodh na tighthe sin déanta agus gan mór-shlacht ar a lán aca mar do bhíodh deabhadh leo agus lámh gach aenne ionnta.	Those houses were made of stones mortared with clay, and most of them were very roughly finished, for their building was always hurried through, and everybody took a hand in it.
Luachair nó geitirí an díon agus scraithín righin reamhar fé sin.	Rushes or reeds were the thatch, over a layer of thick and stout scraws.
Ní bheadh an díon go h-olc dá leigfeadh na cearca dho; ach ní mar sin a bhíodh ach comh luath agus bheadh an luachair ag tréigean agus piastaí ag teacht ann ní choimeádfadh fear gunna na cearca as ach iad 'á scríobadh agus ag déanamh nead ann.	The thatch would have been all right if the hens would only have let it alone, but they wouldn't. As soon as the rushes began to decay, and worms could be found in them, a man with a gun couldn't have kept the hens away from scratching and nesting there.
Bhíodh an braon istigh annsan agus b'é sin an braon ná beadh ró ghlan mar do bhíodh an iomarca de mhianach an tsúigh ann.	Then the drips would begin, and a dirty drip it was too, for there was too much soot mixed with it.
Bhíodh poill comh fada isteach déanta aca go mbíodh na cearca ar iarraidh ó mhná na dtighthe mar ní thugadh an chearc cluas do ghlaodh an bhídh an uair a bhuaileadh an gor í.	The hens nested so deep in the thatch that the women often lost them, for a hen wouldn't even answer the call to food when she was broody.
Thagadh taoscán hata nó caipín d' uibhe age sna giarsacha anuas de sna tighthe go mion minic.	The little lasses very often brought a hatful or a capful of eggs down from the houses.
Do loitheadh na h-óga an díon, leis, mar bhídís ag síor-lorg na nead.	The children made a mess of the thatch, too, always hunting for eggs.
Níorbh' fhearr leat a bheith ar Aonach an Phuic lá ná bheith ag éisteacht le beirt bhan-tighe, go mbíodh a dhá dtigh ceangailte d'á chéile, ag troid na n-ubh le 'chéile.	It was as good as a day at Puck Fair to listen to two of the women whose houses adjoined, quarrelling with one another about the ownership of the eggs.
Na tighthe maithe bhí againn bhíodh ó n-a dó dhéag de throighthe ar leithead ionnta agus ó n-a fiche go cúig fichead ar faid.	The good houses were from ten to twelve feet wide, and from twenty to twenty-five feet long.

Bhíodh curpad agus dresser treasna d’fhonn seomra a dhéanamh taobh thíos díobh de chuid de’n tigh agus dhá leabaidh chnaiste laistíos díobh sain—dhá leabaidh árda chnaiste.	They had a cupboard and a dresser arranged crosswise to make a room of the lower half of the house, and two high post-beds below them.
B’fhéidir go mbeadh na muca insa chistin ins na tighthe seo ach ní raibh cró riamh amuich dhóibh.	
Bhíodh an díon céadna ortha san agus ar na tighthe beaga cé gur mó an lámh a dheineadh na cearca ar na tighthe beaga ná ortha toisc na tighthe beaga bheith íseal.	They were thatched in the same way as the little houses, though the hens had an easier job with the little houses, because they were built lower.
Is cuimhin liom, áfach, scéal grinn a thuit amach ar cheann de sna tighthe móra so nár thuit a leithéid amach ar aon tigh beag aca i dtaobh na gcearc céadna.	I remember, however, a funny thing that happened in one of the big houses, the like of which never occurred in one of the little ones, in this very matter of hens.
Do bhí muinntir an tighe seo lá cruinn baileach ag caitheamh bídh an tráthnóna; an bórd lán de phrátaí aca, iasc agus bainne; faobhar ar chairb gach nduine ’á meilt agus ’á scaoileadh siar;	The family of this house were gathered, every one of them, round the table at supper, with plenty of potatoes, fish, and milk before them, and all their jaws keen set to grind them and send them on down.
ciota de mhuga adhmaid lán de bhainne age fear an tighe ar cheann an bhúird.	The man of the house was sitting at the head of the table, with a wooden mug full of milk beside him.
An fhaid a bhí a lámh sa phláta ag tabhairt ailp éisc leis do bhraith sé rud éigin ag tuitim[2] ’on chiota.	He’d just put his hand to his plate, to take out a piece of fish, when he saw some object fall into the mug.
An uair d’fhéach sé síos ann do bhí an ailp múchta thíos sa bhainne.	He looked down, and there was a lump of something drowning in the milk.
B’éigean an tlú d’fhagháil. Tógadh aníos é ach do chuaidh sé ó aithint ó n-a raibh ag an mbórd.	They had to fetch the tongs to get it out, and not a one of them had the faintest idea what it was.
“Gearrcach sicín iseadh é,” arsa bean an tighe, “pé riach ruda thug ann é,” ar sise.	‘It’s a young chicken,’ said the woman of the house, ‘whatever the dickens brought it there?’

“Is cuma dhuit-se, insa fial, cad é an sórt é,” arsa fear an tighe, “taoi féin as do réasún go luath aige,” ar seisean, “nó cad as go gceapann tú go dtucfadh[3] a leithéid sin ort?” arsa fear an chiota.	‘It doesn’t matter a damn to you what it is,’ said the man of the house. ‘It has sent you out of your wits soon enough,’ said he, ‘for where on earth do you imagine a thing of that kind could come in your way from?’
Is ag dul ar buile do bhí a raibh ag an mbórd agus níorbh’ fhios conus mar bheadh an tráthnóna aca mara mbeadh gur thuit sicín eile anuas ar na prátaí ’n-a bheathaidh.	All at the table were getting madder, and Heaven knows how the evening would have ended if another chicken hadn’t fallen on the potatoes, alive and kicking.
“I gcúntais Dé cad as go bhfuil siad ag teacht?” arsa bean an tighe.	‘For God’s sake, where are they coming from?’ said the woman of the house.
“Ná ficeann tú nach as Ofrann[4] atáid siad ag teacht!” arsa fear an tighe, “nach mór an ní gur anuas atáid siad ag gluaiseacht.”	‘Can’t you see that they’re not coming from hell, anyhow,’ said the man of the house. ‘It’s some consolation that they’re falling from above.’
Súil dár thug teallaire do bhí ar íochtar an bhúird anáirde ar fhrathacha an tighe do chonnaic sé an ghaoth agus an ghrian thríd isteach.	A lad at the lower end of the table glanced up at the timbers of the roof and saw the wind and the sun coming through.
“Hanaman fial, tá poll sa tigh!” ar seisean. Leis an athair,	‘Devil take it! there’s a hole in the house,’ says he to his father.
“tair annso agus chífir é.” Nuair a chonnaic fear an tighe an poll —“Ó mhuise, go mbeire an Fear Mór gach a bhfuil do chearca agus d’uibhe agus do ghearrcaigh leis amach ar an bhfarraige!” ar seisean. “Nár éisti’ Dia leat,” arsan bhean.	‘Come here and you’ll see it.’ When the man of the house saw the hole, ‘Wisha,’ said he, ‘may Satan sweep all the hens and eggs and chickens out to sea.’ ‘God turn a deaf ear to you,’ said the wife.
Ar dhul go dtí an poll dóibh chun é dhúnadh do bhí deich cinn eile de shicíní ann, agus an mháthair.	When they went to the hole to close it, they found ten other chickens and the hen.
Is i gceann de sna tighthe meánacha bhí mo chliabhán-sa.	I was cradled in one of the medium-sized houses.
Tigh beag cumhang go maith dob’ eadh é ach é bheith slachtmhar, an méid a bhí ann de, mar do bhí m’athair ana-chliste is níor bhuail aon leisce riamh mo mháthair.	It was a little cramped house, but what there was of it was kept neat, for my father was a very handy man, and my mother never knew what it was to be idle.

Turn olla aici, turn lín, cárdaí; do bhíodh uirthi snáithín do shníomh do’n dtáilliúir anuas de’n chuigíl le n-a turn féin.	She had a spinning-wheel for wool and another for flax, and combs for carding, and she used to have the job of spinning threads ready for the tailor with the distaff from her own wheel.
Ba mhinic a shnímh sí do bhudóga ban eile, leis, é ná bíodh aon chló ortha féin chun a dhéanta agus dá mbeadh féin ná leigfeadh an leisce dhóibh é.	Often enough she would spin it for the other clumsy women who couldn’t put themselves in shape to do it, and were too lazy, anyhow, even if they knew the trick.
Timcheall deich mbliana tar éis phósta dhom do thógas tigh nua.	Some ten years after my marriage I built a new house.
Níor shín fear cloch chugham, ná mairtéal, faid a bhíos ’á dhéanamh agus do chuireas féin ceann air.	Nobody handed so much as a stone or a lump of mortar to me all the time I was at work on it, and I roofed it myself.
Ní tigh mór é; mar sin féin dá mbeadh Rí Seoirse ar a laetheannta saoire ar feadh mí ann níorbh é gráinneacht an tighe ba ghalar báis do.	It isn’t a large house, but, all the same, if King George were to spend a month’s holiday in it, it isn’t from the ugliness of the house that he would take his death.
Ceann feilte air, an saghas céadna atá ar gach tigh agus seomra ar an mbaile ó shin go dtí gur chuir an Bórd sé cinn de thighthe slinne suas.	It is roofed with felt, as every other house and shed in the village was until the Board put up six slate-roofed houses.
Le linn do’n tigh nua a bheith críochnaithe do léim cearc anáirde air.	When the new house was finished, a hen fluttered up on to the roof.
Do bhí m’úncail Diarmaid ag gabháil thar brághaid.	My uncle Diarmid was just going by.
Do stad sé ag féachaint ar an gcirc agus an t-annrodh a bhí ag breith uirthi d’iarraidh fanúint anáirde air ach do chuir an feilt sleamhain anuas í.	He stopped to watch the hen and the desperate struggle she was making to maintain herself on the roof, but the slippery felt shot her off.
“Tuille mór do’n tubaiste chughat an lá san do theacht ort gur chuir sé le faill tu,” arsa Diarmaid. Le linn mise bheith beag dob’ iad Pádraig Ó Catháin agus, roime sin go maith, Pádraig Ó Guithín, an dá thaoiseach ba mhó a bhí insan Oileán.	‘Devil mend you,’ said my uncle, ‘that the day has come upon you when the roof shot you over the cliff!’ In my young days Patrick Keane, and some time before him, Patrick Guiheen, were the two chief men in the Island.
Pádraig Ó Catháin seo—athair críona an Rí atá anois againn—do chonnac féin ceathair nó cúig de bha bainne aige sin.	I remember when this Patrick Keane—the grandfather of the King we have now—had four or five milch cows.

Ní fheaca-sa an fear eile, an Guithíneach;	I never saw the other, Guiheen:
clann a chlainne a bhí lem’ linn-se ann.	his grandchildren were alive in my day.
Is minic a chuala go raibh ó hocht go deich de bha bainne aige siúd, láir chapaill agus céachta adhmaid.	I’ve often heard that he had eight or ten milch cows, a mare, and a wooden plough.
Láir dhearg dob’ eadh í.	A red mare she was.
Do bhí an láir chéadna ag tarrac grin go dtí an seana-thúr atá annso, pé am a deineadh é sin,[5] agus b’é féin an giolla i n-aois sé bliana déag.	She helped to draw the gravel for the old tower on the Island, whenever that was built, and he was in attendance on her when he was sixteen years old.
Do bhí Seán Ó Duinnshléibhe, file, ’n-a bhunóic sa chliabhán an uair sin.	John Dunlevy, the poet, was a baby in the cradle at that time.
D’fhág san sé bliana déag d’aois age athair críona an Rí ar an bhfile.	That makes the poet sixteen years younger than the King’s grandfather.
Bhí leath dosaon tigh age n-a leithéidí sin ann ná raibh ró dhona.	The men of their standing had some half-dozen houses that were pretty good.
Saghas losaide an clár a bhíodh mar bhórd isna tighthe beaga —comhla go mbíodh gárda mór dtimcheall uirthi ná leigfeadh amach na prátaí ná aon rud do bheadh uirthi,	The tables used in the little houses were rather like a kneading trough —a board with a raised frame round it to keep in the potatoes or anything else they put on them,
agus fráma go mbíodh trí cosa fé, neart é dhúnadh isteach ’na chéile agus é féin agus an losad do chrochadh leis an bhfalla nó go mbeadh gnó arís dóibh.	and a stand of tripod shape that could be folded up so that the stand and the kneading trough could be hung up on the wall till they were needed.
Lá tháinig m’úncail Liam abhaile ó’n dtráigh, ocras agus faobhar chun bidh air.	One day my uncle Liam came back from the strand with a fierce hunger on him.
Do bhí fráma na dtrí gcos curtha ’n-a sheasamh agus an losad anuas air; í lán de phrátaí agus pé annlan eile do bhí leo.	The tripod frame was standing ready, with the kneading trough on it, full of potatoes and whatever ‘kitchen’ went with them.
Do thuit cnap den losaid.	A good-sized potato fell from the trough.
B’eo leis an madra ’n-a dhiaidh.	Off went the dog after it.
D’árduigh leis an fráma agus an losad agus d’imigh a raibh uirthi an fuaid an tighe.	He carried the stand away with him, and the trough and all its contents rolled every way through the house.
B’eo an bhean ag bailiú na bprátaí.	His wife fell to gathering up the potatoes.

“Dar Muire, a bhean bheag, tá sé ’n-a lá aonaigh agat!” arsa Liam.	‘ little woman, it’s as good as a fair day with you,’ says Liam.
Do bhíodh boulaí againn agus plátaí is gach tigh, mugaí adhmaid, cúpla cathaoir agus cúpla stól.	We had bowls and plates in every house, wooden mugs, a chair or two, and a few stools.
Bhíodh na cathaoireacha fighte le súgán féir nó tuighe.	The chairs had seats of twisted rope made of hay or straw.
Croch iarainn a bhíodh an uair sin agus atá fós is gach tigh os cionn na teine chun rudaí a chrochadh ortha agus bhíodh tlú de shaghas éigin ar an dteinteán.	There was a pot-rack of iron in every house, and still is, to hang things on over the fire, and there was a pair of tongs of some sort or other on the hearth.
Tá cupaí agus sásair is gach tigh aca anois agus na dresseir lán suas go gléasta.	They have cups and saucers in every house now and a full dresser, making a fine show.
Ní bhíonn ach na daoine amháin ins na tighthe comhnaithe anois;	Only human beings live in the houses in these days;
tá cróite amuich do gach ní eile.	the animals have their own sheds out-of-doors.
Sligí agus úsc, faileóga nó geitirí ar an slige agus do réir mar bheadh sé ag caitheamh bheith ag cur air—b’in é an gléas soluis ba thúisce chonnac-sa.	Cressets and fish-oil, with tapers or rushes on the cresset, renewed as they burnt away—that’s the first contrivance for making light that I knew.
Ar ghabhair éisc a thagadh an t-úsc agus as phullóga.	The fish-oil was got from scad and pollock.
Tumadh an ainm a thugaimís ar an mblonaig a bhíodh ins na gabhair; aedheanna an smeara a bhíodh ins na pullóga; iad san a leaghadh.	‘Dip’ was the name we gave to the scad’s fat; the pollock grease was called ‘liver’. We used to melt it.
Bhíodh íle róin, leis, mar sholas aca ach ba bheag a cuirtí ar an slige dhi mar d’alpaidís féin suas í, a gcuid aráin bhuidhe a thumadh innti, agus go mbíodh gádh leis sin.	They employed seal-oil for light, too, but they didn’t put much of that in the cressets, for they used to gulp it down themselves, dipping their bread of Indian meal in it,’ and they needed it badly enough.
Dar liom go rabhas suas isna déagaibh go maith agus an gléas soluis seo ar siubhal.	I was well in the teens, I think, while this kind of light was still in use.

Árthach beag miotail dob’ eadh an slige, déanamh báid nó naomhóige air agus gob nó dhá ghob air, trí nó ceathair de chosa fé agus lámh bheag nó cluas as a chliathán, ocht nó deich órlacha d’fhaid ann.	The cresset was a little vessel, shaped like a boat or canoe, with one or two pointed ends, three or four feet to it, and a little handle or grip sticking out of its side—the whole thing about eight or ten inches long.
Bhíodh an t-úsc nó an íle róin istigh ann. Do deintí an gheitire nó an buaiceas a thumadh san úsc agus síntí amach thar ghob an tslige é agus lastaí annsan é. Do réir mar bhíodh sé ’á chaitheamh bhítí ’á shádh amach.	The fish-or seal-oil was put into it, the reed or wick was dipped in the oil and passed over the pointed end of the cresset, and as it burnt away, it was pushed out.
An rud bán a bhíonn istigh i ngeitire iseadh bhíodh mar bhuaiceas agus is minic a deintí de chórda bhog cadáis nó lín é.	The pith of the rush formed the wick, and often they used a soft twine of cotton or linen for it.
Is minic a bheadh sliogán mór i n-ionad slige mar ghléas soluis. Níl dát agam leis an bpairifín a theacht.	They would often use a large shell instead of a cresset for a light. I don’t remember at what date paraffin came in.
Cadhrán móna nó scolb giúise, a chloisinn eatartha, do bhíodh fadó riamh ann.	A fragment of turf or a chip of bog-deal was the older fashion, I used to hear them say.
Do chaitheas féin tamall as m’óige ar dhá bhiadh insa ló.	I lived for a long time from my young days on two meals a day.
Bhíodh obair mhór déanta gach maidean, i dtráigh nó i gcnoc nó i ngort, agus na ba ag teacht ’á gcrúdh, san am go mbíodh biadh na maidine le fagháil agam.	I’d have a lot of work done on strand or hill or in the field, and the cows would be coming to milking when I’d be thinking about taking my morning meal.
Bhíodh an ghrian ag tuitim siar síos go maith an uair a bhíodh biadh an tráthnóna agam.	The sun would be far down in the west when I had the evening meal.
Ní bricfeast ná suipéar a bhíodh mar ainm againn ar na béilí sin ach mar sin.	We never called them breakfast or supper, but always the morning and the evening meal.
Prátaí agus iasc, agus má bheadh braon bainne ann, an biadh insan am san.	Potatoes and fish and a drop of milk—if there was any—that was our food in those days.
Ar dhul as na prátaí bhíodh min bhuidhe ann ná bíodh ach sciligthe—ná beadh aon dul age sna daoine atá anois ann cóir ná comhthrom do bhaint de’n arán a dheineadh sí, ’e cheal cairbe.	When the potatoes failed, there would be only Indian meal, just shelled. People to-day couldn’t make a shift to eat the bread it made, do what they would; they haven’t got the teeth for it.

’Sé is truagh liom nach é an biadh céadna indiu agam é agus cairb chun a mheilte agam, agus sláinte.	I am sorry that I don’t have the same food to-day, with the same jaws to eat it with, and the same good health.
Insan am san agus me óg, dhá chloich phlúir a thagadh chun na Nodlag.	In the days when I was young two stones of flour used to come in every Christmas.
Bhíos im’ fhear sara dtáinig aon té agus an uair a thárlochadh púnt té ann chun na Nodlag bheadh sí spártha agus cuirfí i dtaisce í go dtí Nodlaig arís.	I was a grown man before tea was known, and, when a pound of tea came our way for Christmas, it was sparingly used, and the remnant saved up till the next Christmas.
Ach tá atharach puirt anois le fada againn i gcúrsaí bídh; arán plúir againn, té, siúicre.	But the tune has changed altogether in the matter of food for a long time now. We have wheat-flour in these days, and tea and sugar.
Bíonn cuid aca ag blaistínteacht cheithre h-uaire sa ló le biadh.	Some of them fiddle with food four times a day.
Bhíodh oiread bídh caithte gach béile an uair úd agam leis na cheithre bhéile seo.	At that time we used to eat as much food in one meal as in those four meals put together.
Do mhaireadh daoine an uair úd dhá lá ar an mbéile sin má ba ghádh é.	People lasted two days on one meal of the kind, if they needed to.
Ní raghadh fear faid píce anois an uair do bheadh sé tuitithe ar a thóin mar ná bíonn an béile caithte aige ach an suarachas ar fad.	A man can’t go a pike’s length in these days without tumbling on his backside, for they don’t eat a meal at all, but a miserable bite or two.
IV — SCOLAIDHEACHT AGUS FÁNAIDHEACHT.	4 — In School and Out.
An mhuinntir bhéal-dorais, múinteóir nua chughainn, na portáin, cigire na súl.	THE FAMILY OVER THE WAY · A NEW TEACHER COMES ·THE CRABS · THE FOUR-EYED INSPECTOR
Ní raibh idir sinn féin agus an tigh béal-dorais ach an buaile, gan ar aon tigh aca ach aon doras amháin, buaile thíos aca san agus buaile thuas againn-ne, aghaidh an dá dhorais ar a chéile.	There was only a yard between us and the house over the way, and both houses had only one door apiece. The other family had the lower half of the yard and we the upper, and the two doors faced one another.
Dá bur mhaith leis an gcailligh é do loiscfeadh sí mo mháthair i mbéal a dorais féin leis an uisce te gan a doras féin d’fhághaint agus do dhéanfadh mo mháthair léi-se an rud céadna.	If the old hag had wanted to, she could have scalded my mother from her own doorway with boiling water, and my mother could have done as much to her.

Is minic adubhairt mo mháthair liom-sa fanúint glan de'n mnaoi liath mar ná raibh aon deagh-mhianach innti agus gurbh' í féin a bhí ag ceannach na síochána uaithe—rud dob' fhíor di.	My mother often bade me keep clear of the grey woman, for she had a cranky nature, and she herself had to purchase peace from her, and that was true.
Bhí croidhe fial aici, áfach.	Still she had a generous heart.
Sí mo mháthair a dheineadh gach ní dhi mar ná raibh aon tslacht innti féin agus dar ndóigh ní lugha a bhí ná insa bhfear a bhí aici chun gnótha. Is é m'athair d' fháisceadh gach uile ní dho—an ramhan, an ughaim, an díon ar an dtigh.	My mother used to do everything for her, for she was an untidy worker, and so was the man she had—my father used to tighten up everything for him, spade and ass gear, even the thatch on his roof.
N'fheaca riamh fear ba dhaille ar ghnó ná é, ach duine lághach ceart é.	I never saw a man more unhandy at his work than he, but he was a thoroughly decent man.
Tomás Maol a tugtí air mar ná raibh oiread cnaipe de dhá chluais air.	Bald, or Crop-eared, Tom they called him, for he hadn't a button's breadth of ear on him.
Ach do bhí meabhair na seacht bhfáidh 'n-a cheann, insa tslí dá mbeadh tabhairt suas air go mbeadh an chraobh i nÉirinn go rábhach aige.	But he had the brains of the seven seers in his head, so that, if he only had had the education, he could easily have bested the whole of Ireland.
Is minic a chuireadh mo mháthair mise go dtí é féachaint cathain a bheadh an lá saoire seo agus an lá saoire úd ann agus má mbíodh aon tsórt 'á ithe aca thagadh beirt idir me agus an doras chun go gcaithinn é ghlacadh.	My mother often sent me to him to find out when such and such a holy day was due, and if they were eating any manner of food, the two of them would come between me and the door to force me to take some of it.
Ní raibh bothán bocht riamh dob' fhéile ná é, agus ó thárla go bhfuil a raibh lem' linn-se ann ar shlua na marbh agus mise beo, go dtugaidh Dia áit is fearr dóibh ná an bothán bocht dealbh úd.	I never knew a more hospitable cabin, and since it has come to pass that all who lived in it in my time are with the company of the dead, and I live still, may God grant them a better habitation than that poor wretched hut.
Mac agus inghean do bhí aca.	They had a son and a daughter.
N'fheadar-sa an raibh a thuille riamh ann.	I don't know whether there were ever any other children.
Glibire beag ar nós a máthar dob' eadh an inghean agus lúmaire beag gan anam dob' eadh an mac agus, ar nós an athar, gan aon chlisteacht ann.	The daughter had her mother's wild hair, and the son was a stunted, spiritless loon, and he had his father's untidiness.

Níor réidhtigh an fhairrge riamh leis.	The sea never suited him.
Ní tapúla do bheadh sé insa bhád ná bheadh an tonn-taoscach air.	He’d no sooner set foot in a boat than he’d be seized with violent vomiting.
D’fhág san é gan aon tseilg a thabhairt riamh ó’n bhfairrge leis agus do bhíodh sé ’n-a bhuachaill aimsire go minic.	So he never brought back a catch from the sea, and he spent much of his time as a labourer.
Ní raibh aon duine óg ná aosta san oileán so agus isna paróistí amuich comh maith ná go raibh ’fhios age Tomás Maol cad dob’ aois do—an lá, an bhliain, agus an uair a chluig.	There was nobody living in the Island, young or old, or in the mainland parishes either, that Bald Tom didn’t know his exact age—the day, the year, and the hour of his birth.
Deireadh na daoine ná raibh a leithéid de shíofaróir insa cheanntar agus gan Á ná B aige i n-aon teangain.	The people said that there wasn’t his like for a long memory in the countryside, though he didn’t know the ABC in any language.
Is minic adeireadh sé liom-sa go raibh bulóga na Nodlag beirbhithe an t-am go rabhas féin ann, gurbh’ é Lá Shan Tomáis, a thagann trí lá roimh Nodlaig, a fuair mo mháthair ar an dTráigh Bháin me.	He often used to tell me that the Christmas cakes were ready baked when I was born, on St. Thomas’s Day, that comes three days before Christmas—that was the day my mother found me on the White Strand.
“Ach an mó bliain anois é?” adeireadh an bhean liath leis.	‘How many years ago is it now?’ the grey woman would ask.
Is air ná bíodh an teip.	He never hesitated:
“Cheithre bliana déag na Nodlag so chughainn,” adeireadh sé.	‘Fourteen years ago come Christmas,’ he would answer.
As san amach do bhíodh an chailleach ana-bhladartha liom mar do dhein mo thigh féin teachtaire idir an dá thigh díom.	From that time on the old hag used to be making up to me, for my house made me the messenger between the two houses.
Is mó go mór a thugainn as mo thigh féin liom ná thugainn ann.	I took more from my house than I brought back to it.
Ní ’á mhaoidheamh san atáim.	I’m not making a boast of it.
B’fhéidir nár mhó dá mbeadh an raghairse insa tigh eile.	Maybe it wouldn’t have been so if there had been plenty in the other house.
Lá Domhnaigh is cuimhin liom, gach giarsach agus teallaire garsúin ag tabhairt a n-aghaidh fé’n dTráigh Bháin, camán age gach nduine, prátaí agus ní arán a bhíodh ithte age gach n-aon.	I remember one Sunday, when every lass and lad faced for the White Strand, every one of them carrying a hurley, and after a meal, not of bread, but of potatoes.

An uair a fuaireas ullamh me féin, mo bhalcaisí fáiscithe suas orm, bríste nua glan de ghlas na caorach, mo chaipín póilín agus an dá bhais air, mo cheann sáidhte síos i méis uisce agam agus m’aghaidh go glan scriosta.	Soon I was ready, too, my clothes well buttoned up, new clean breeches of undressed sheep’s wool, my policeman’s cap with the two peaks, and my face dipped into a basin of water and scrubbed clean.
Ní h-í mo mháthair a bhíodh á dhéanamh san uair seo mar bhíos im’ chleithire fir, a mhic ó!	It wasn’t my mother who washed me in those days, for I was a man grown, my boyo!
B’eo liom fé’n dtráigh agus mo chamán agam—sámhthach aitinn go raibh cor cam ann.	I started for the strand with my hurley—a furze stick with a twist in the end of it.
Do bhí Nóra agus Eibhlín i n-éineacht liom agus níor stadamair de’n raibh nó go rabhamair istigh i gcorp na tiomána agus gan bhróg gan stoca ar chois aon duine d’á raibh ar an dtráigh.	Nora and Eileen went with me, and we went straight ahead till we were in the middle of the hurly-burly, and not a one of them on the strand wore shoe or stocking.
Ní bheireadh aon lá cruaidh ar na h-ógaibh ach an lá so an bháire gach Domhnach.	Those days of hurling on the strand on Sundays were the hardest days any of the young people had to face.
Do chonnaic duine éigin bád ag teacht ó Dhúnchaoin fé lán tseol ach nuair a bhí sí ag déanamh ar an gcalath d’fhág gach nduine againn an tráigh agus chuamair fé dhéin an bháid.	Somebody spied a boat coming from Dunquin under full sail, and when she was making the harbour we all left the strand and went to meet her.
Do bhí bean ’n-a deire, maighistreás nua, drifiúr de’n chéad cheann, Cáit Ní Dhonnchadha— cailín breagh dathúil.	There was a woman in the stern, the new teacher, a sister of the first one, Kate Donoghue, a fine, comely girl.
Scoil Dia Luain gan amhras agus b’eo le gach nduine ’na phost féin.	School again on Monday, you may be sure, and we were all of us at our posts.
Ar mh’fhallaing gur bhain an Rí amach a áit féin i n-aice liom.	Sure enough the King found his place next to me.
Ós deich mbliana bhíos ag dul ar scoil an chéad lá dom (1866) d’fhág san an t-am so mise cheithre bliana déag d’aois, sé sin an bhliain 1870.	As I was ten years old when I went to school for the first time (1866) I must have been fourteen at that time—that is, in the year 1870.
Do bhí leabhair bheaga nua aici seo ’á thabhairt amach.	The teacher had new little books to distribute.
Do bhí an clár dubh go gnóthach aici agus thagadh dhá shúil mhóra dhi mar is beag a chuireadh sí ar an gclár ná go ndeineadh duine éigin é réidhteach agus b’éigean di é neartú.	She kept the blackboard going, too, and she was amazed that there was hardly anything she put on the board that one or other of us couldn’t explain, so she had to make it harder.

Do bhí ana-dhúil ag ógaibh an oileáin seo san obair nua so agus ó’n uair go raibh do bhí mianach fé leith ionnta chun foghluma.	The Island children took great delight in this new employ, and, that being so, they had a natural gift for learning.
Cuid againn agus mianach Rí ann, mianach na mara agus na fairrge móire ionnta uile.	Some of us had the spirit of a King: all of them had the spirit of the sea and the great ocean in them.
An sioladh gaoithe a ghluaisíodh ó bhruachaibh na mara ag bualadh ins na cluasa gach maidean ortha ag glanadh na h-incheann agus na smúite as a bplaosc.	The breeze blowing from the shore was in their ears every morning of their lives, scouring their brains and driving the dust out of their skulls.
Cé go raibh adhbhar an Rí i n-aice liom-sa agus ná cuirfeadh úird mhuilinn an iarainn óm’ threo é, pé ceann a thóg sé dhíom, ní chun cinn a bhí sé am’ chur mar bhíodh súil thall agus i bhfus aige agus é go mí-shuaineasach.	Though I had a King in the making to sit by me whom the hammers of a smelting mill couldn’t drive from my side—whatever it was that made him take interest in me—he kept me from going ahead, for he was always glancing restlessly this way and that.
Sin é locht is mó a bhíodh agam air mar do chuireadh sé amú me go minic an uair is fearr a bhínn i dtosach mo dhreise.	That’s the chief fault I had to find with him, for he was always distracting me just when I was beginning to make some progress.
Do bhíomair ag déanamh go maith; ach níor mhiste-de linn an Satharn i gcomhnaidhe a bheith i n-aice linn chun a bheith ag ramsáil dúinn féinn pé áit gur mhaith linn é.	We got on very well, but we were always glad to see Saturday come to set us free to go romping off wherever we wanted.
Is maith is cuimhin liom Satharn aca tar éis Lae ’le Pádraig.	Well I remember one of those Saturdays after St. Patrick’s Day.
Bliain bhreagh chiúin dob’ eadh í agus do bhí iasc tearc sa bhaile an t-am sin.	It was a fine, calm year, and there was a dearth of fish in the village just then.
Do bhuail m’athair an doras isteach, é tagaithe ó’n ngort agus gan biadh ná beatha roimis.	My father came in at the door, after working in the field, and there wasn’t a bite of food ready for him.
“Cad a thug a bhaile thu?” arsa mo mháthair leis.	‘What’s brought you home?’ said my mother to him.
“Tá an lá ana-bhreagh, ana-chiúin,” ar seisean.	‘It’s a lovely calm day,’ says he.
“Dá mbuailfeadh aon phortán liom b’fhéidir go marbhochainn stropa ballach,” ar seisean agus do bhuail amach aríst.	‘If I could get a crab, I might have the luck to catch a string of rockfish,’ and out he went again.

Cad deire liom féin ná gur lean é agus nuair a chonnaic sé ’n-a dhiaidh me— “Cá raghair-se?” ar seisean liom-sa.	What do you think if I didn’t go out after him, and when he saw me coming after him, ‘Where are you going?’ says he.
“Bead i n-éineacht leat-sa. Coimeádfad má bhíonn aon phortán agat,” arsa mise.	‘I’ll go with you,’ said I, ‘and look after any crabs you catch.’
Soir ó chalath na mbád do ghaibh sé. Do chuaidh sé amach ar oileán do bhí ann. B’éigean do dul ’on tsnámh.	He went eastwards past the landing-place, and out to an island there. He had to swim across.
Do chuir a cheann síos fé uisce agus thug aníos dhá phortán as aon chumar amháin agus thug leis iad mar a rabhas-sa im’ stad, thug dom le coimeád iad—collach agus fuaisceán.	He dipped his head under water and brought up two crabs from one hole. He brought them to where I was standing and gave them to me to keep —a male and female crab.
Sin é an ainm a bhíonn ortha so a bhíonn i n-aon chumar amháin.	The names we give to two crabs in one hole are collach and fuaisceán.
Collach an ceann fireann agus ní fada a bhí sé im’ sheilbh an t-am gur leath a chrúb ó chéile agus le linn iad d’iadhamh do ghreamuigh sé ar órdóig me agus ar an méir ba ghiorra dhi agus n’ fhéadfainn hobadh ná hé a bhaint as.	Collach is the word for the male crab, and he hadn’t been long in my hands before his claws separated, and when they closed again he caught me by the thumb and the next finger to it, and I couldn’t shift or shake him off.
B’eo gach aon scread agam ar uathbhás agus do chualaidh m’athair de gheit me agus tháinig de sciúird reatha mar a rabhas mar d’aithin sé go maith bun an ochláin a bhí agam-sa.	I screamed like anything for terror, and my father heard me at once. He came running to where I was, for he knew well enough why I had screamed.
Do bhí crúb an chollaigh chomh fáiscithe sin ionnam gurbh’ éigean dom’ athair í bhaint de’n phortán agus tar éis sin féin a dhéanamh n’fhéad sé an crúb a bhogadh gan í bhriseadh le cloich.	The crab had me in so tight a grip that my father was forced to break its claw off, and even then he couldn’t get the claw apart without smashing it with a stone.
Seadh, do bhí mo dhá mhéir as úsáid agus mar bharr ar an aindeise dob’ í an lámh dheas í.	Well, there were my two fingers useless, and the worst of it was, it was my right hand.
Do bhí mo chuid fola ar na bánta agus na méireanna chomh dubh le gual ach bhí m’athair sásta ó’n uair nár chuireas aon laige dhíom, cé gur chuas ana-ghairid do.	My blood was sprinkled on the ground and my fingers as black as coal, but my father didn’t mind so long as I hadn’t fainted—though I was near enough to it.
Níonáil a bhí le n-a hata a chas sé ar mo mhéireanna.	He twisted his hat-lining round the fingers.

Do cheap sé go mbeadh mo mháthair mí-chéadfhach leis i dtaobh me leigeant le n-a chois, ach ní raibh.	He expected that my mother would be angry with him for letting me go with him, but she wasn’t.
Do ghoill sé go maith ar na driféaracha nuair a chonnacadar an cló bhí orm tar éis an lae.	My sisters were very sorry when they saw the state I was in at the end of the day.
Do chuir mo mháthair síos go hobann i n-uisce bhog mo lámh agus do nigh go slachtmhar í.	My mother plunged my hand in hot water and washed it carefully.
Do chuaidh san go h-ana-mhaith dhi.	That did it a great deal of good.
Fuair sí plástra agus d’fháisc sí suas í.	Then she got a plaster and bound it up.
Do ghlan an gomh go léir leis do bhí innti.	The pain left it then.
Do bhíos ag seinm Dhomhnaill na Gréine láithreach.	I was singing ‘Donal na Greine’ at once.
Tháinig an bhean liath, leis, ar mo thuairisc.	The grey woman came in to ask after me.
Má bhí sí suainseánach féin níor mhaith léi gan méireanna me.	If she was an old gossip, she didn’t want me to lose my fingers.
Gheobhaidh sí a ceart féin uaim ó’n uair nách féidir liom mo bheatha féin a chraobhscaoileadh gan í tharrac chugham go mion, minic mar nárbh fhéidir liom amharc na spéarach d’fheiscint aon mhaidean san mbliain gan a pictiúir a bheith le fagháil agam.	I’ll take care to give her her due, since I can’t explain my own life without bringing her in again and again, for I never got a sight of the sky any morning in the year without seeing her, too.
Cheithre portáin do bhí age m’athair.	My father had four crabs.
Do bhuail chuige i mála iad agus do bhuail an cnoc amach.	He thrust them into a bag and went off along the hill, a good way back, to find the likeliest places.
Chuaidh sé tamall siar sa chnoc ag baint na ndóightheanna is fearr amach, thug taoide de’n lá amuich, agus breis, agus ní folamh a tháinig sé.	He was away the length of a tide and more, and he didn’t come back empty-handed.
Do bhí lán an mhála de bhallacha móra breaca aige agus an uair do scaoil mo mháthair amach as iad do bhí colais ann.	He had a bagful of fine speckled rockfish, and when my mother emptied them out there was a heap of them.
Rug sí ar cheann mór do bhí ortha agus do chas orm féin leis.	She took up a big one and turned to me with it.
“Seo, ’Thomáis, a bhuachaill, tabhair é seo go dtí an mnaoi liath leat.” Níor thugas an t-eiteach dom’ mháthair siúd is go mbuailfeadh an leisce féin me—rud nár bhuail.	‘Here, Tom, my lad, be off with this one to the grey woman.’ I didn’t say no to my mother, even if I’d been unwilling—and I wasn’t.

B’eo liom amach agus an ballach agam agus do shíneas chun na caillighe í.	Off I went with the rockfish, and handed it to the old hag.
Do leath a súile uirthi cá bhfuaireas é mar ná raibh ’fhios aici fós go raibh faic age m’athair.	She wondered where I had got it, for she didn’t know yet that my father had caught anything.
Níor dhuine me nár thaithin an uair sin léi pé uair eile ná bímís geal d’á chéile.	She liked me well enough by this time, though there had been times when we weren’t the best of friends.
Do chrom sí ar bheith chomh tláth sin liom gur dhóigh leat uirthi gur me Dia beag aici.	She began to be so sweet to me that you’d have thought that I was a little god to her.
Do bhí Tomás Maol istigh, fear a’ tighe; do bhí an inghean istigh agus an mac.	Bald Tom, her husband, was at home, and the daughter and the son, too.
Iad tar éis bídh do bheith caithte aca.	They’d just finished their morning meal.
Biadh an tráthnóna do bhíodh mar ainm ar an mbiadh sin agus biadh na maidine ar an mbiadh ar maidin, mar ná bíodh ar siubhal san am san ach dhá bhiadh sa ló.	
“A’ bhfuil aon rud agat le tabhairt do?” arsa Tomás Maol.	‘Have you got anything to give him?’ said Bald Tom.
“Níl ach rudaí atá aige féin cheana,” ar sise, “ach tabharfad an inghean do an uair a bheidh sé cúpla bliain eile!” Cé ná féadfadh sí aon tseoid eile do bhronnadh orm i gcionn dhá bhlian ba luachmhaire ná an ní d’fhág a creatlach féin is amhlaidh a thuigeas-sa láithreach gur mhó de dhochar a dhéanfadh a tairiscint sin dom ná de mhaitheas.	‘I’ve nothing that he hasn’t got already,’ said she, ‘but I’ll give him this girl for a wife when he’s two years older.’ Although she couldn’t have promised to give me anything more precious to her than the fruit of her own womb, I felt at once that that promise would bring me more harm than good.
Do chuir an ballach breac agus cómhrádh na caillighe go h-umar na h-aimléise me. Níorbh’ iongnadh agus an gheallúint a bhí tugtha aici dhom an uair a bheadh an dá bhliain caithte.	The speckled rockfish and the old hag’s speech plunged me into despair, and no wonder, when you think of the gift I was to get when two years were up.
Thug an mhaighistreás nua so trí bliana eile ’nár measc nó gur imigh galar a driféar uirthi—sé sin glaodh chun pósta uirthi.	The new teacher spent three more years with us before she caught her sister’s complaint—a marriage proposal.
Ó cheanntar an Daingin dob’ eadh a muinntir. Buachaill ó’n mbaile mór do phós í, fear deas i bpearsain is i méinn.	Her people came from the neighbourhood of Dingle, and a lad from the town married her—a pleasant, personable man.

Ceann de sna laetheannta agus sinn ar scoil do ghluais an bád ó Dhúnchaoin.	We were in school one day when a boat came from Dunquin.
Do bhí faire amuich ar gach bád a thagadh isteach mar do bhí droch-dhaoine ag gluaiseacht go tiugh an uair úd, tiománaithe agus báilí chun pé rud do bheadh le fagháil aca a thógaint uait agus leigean duit féin bás de'n ocras d'fhagháil.	A watch was kept for all the boats coming in, for unpleasant people were about in those days—drivers and bailiffs watching to snatch everything they could lay their hands on, and leave you to die of hunger.
Ach ní h-aenne 'ca súd do bhí insa bhád an lá san ach cigire na scoile.	But the man in the boat that day was a school inspector, and not one of that kidney.
Ar chloisint sin dúinn ní rabhamair istigh linn féin.	When we heard that, we were in a bad way.
Do bhíodh teallaire ag dul go dtí an doras de shíor féachaint cathain a bheadh sé le feiscint.	A lad kept going to the door to see when he would come in sight.
Stonaire maith cailín do chonnaic ar dtúis é.	A bouncer of a girl saw him first.
Do phreab sí ó'n ndoras agus scéan buile 'n-a súile.	She dashed back from the door with a look of horror in her eyes.
Níorbh' fhada gur bhuail sé isteach thríd an dtigh.	Soon enough he entered the house.
Do bhí duine i bhfus agus duine thall agus bas ar a mbéal aca agus na cailíní ba mhó do leig duine aca gáire agus níor ró fhada gur fhreagair duine eile í.	You could see a child here and there with his hand over his mouth, and, as for the big girls, one of them burst out laughing, and pretty soon another one joined her.
Do bhí an cigire agus a cheann sa spéir aige, ag féachaint ar an bhfalla, ag féachaint 'sna frathacha agus ag féachaint ar na scoláirí tamall eile.	The inspector had his head in the air staring, now at the wall, now at the timbers of the roof, and now at the school children.
"A Mhuire!" arsan Rí i gcogar liom-sa "tá cheithre súile air."	'Holy Mary!' said the King to me in a whisper, 'he's got four eyes!'
"Tá, agus solus d'á réir ionnta," arsa mise leis.	'He has,' said I, 'and a light to match in them.'
"N'fheaca riamh roime seo a leithéid do dhuine," ar seisean.	'I've never seen a man like him,' said he.
Aon uair a chasadh sé an ceann do bhíodh scáil 'n-a shúile.	Whenever he turned his head, there was a glitter in his eyes.
Fé dheire do phléasc a raibh istigh ar gháiridhe—an chuid mhór go léir agus an chuid bheag ag scréachaigh le h-eagla.	At last the whole crowd burst out laughing—all the big ones, and the young ones were screeching for fear.

Is beag nár thuit an mhaighistreás le náire agus tháinig ana-bhuile ar an gcigire.	The teacher nearly fainted with shame, and the inspector was beside himself with rage.
“Déanfaidh sé lá murdail,” arsan Rí aríst ana-íseal liom féin, “nó n’fheadar an bhfeacaidh aon duine riamh aon duine eile go raibh cheithre súile ann,” ar seisean.	‘There’ll be murder done,’ said the King again under his breath to me. ‘I wonder now did anyone ever see another man with four eyes?’
B’é siúd an chéad duine riamh a chonnaic na h-óga go raibh spéaclaí air.	That was the first person wearing spectacles that the children ever saw.
Thug an cigire greadadh maith cainnte do’n mhaighistreás—allagar nár thuigeas-sa ná aenne ar scoil agus as an ngreadadh cainnte sin do do láimhsigh a mhála bóthair agus do bhuail an doras amach agus do chuaidh ar bórd an bháid do bhí ag braith leis agus níor tháinig ’on Bhlascaod riamh ó shin.	The inspector gave the teacher a good talking-to, in a jargon that neither I nor anyone else in the school understood, and when he’d finished his speech, he seized his bag and went out of the door, and on board the boat that was waiting for him, and never came back to the Blasket again.
D’fhág an fear buile seo an scoil amach mar ghaibh sé isteach gan ceist a chur ar leanbh ná ar pháiste agus mo gheall leat, a léightheóir, gurb’ in scéal ná fuairis le léigheamh riamh roimis seo ná b’fhéidir faid is beo dhuit ach oiread.	This madman left the school as he found it, without putting a question to a single child, and I’m ready to make a bet with my readers that they’ve never read of a similar case, nor will as long as they live.
Do chuir an mhaighistreás bhocht fanntais di tar éis é dh’imeacht.	The poor mistress fainted as soon as he’d gone.
B’éigean domh-sa dul ag triall ar chupa fíor-uisce dhi.	I had to go and fetch a cup of fresh water for her.
Eibhlín a chuir ann me insa tigh ba ghiorra dhom.	Eileen sent me to the next house for it.
Do bhí cead cainnte againn faid a bhí an t-oide lag.	We had full leave to talk before the teacher recovered.
“B’fhearra dhúinn rith abhaile,” arsan Rí liom-sa, “faid a bheidh sí tréith mar beam marbh aici siúrálta an uair a thiocfaidh sí chúichi féin.”	‘We’d better run off home,’ said the King to me, ‘while she’s weak, for she’ll surely kill us when she comes to herself.’
“Dhera, nách olc an saighdiúir i gcumas do chnámh thu, agus nách ort atá an t-eagla?” arsa mise;	‘Yerra, there isn’t much of a soldier in your make. What a funk you’re in!’ said I.
“fan fada, beidh dlí na coda eile againn.” Tuairim leath-uair mar sin agus bhí sí dulta i bhfeabhas.	‘Wait a bit and we’ll get what the others get.’ In round about half an hour’s time she came to.

Do cheap gach nduine againn go mbeadh sí ag gabháil orainn faid a bheadh aon teas ’nár gcroiceann ach ní mar síltear a bítear go minic agus dob’ amhlaidh an uair seo leis é.	All of us thought that she’d leather us as long as there was any warmth in our bodies, but things are not always as you expect, and so it was this time.
Níor bhuail buille ná níor labhair searbh chun aenne bhí istigh.	She didn’t strike a blow or speak a sharp word to any of us.
Níor dheacair di galar duine nó beirte do leigheas ach ó’n uair gur bhuail sé sinn go léir do chaith sí ciall linn, rud ná beadh ’n-a cumas mara mbeadh go raibh an chiall aici.	She could have dealt with the case of one or two, but, since we were all in the same boat, she treated us sensibly—a thing she couldn’t have done if she hadn’t possessed sense.
Do leig sí abhaile de gheit sinn agus gádh aici féin leis an dtigh a bhaint amach comh maith le cách.	She sent us home at once, and she had as sore need as any of us to get back to her own house.
Do chuir an Rí suim isna cheithre súile do bheith i gceann aon duine comh mór le h-aon duine eile bhí ar scoil cé ná dubhairt sé riamh gurbh’ ó Ifreann a ghluais sé fé mar deireadh a thuille aca.	The King was as fascinated as any of the scholars by the sight of four eyes in one man’s head, but he never said as the others did—that the man came from hell.
Timcheall cúpla mí ’n-a dhiaidh sin do ghluais cigire eile, fear feosaidhe lom buidhe, ach ní raibh ’n-a cheann ach dhá shúil.	A month or two later another inspector came to us: a lean, swarthy, withered man, but he had only two eyes in his head.
Do luigh sé chun oibre agus do cheistigh gach nduine go faobharúil, dubh.	He fell to work and asked us all searching, difficult questions.
Ochtar againn a bhí im’ rang-sa.	There were eight in my class.
Do bhí duine nó dhó orainn do bhí go mór árd os ár gcionn go léir.	One or two of them rose high and tall above the others.
Cé go raibh ceann breagh maisiúil ar gach duine aca súd, agus gur cheap an cigire gur ann istigh a bhí réidhteach gach ceiste le fagháil ní h-amhlaidh a bhí mar do dhein na plaoisc bheaga raic díobh.	Though all of them had fine handsome heads, and the inspector thought that such heads must hold the answer to every question, that wasn’t the way of it at all, for the little skulls put them to rout.
Do bhí an cigire go geal-gháiriteach le linn imeacht do.	The inspector was in the brightest of humours when he left.
Thug sé scilling do’n té ab’ fhearr is gach rang agus ar shíneadh na scillinge ’nár rang-ne ní h-aenne de’n dream mór do fuair í ach me féin.	He gave a shilling to the best scholar in each class, and when he handed out the shilling to our class, it wasn’t one of the big ones that got it, but myself.
Buidheach go maith do bhí m’athair an uair a shíneas chuige í.	My father was delighted when I gave it to him.

Do bhí píosa maith tobac ’e bharr an chigire aige cé nách ’á bharr san ar fad é mar dá dteipfinn-se insa rang do bheadh sé ’á cheal.	He got a fine lump of tobacco out of the inspector, though it wasn’t only the inspector that brought it to him, for if I’d failed in class, it wouldn’t have come his way.
V — MO CHÉAD TURUS ’ON DAINGEAN.	5 — My First Visit to Dingle.
I mbád ar an bhfairrge, an radharc ar an dtír, breoiteacht fhairrge ar Dhiarmaid, an Daingean, na bróga nua.	IN A BOAT ON THE SEA · THE VIEW ON LAND · JERRY SEASICK DINGLE · THE NEW SHOES
Do bhí laetheannta saoire annsan tamall againn agus bliain bhreagh chiúin dob’ eadh í.	It was holiday-time with us for a while after that, and it was a fine calm year.
Do bhí mórán éisc age sna báid mhóra ’á thabhairt isteach.	The big boats were bringing home quantities of fish.
Do bhí na trí báid lán go barra, lá.	The three of them were full to the brim every day.
Toisc cion na beirte, m’athair agus Pádraig, do bheith againn-ne dhe bhí radharc mór insa bhothán de.	As my father and Pats had two men’s share, we always had a fine show of fish in the little house.
B’in é an chéad lá agam-sa, is dóigh liom, scartha ar fad ó bheith im’ peata, mar do baineadh ramsach as mo chliatháin an lá úd ag tarrac an éisc go dtí an dtigh liom i mála thiar ar mo dhrom.	That was the first time, I think, that I ceased to be a spoilt darling, for my sides were sore that day from carrying the fish home in a bag on my back.
Do bhí míle éisc age gach fear singil an lá úd. D’fhág san dhá mhíle againn-ne.	Each man of the crew had a thousand fish, so that made two thousand for us.
Dubhairt m’athair gur thugas breis agus míle abhaile dhe.	My father said that I carried more than a thousand home.
“Agus leigfead ’on Daingean amáireach thu lem’ chois má bhíonn an lá go breagh,” ar seisean, “mar tá an bád ag dul ann ag triall ar shalann.” Ar chloisint an scéil sin dom do léimfinn tigh.	‘And I’ll take you to Dingle with me to-morrow, if the day’s fine,’ said he, ‘for the boat’s going to fetch salt.’ When I heard that I could have cleared a house with one leap.
Ní me an chéad duine do chuir mo cheann ’on doras ar maidin ach Cáit, mar dob’ í an bhean-chonganta do bhí agem’ mháthair an uair seo í.	It wasn’t me, but Kate, that was first to look out at the door next morning, for she was my mother’s help at that time.
Do bhí sí ró mhór, ró aosta an uair a tháinig an scoil.	She was too big and too old when the school came.
Do bhraitheas í go maith.	I saw her right enough.
“Conus atá an lá, a Cháit?” arsa mise léi.	‘How’s the day, Kate?’ said I.

“Tá sé go breagh,” ar sise.	‘Very fine,’ said she.
D’aon tseáp amháin do bhíos thuas ar an dteinteán ’n-a teannta.	I was at her side on the hearth at one bound.
“A Mhuire Bheannaithe!	‘Holy Mary!
cad a chuir id’ shuidhe comh moch tu nó cad é an fuadar atá fút?” ar sise.	what’s got you up so early, or what are you after?’ said she.
M’athair an chéad duine eile d’éirigh agus do chuir air suas a chuid éadaigh nua.	My father was the next to get up, and he put on his new clothes.
Do chuir sé a cheann ’on doras.	He looked out at the door.
Annsan dubhairt le Cáit mo bhalcaisí nua a thabhairt domh-sa.	Then he told Kate to give me my new togs.
Ní raibh ’fhios aici go dtí san cad é an fuadar a bhí fúm-sa.	She didn’t know till then what I was after.
Do bhuail m’athair chuige lán mála de chroicinn coinín agus b’eo linn go dtí an calath.	My father took a bagful of rabbits’ skins, and off he went to the harbour.
Do bhí gach duine ag teacht mar bhíodh ullamh nó go raibh criú an bháid le ’chéile.	The others came along, one by one, as they were ready, till the whole boat’s crew was collected.
Tagaid siad ó’n dá thaobh di agus cuirid de’n ráib sin go mbuailid amuich ar an mór-mhuir í.	They came about the boat on either side, and thrust her down till she was afloat on the main sea.
Maidí isteach innti agus seolta. Tugaid a tosach do mhuir agus a deire do thír, mar bhíodh ’sna seana-scéalta fadó.	The oars and sails were put aboard, and then they set her prow to sea and her stern to land, as they did in the old tales long ago.
Gléasadh dhá sheol fúithi, cabhair dheas ghaoithe aici soir tré bhágh an Daingin.	Two sails were run up, and we had a good helping wind east along Dingle Bay.
Do bhí slataire eile mar mise innti, mac úncail dom go raibh Diarmaid mar ainm air.	Another lad of my own age was in her, a cousin of mine named Jerry.
An t-am go raibh an bád Ceann Sléibhe soir do bhí Diarmaid ag atharú ’n-a dhath agus é comh bán le páipéar.	By the time the boat was east of Slea Head, Jerry was changing colour till he was as white as paper.
Do bhí ’fhios age sna fearaibh cad ba bhun le atharú datha a theacht air ach bhíos-sa dall air sin.	The men knew well enough what was the cause of his change of colour, but I hadn’t the least idea.
Do cheapas gur ag foghluim an bháis a bhí sé.	I thought he was on the verge of death.

Tháinig a athair ag triall air agus dubhairt leis dá gcuirfeadh sé amach ná beadh seoid air.	His father came to look at him, and told him that if he could be sick, he'd be all right.
Do bhí an bád ag cur di go binn an uair seo mar bhí a thuille agus a dóthain gaoithe ann.	The boat was running along very sweetly now, for she had wind and to spare.
Ní ró fhada go ndubhairt fear go raibh Diarmaid ag cur amach.	Soon one of the men said that Jerry was being sick.
Do bhí, leis, an fear bocht, agus an méid gráinseála do bhailibh sé siar ar maidin é caithte thar bórd aige agus é 'na bhiadh faoileann.	He was, too, poor chap, and all the food he'd swallowed that morning was thrown overboard to feed the gulls.
Mise agus gach aon scearta gáire agam agus Diarmaid ag gol.	I was bursting with laughter, and Jerry was crying.
Úncail dom a bhí ag stiúradh an bháid agus do bhínn ag cur cheisteanna air—cad mar gheall ar gach ní suaithinseach a chínn.	An uncle of mine was at the helm, and I kept putting questions to him, asking about every strange thing I saw.
Do bhí tigh mór slinne i lár feirmeach ann.	There was a big slate-roofed house in the middle of a farm.
"Cé bhí nó tá insa tigh sin?" arsa mise leis.	'Who lived or lives in that house?' I asked.
"Duine ná raibh ar fónamh," ar seisean, "Bess Rice.	'A pretty bad person,' said he, 'Bess Rice.
Ar chualaís trácht tháirse riamh?" ar seisean. "Is minic a chuala age m'athair agus age Tomás Maol, leis," arsa mise.	Have you ever heard tell of her?' 'I've often heard my father, and Bald Tom, too, talk of her,' said I.
Ar dhul i radharc Chuan breagh leathan Fionntrágha dhúinn, bhí mórán tighthe geala agus móra le feiscint againn.	When we came in sight of the fine, broad harbour of Ventry, we could see a lot of big, white houses.
D'innis dom gach ceann aca —an Séipéal Catoilicidhe agus an Séipéal Gallda, Tigh na bPóilíní agus tighthe Gárda an Chósta agus gach ní eile gur chuireas suim ann.	He named every one of them—the Catholic church and the Protestant church, the police barracks, and the coastguard houses, and everything else that took my fancy.
Do bhí mo chomh-pháirtidhe ag teacht chuige féin an uair sin tar éis a raibh 'n-a chorp a bheith sciobaithe age sna faoilinn uaidh, glór beag lag ocrach aige agus cuma mhillte mharbh air.	My companion was coming to himself now that the gulls had snapped up all the contents of his belly; his voice was a feeble, famished squeak, and he had a worn, deathly look.
Do dhruid sé siar liom-sa mar a raibh fear na stiúrach. Úncail do Dhiarmaid, leis, dob' eadh é.	He came over to where I was with the steersman, who was his uncle, too.
"An fada uainn Cuan a' Daingin?" ar seisean leis an gcaptaen.	'How far is it to Dingle Harbour?' he asked the captain.

“Ar mh’fhallaing go bhfuil sé tamall maith fós uait, a bhuachaill mhaith,” ar sé siúd, “agus is dócha ná béarfaidh sé beo ort toisc ná fuil id’ chorp ach na putóga; agus nách breagh ná fuil aon ghaol agat leis an slataire eile sin,” ar seisean.	‘By my cloak! it’s a fair way yet, my good lad,’ said he, ‘and I think you’ll never get there alive, since you’ve nothing left in you but your guts. Sure you’re not a bit like the other lad.’
Ní raibh an focal as a bhéal an t-am go bhfeacaidh na fearaibh cóch trom gaoithe agus dob’ éigean an seol deire do leagadh agus is ar éigean a thug an bád an seol tosaigh féin léi do gheal an fhairrge chomh mór san.	The words had hardly left his lips when the men saw a fierce squall of wind, and they had to pull down the stern sail, and the boat hardly managed to carry the foresail—the sea whitened so under the wind.
Níor mhór an aimsir eile thóg sí an t-am gur bhain sí béal an chuain amach.	She was not long after that in making the mouth of the harbour.
Do cheapas féin ná raibh aon chuan ann an t-am go raibh a leath curtha againn dínn bhí sí comh cumhang san, ach i gcionn tamaill do leathnuigh sí go breagh agus do bhí sé ar nós an locha.	I thought at first there was no harbour there at all until we’d got half-way in, it was so narrow, but after a bit it widened splendidly till it looked like a lake.
Do shroicheamair an cé agus do bhí oiread muga de dhá shúil agam.	We reached the quay, and my eyes were as big as two mugs with wonder.
Chonnac daoine uaisle ’n-a seasamh ann agus slabhraí timcheall a mbuilg, daoine bochta agus gan a leath-cheart d’éadach ortha, duine martraithe thall agus i bhfus timcheall ann, duine caoch agus giolla aige.	I saw gentlefolk standing there with chains across their bellies, poor people half-clad, cripples here and there on every side, and a blind man with his guide.
Do bhí trí long mhór ar thaobh de’n gcé, iad ládálta le h-earraí ó thíortha thar lear, gráinne buidhe i gceann aca, adhmad i gceann agus gual i gceann eile.	Three great ships lay alongside the quay, laden with goods from overseas—yellow grain in one of them, timber in another, and coal in the third.
Níorbh’ fhada gur ghlaoidh m’athair orm go raibh gach ní ullamh agus go raibh na fearaibh ag gabháil suas fé’n mbaile mór.	Before long my father called to me, saying that all was in readiness, and that the men were going up to the town.

B’eo linn, me féin agus an slataire Diarmaid agus cé gur beag a bhí ’n-a chorp tar éis na pasáiste aniar dob’ fhearr leis a bheith ag féachaint ar na luingeasaibh ná glaodhach chun bidh air.	Off we went, I and the boy Jerry, and, though there was little enough remaining in his body after the passage, he would rather have been left looking at the ships than attend to the call to food.
B’eo le gach nduine do bhí insa bhád, beag agus mór, isteach i n-aon tigh amháin.	All the crew of the boat, big and little, crowded into one house.
Do bhí bórd aráin agus té againn agus geallaim-se dhuit ná raibh mórán cainnte ar siubhal nó go rabhamair i mbuille do bheith sásta.	There was a table laid with bread and tea for us, and I promise you there was little said till we were near to being full fed.
Dhíoladar bean a’ tighe agus amach le gach nduine.	They paid the woman of the house, and out they all went.
Tigh an tsalainn an chéad tigh eile.	The salt shop was the next place they went to.
Do bhí a mhála féin age gach fear.	Every man had his own bag with him.
Cuireadh dhá chéad salainn is gach mála agus do fágadh annsan é nó go mbeimís ullamh chun teacht.	Two hundredweight of salt was put in each bag, and we left the salt there till we should be ready to go back.
Do leanas m’athair annsan is gach tigh gur chuaidh sé agus cé go raibh athair Dhiarmada féin ann níor fhág sé an chos agam-sa.	I followed my father then into all the shops, and, though Jerry’s father was there, too, he stuck close to my heels.
Ní raibh póca an bhríste ghlais folamh ó airgead an lá úd.	The pockets of the grey breeches were not empty of money that day.
An uair a bhí an bád ullamh chun seoladh ag teacht abhaile, sin é an uair a chuarduigh m’athair mo phócaí agus mar ba phrás an chuid ba mhó de do bhí cnocán ann. An uair a dhein sé é chóimhreamh:	When the boat was ready to start on the return journey, my father searched my pockets, and, as most of their contents was copper, there was a good heap there. When he had finished reckoning up,
“Dar a’ bportús! tá fiacha na mbróg agat go dtí aon scillin’ amháin,” ar seisean. Cé bheadh ar an bhfód ná drifiúr do insan am chéadna. Bean dob’ eadh í do bhíodh insa Daingean i gcomhnaidhe—tamall annso agus tamall annsúd aici.	‘By the breviary!’ said he, ‘you’re only a shilling short of the price of a pair of boots.’ Who should be present at that moment but a sister of his, a woman who was always in Dingle—now at home and now in the town.

“Má tá,” ar sise, “seo an scillin’ leis duit agus cuir na bróga air ó’s é an chéad lá riamh aige ag teacht ann é.” An t-am gur chuala an focal san agem’ aintín ’á rádh do phreab mo chroidhe le h-áthas mar do bhí ’fhios agam ná raghadh m’athair i ndiaidh a chúil.	‘If that’s so,’ said she, ‘here’s the shilling, too, for you, and put the boots on him, since this is the first time he ever came to town.’ When I heard my aunt say that, my heart leapt for joy, for I knew well that my father wouldn’t go back on his word.
B’fhíor dom.	I was right.
“Téanam mar sin, ní fada uainn annso thuas iad,” ar seisean. B’eo liom le n-a chois agus sceitimíní orm.	‘Come along then, we can get them just up there.’ Off I went with him, wild with delight.
Ní raibh aon stoca agam do chuirfinn ar mo chois ach thug bean an tsiopa stocaí dhom nó go dtabharfadh m’athair abhaile arís iad.	I had no stockings to put on my feet, but the woman in the shop gave me some stockings on condition that my father should bring them back again.
Sin é an uair a bhí gíoscán agem’ bróga.	It’s then that my boots squeaked under me.
Sin é an uair a bhíos im’ dhuine uasal.	It’s then that I felt a gentleman.
Cé déarfadh ná gurbh’ eadh me?	And who dared say that I wasn’t!
Culaith de ghlas na caorach agus caipín dá adhairce.	A suit of undressed wool on me and a two-peaked cap!
Do bhí Diarmaid go sultmhar nó go bhfeacaidh na bróga nua orm-sa ach níor fhan fead ná glaodh as san amach aige. Scrúile athar a bhí aige agus ní raibh a bhac air iad a chur ar an slataire ach ní leigfeadh a chroidhe dho é.	Jerry was cheerful enough till he saw the new boots on me, but he hadn’t a word to say after that.
An uair do shroich an bád calath an oileáin lán de shalann agus de bhiadh ó’n nDaingean, agus mar is nós riamh insan oileán é gur indiu, do bhí bruach an chalaith lán de dhaoine, dar ndóigh, féachaint a’ mbeadh aon scéal nua aca.	When the boat reached the landing-place in the Island, loaded with salt and food from Dingle, according to the custom which we still have to-day in the Island, the cliff above the creek was crammed with people, be sure, to see if there was any news.
Ní raibh aenne insa bhád ná raibh a aithint aca ar chasadh na súl ach an slataire duine uasail a bhí innti—cuid aca ’á rádh gur le taoiseach ó’n mbaile mór é agus a mhuinntir ’á leigeant aníos seachtain ar fuaid an oileáin.	There was nobody in the boat that they didn’t recognise at a glance but the young gentleman—some of them maintained that he was a child of great people in Dingle who were sending him to spend a week running about the Island.

Do bhí drifiúr liom ar barra ’na measc, Eibhlín, agus ní raibh sise láidir gur me bhí ann toisc scáil na gcraobh a bheith im’ chosa agus me im’ luimíneach chaol-spágach choslomnochtaithe ag fágaint an tighe dhom.	One of my sisters, Eileen, was among them on the cliff, and she couldn’t be certain that it was me because of the shining glory about my feet, for I was a thin-legged, barefooted starveling when I left home.
Do bhí Cáit agus Nóra timcheall an bháid thíos ag an uisce.	Kate and Nora were at the boat down by the water.
Thug Paidí, mo dhritheáir, an mála salainn go raibh dhá chéad meádhchaint ann abhaile ar a dhrom leis mar do bhí cuid de’n iasc gan salann go dtí san.	Pats, my brother, carried the bag with two hundredweight of salt home on his back, for some of the fish was still unsalted.
Do cheap mo mháthair gur fear áitithe do bhí ag teacht nuair a chualaidh sí mise ag promsáil lem’ fheidhre bróg.	My mother thought some great finished man was coming when she heard me pounding along with my pair of boots.
Deineadh iongantas díom mar gheall ar na bróga do bheith orm comh luath mar lá a bpósta do bhíodh bróga ’á chur ar fhearaibh agus ar mhnáibh an uair úd.	Everybody marvelled at my getting boots so soon, for in those days men and women alike didn’t usually put on boots until their wedding day.
Triantán de chíste buidhe do cuireadh chun beirt againn do bhí insa Daingean, agus sáspan bainne.	The two of us who had been in Dingle were served with a three-cornered lump of bread and a saucepan of milk.
Ní raibh aon bheann ar iasc againn— bhíomair cortha aige.	We didn’t care for fish; we were sick of it.
Do phreab Nóra ’n-a seasamh agus thug léi cheithre cinn d’uibhe.	Nora jumped up and brought four eggs.
“Do cheapas,” arsa mo mháthair, “ná raibh aon ubh insa tigh indiu.”	‘I thought,’ said my mother, ‘that there wasn’t an egg in the house to-day.’
“Anáirde i ndrom a’ tighe a fuaireas nead circe indé go raibh ocht gcinn d’uibhe innti,” ar sise.	‘I found a hen’s nest on the roof yesterday with eight eggs in it,’ said she.
“Is fada go mbuailfeadh nead circe ná coiligh leat i ndrom tighe slinne,” arsa Cáit go seana-chríonna.	‘You’d wait long enough before you found a hen’s nest, or a cock’s nest either, on the roof of a slated house,’ said old-fashioned Kate.

An uair do smalcas féin mo channta aráin bhuidhe agus mo sháspan bainne agus mo dhá ubh siar do bhuaileas amach agus níorbh' aistear liom bualadh isteach chun na caillighe chun go mbeadh tamall grinn agam aisti mar do bhíos comh deagh-Ghaoluinneach léi féin san am san.	When I'd devoured my lump of yellow bread and my saucepan of milk and my two eggs, out I went, and lost no time in going straight into the old hag's house to have a bit of fun with her, for I was as deft a speaker as herself by this time.
Do chuir an bhean bhocht fáilte rómham ó'n nDaingean.	The poor woman welcomed me home from Dingle.
"Go mairir agus go gcaithir do bhróga agus nach maith luath do chuireadar ort iad," ar sise.	'May you live to wear out your boots; how soon they've put them on you!' said she.
An uair a chonnac comh síbhialta agus do bhí sí liom do chuireas lámh im' póca agus thugas ubhall di agus ubhall do gach nduine aca agus mílseáin, leis, mar do chuir mo mháthair ar mo shúile dom san a dhéanamh.	When I saw how courteously she treated me, I put my hand in my pocket and gave her an apple. I gave them all an apple, and sweets, too, for my mother had charged me to do it.
Do phreab sí 'n-a seasamh agus gach aon phroms aici 'á bhaint as an ubhall mar bheadh capall 'á chogaint agus do thóg sí as chorcán leath coinín agus do shín chugham é.	She sprang up, crunching the apple like a horse chewing, and took half a rabbit out of the pot and handed it to me.
"B'fhéidir go mbeadh dúil annsan agat," ar sise, "ó taoi féin comh fearúil."	'Perhaps you'd fancy that,' said she, 'since you're such a man.'
"Ach ní féidir liom é ithe," arsa mise.	'But I can't eat it,' said I.
"Tabhair dod' mháthair, mar sin, é," ar sise.	'Give it to your mother, then,' said she.
Thugas an coinín abhaile liom agus do shíneas chun mo mháthar é.	I took the rabbit home with me and handed it to my mother.
Thug sí dhom ceathrú de agus do phiocas í.	She gave me a leg of it, and I picked it.
Do bhí an oidhche gearra agus is gairid dom go raibh codladh ag teacht orm agus gur chuas 'on "bhinn-bháin." Do thuiteas im' phleist go luath mar do bhíos tnáithte tar éis mo thurais go dtí an baile mór.	Night was coming on, and very soon I began to nod and went to bed. I fell dead asleep at once, for I was weary after my visit to the town.
Do bhí sé i n-aimsir scoile go maith an t-am gur phreabas amach as an leabaidh.	It was school time and past next morning when I jumped out of bed.

Dubhairt mo mháthair liom gur beag ná gur cailleadh insa chodladh me.	My mother told me that I had almost died in my sleep.
Do bhíos comh tapaidh le breac an uair seo, áfach.	I was as lively as a trout then, however.
Do ropas síos mo cheann ’on mhéis agus do bhaineas an cailicín dem’ shúilibh agus dob’ eo amach chun scoile me.	I plunged my head into a basin of water and rubbed the sleep out of my eyes, and off I ran to school.
VI — TOMÁS MAOL AGUS AN tSEAN-AIMSIR.	6 — Bald Tom and the Old Days.
An scoil dúnta arís, dubhán im’ mhéir, “Bád na nGort nDubh,” sárú na dlí, “an long dhóighte,” “an ‘Nóra Chríonna,’” “na h-ath-mháighistrí.”	THE SCHOOL CLOSED AGAIN · A HOOK IN MY FINGER · THE BOAT OF GORTADOO · BEATING THE LAW · THE BURNING SHIP · THE NORA CREENA · THE AGENTS
Do bhí an Rí insan lanntán céadna gur ghnáth leis agus mar do bhí sé mór trom ba cheart go mbeadh a rian sa stól.	The King was in his usual place, and, being big and heavy, must have left his mark on the stool.
Do bhí sé ag cogarnaigh liom-sa i dtaobh an Daingin.	He was whispering to me about Dingle.
Do bhí sé féin trí h-uaire ann—turus i n-éineacht le n-’athair críona agus dhá turus i n-éineacht le n-’athair óg;	He’d been there himself—three times, once with his grandfather, and the other times with his father.
ach is mílseáin bun a’ bhladair go léir do bhí aige liom.	But it was ‘sweets’ that were at the bottom of his blarney.
Do bhí ’fhios san agam agus dob’ olc an páirtidhe me, leis, dá ndéanfainn dearmhad air.	I knew that well enough, and I should have been a poor friend, too, if I had forgotten him.
Shíneas cheithre cinn chuige agus bhí sé lán-bhuidheach.	I handed four to him, and he was very grateful.
An uair a leigeadh amach lár an lae sinn:	We were let out in the middle of the day.
“Cogar,” arsan Rí, “beidh an mhaighistreás ag imeacht uainn sara fada.”	‘Listen,’ said the King. ‘The mistress will be leaving us soon.’
“Cá bhfios duit?” arsa mise.	‘How do you know?’ said I.
“Tháinig scéala indé chúichi.	‘She got a proposal yesterday.
Beidh sí le pósadh láithreach.”	She is to be married at once.’
“Cad é an sórt fir?”	‘What sort of a man is he?’
“Cóisteóir duine uasail atá i n-áit éigin.”	‘A gentleman’s coachman somewhere.’
Ba dho b’fhíor mar nár dhein sí ach an tseachtain a thabhairt. B’eo léi amach Dia Domhnaigh.	He was right, for she only spent the week with us, and went out on Sunday.
An scoil dúnta arís.	The school was shut again.

Timcheall 1873 do scar an tarna máighistreás linn.	It was about 1873 that the second mistress left us.
D’fhág san mise sé bliana déag.	That meant I was sixteen.
Do bhí sé bliana ar scoil agam ach ní rabhas im’ ollamh ar Bhéarla ná i n-aon ghaor do.	I had had six years at school, and I hadn’t mastered English or near it.
Dia Luain, ó’n uair ná raibh aon scoil ann buaileann an Rí chugham isteach cuibheasach moch ar maidin.	On Monday—since there was no school—the King ran in to me pretty early in the morning.
Do bhí a chuid bidh ithte, leis, aige agus mise díreach ag tosnú leis.	He had had his breakfast, too, and I was just beginning mine.
Císte breagh bog buidhe agam ná raibh ach tógtha de’n teine agus “ó b’annamh leis an gcat srathar a bheith air,” mar adeireadh an fear fadó le h-aon rud iongantach, do bhí ailp ime agam leis.	I was eating a fine fresh loaf of new yellow bread, just taken from the fire, and ‘since it’s a rare thing to see a cat with a saddle on him’, as the old saying goes about any improbable thing, I had a lump of butter, too.
Do bhí bó mhaith bhainne againn agus do dhein mo mháthair i stán mór cnapán maith ime.	We had a good milch cow, and my mother had made a lot of butter in a big tin.
Do bhí gabhar buidhe agam agus sáspan bainne agus rud dob’ fhearr ná san go léir muileann agus cairb chun a meilte.	I had a salted scad and a saucepan of milk, and, better than all, a mill of teeth to grind them with.
Do bhí mo mháthair ag tathant ar an Rí cannta de’n arán buidhe agus cuid de’n im air a dh’ithe ach ní dhéanfadh.	My mother was pressing a hunk of bread and some butter on the King, but he wouldn’t take it.
Is deárthach nár fágadh aon ocras air féin an mhaidean san.	Probably he hadn’t much appetite left that morning.
Is fada go sínfeadh mo mháthair an cannta buidhe chuige dá mbeadh ainm an Rí air an uair sin ach ní raibh.	My mother would never have offered the yellow bread to him, if he had been called ‘King’ in those days, but he wasn’t.
Is é gnó do bhí ag an Rí dhíom ná chun dul ag iascach ar na clocha dá mbuailfeadh aon phortán linn chun baighte.	The King’s business with me was to take me fishing from the rocks if we could get a crab for bait.
“Tugaidh aire daoibh féin,” arsa mo mháthair, “ag lorg na bportán, mar níl aon tráigh ann ach tráigh mhallamhrach.” B’eo linn an doras amach agus dob’ eo ag lorg sinn ach ní raibh faic ag bualadh linn.	‘Take care of yourselves,’ said my mother, ‘when you’re after the crabs, for it’s neap-tide.’ Out of the door we went to hunt for crabs, but we had no luck at all.
“Níl faic isna cumair bheaga so,” arsan Rí;	‘There’s nothing in these little holes,’ said the King.

“is fearr dúinn caitheamh dínn anuas agus dul fé uisce insan áit go mbuailfidh siad linn.” Ní raibh an tarna focal air an t-am go raibh an bheirt againn ’ár dhá ngeilt agus b’eo le beirt againn ag dul fé loch agus ag teacht ar barra.	‘We’d better take our clothes off and go under the water in some place where we’re likely to get them.’ No sooner said than we were stripped to the pelt and diving under and coming up again both of us.
Do chuas féin i bpoll go raibh m’aoirde ann agus an uair do chuireas mo chos ’on chumar do bhuail portán liom ann.	I went into a hole as deep as myself, and when I got my foot into the hole there was a crab there.
Ba dheacair dom agus ba dheacair liom mo cheann a chur comh doimhin lem’ chosa ach ba dheacra ná san dom an rud a bhí uaim a dh’fhágaint im’ dhiadh.	It was hard for me, and more than I liked, to get my head down as far as my feet, but it was harder still to let go the thing I wanted.
Do chromas síos ach ní leigfeadh an t-uisce síos me agus níorbh fhéidir liom mo lámh a chur go dtí an bportán.	I bent down, but the water kept me up, and I couldn’t get my hand to the crab.
Do ropas mo chos arís ’on chumar agus cad deire liom ná gur thug aníos é ar leath-ordóigh mo choise.	I thrust my foot down into the hole again, and what do you think! I fetched him up on one of my big toes.
Portán mór fireann dob’ eadh é agus is gnáthach nuair a bhíonn a leithéid i bpoll go mbíonn an portán baineann ’na theannta.	He was a huge male crab, and, usually, if one of those is in a hole, his mate is along with him.
Chuireas mo chos síos aríst agus do bhuail an ceann eile liom ach ba lugha é ná an chéad cheann agus ní raibh dochar orm é thabhairt liom.	I put my foot down again and found the other one, but it was a smaller one than the first, and came easily.
Do bhí mo dhóthain baighte agam-sa annsan i gcomhair an lae.	I had enough bait for the day then.
Tháinig an Rí orm agus a chuid éadaigh fáiscithe suas air.	The King came to me with his clothes all buttoned up.
“Téanam leat,” ar seisean, “tá ár ndóthain baighte againn i gcomhair an lae.	‘Come along,’ said he, ‘we’ve got plenty of bait for the day.
Tá dhá phortán mhaithe agam-sa agus dhá cheann agat-sa.” Do chuireas orm. B’eo linn an chloch amach.	You have two fine crabs, and so have I.’ ISLAND KITCHEN I dressed, and off we went along the rocks.
Do bhí air dul go barra an bhaile mar bhí dorú agus dubháin uaidh.	The King had to go back to the upper village, for he wanted a line and hooks.
Do bhí sé chugham de gheit.	But he was with me again at once.

Do bhuaileamair siar chun Rinn Dhuinnshléibhe, file an oileáin.	We went westwards to Dunlevy's Point, named after the Island poet.
Do bhí ballaigh ag breith go tiugh orainn agus breac-cheann maith 'á chur tharainn suas.	Rockfish were biting freely, and every now and again we pulled up a fine fish and put it behind us.
Fé dheire agus me ag caitheamh amach cad a raghadh ceangailte im' mhéir ná an dubhán.	At last I was throwing out my line, and if the hook didn't catch in my finger!
Do bhí mo chuid éisc-se marbh annsan.	I'd caught my last fish that day!
B'éigean don Rí an lusna bhí ag coimeád an dubháin do'n dorú a ghearradh leis an sciain.	The King had to cut the twine that bound the hook to the line with his knife.
Do bhí an dubhán im' mhéir agus an lusna ar sileadh léi.	The hook was fixed in my finger with the twine hanging from it.
Ní raibh pian mhór orm mar ná raibh an dubhán ró dhoimhin.	I didn't feel much pain, as the hook wasn't very far in.
Do bhí dachad ballach againn—fiche ag an nduine againn.	We had forty rockfish—twenty apiece.
Thug an Rí iad ar fad abhaile leis agus is ag ár dtigh-ne do dheineamair iad a roinnt.	The King carried them all home, and we divided them in our house.
Baineadh an dubhán láithreach mar chuir Cáit an rásúr ag gearradh an ghreama a bhí air.	The hook was taken out at once, for Kate cut away the piece of skin in which it was fixed with the razor.
Do ghoill an mhéar go maith orm agus ní ró bhog do fuaireas me féin réidh uaithe.	My finger gave me a lot of pain, and I suffered a good deal before I was through with it.
Do bhíodh Tomás Maol gach oidhche againn go h-aimsir chodlata.	Bald Tom used to spend every night with us till bedtime.
Cuileachta bhreagh dob' eadh é agus ní bhraithinn an mhéar thinn leath faid a bhíodh sé ag cainnt agus ag cur síos ar chruadhtan an tsaoghail a bhí curtha aige dhe agus cé go raibh m'athair suas le bheith comh h-aosta leis ní raibh sé leath comh maith leis chun síofróireachta agus chun cuimhne bheith ar gach ní.	He was excellent company, and I hardly noticed my sore finger most of the time when he would be talking and telling tales of the hard times he had known. Though my father was much the same age, he hadn't half his gift for remembering the past and recalling every detail.
"N'fheadar," arsa m'athair leis an oidhche seo, "cad é an t-easaontas do bhí idir Pharóiste Dhúnchaoin agus Paróiste an Fhirtéaraigh do lean i bhfad an uair úd."	'I wonder,' said my father one night, 'what the trouble was that set the parishes of Dunquin and Ballyferriter by the ears for so long in those days?'

“Ó!” arsa Tomás Maol, “nár chualais mar gheall ar Bhád na nGort nDubh?”	‘O,’ said Bald Tom, ‘haven’t you heard the tale of the Boat of Gortadoo?’
“Do-chuala go maith,” arsa m’athair, “ach is olc is cuimhin liom anois é.”	‘I have, indeed,’ said my father, ‘but I don’t remember it very well now.’
“Bhí an long raice lastuaidh de Bheiginis agus do chuaidh bád ó Dhúnchaoin go dtí í.	‘There was a ship adrift north of Beginish and a Dunquin boat went out to her.
Do chuadar ar bórd na luinge agus do chuireadar anuas go dtí an bád gach ní ba mhéinn leo.	They boarded the ship and threw down into the boat everything they fancied.
Do ghluais bád ó sna Gorta Dubha agus do bhí fear agus fiche insa bhád san agus iad ar mhaithibh an pharóiste.	A boat set out from Gortadoo with twenty-one men in her—the chief men in the parish.
Níor stadadar nó gur shroicheadar an long bháithte.	They never stayed till they came up to the drifting ship.
B’eo ar bórd innte iad ag lorg, agus ag tabhairt fogha fé rudaí a bhí piocaithe cheana age dream Dhúnchaoin.	On board they went, looking for booty and laying their hands on things already picked out by the Dunquin people.
D’éirigh eatartha agus bhuaileadar a chéile agus tiomáineadh muinntir Dhúnchaoin ó’n luing.	They came to blows and had at one another, and the Dunquin men were driven from the ship.
Bhí muinntir Pharóiste an Fhirtéaraigh ag caitheamh anuas nó go raibh a mbád féin ró dhoimhin agus chuaidh sí fé loch agus do cailleadh gach aenne riamh a bhí innti agus an bheirt dheire a bhí insa luing ag caitheamh anuas d’fhanadar innti ó shin.”	The Ballyferriter crew were throwing things out of the ship till their boat became overloaded and sank, and every soul in her was lost except the last two, who remained on board throwing the things down, and they never came out of her.’
“B’fhéidir go bhfuil an bheirt sin beo fós innti,” arsa mise le Tomás Maol.	‘Perhaps those two are still alive in her,’ said I to Bald Tom. ‘Hush, you whelp,’ said he.
“Éist, a dhailtín,” ar seisean, “deineadh cipíní beaga de’n árthach úd an tráthnóna céadna age Fiach an Fhirtéaraigh. “Agus,” arsa m’athair le Tomás arís, “conus go raibh an gomh ag an ndream thuaidh chun muinntir Dhúnchaoin ar feadh i bhfad ’n-a dhiaidh sin?”	‘That ship was smashed to atoms against Ferriter’s Raven that very afternoon.’ ‘And how did it come,’ my father asked Bald Tom again, ‘that the people of the northern parish were so bitter against the Dunquin folk for so long after?’

“Dhera, a dhuine!” arsa Tomás, “mar nár thógadar aenne aca as an muir agus iad ag cainnt leo agus beirthe ar bhasa na maidí rámha aca—iad ag cainnt leo agus ’á rádh leo iad a thógaint isteach—ach is amhlaidh a dheinidís na maidí do tharrac uatha agus iad a leigean leis an dtaoide.”	‘Yerra, my friend,’ said Tomas, ‘because they didn’t take a single one of them out of the sea, though they were beseeching them, and gripping the blades of the oars, praying them to take them in, but all they did was to drag the oars out of their grasp and leave them to go with the tide.’
“Agus nár mhór an t-iongnadh nár dheineadar fóirithint ar chuid éigin aca, siúd is ná féadfadh a mbád san an fear is fiche eile a thabhairt léi i dteannta a raibh d’á muinntir féin innti cheana,” arsa m’athair.	‘And wasn’t it strange that they didn’t save some of them, though their boat could hardly carry all the twenty-one in addition to her own crew,’ said my father.
“Ní raibh sé ’n-a gcumas iad ar fad a thabhairt leo,” arsa Tomás Maol, “ní lugha ná bhíodar i mbun é dhéanamh mar dheineadar súd lámh láidir ortha sa luing agus thógadar amach as an mbád uatha aon rud go raibh aon ghnó aca leis ná do thaithin leo féin,	‘It wasn’t possible for them to take them all,’ said Bald Tom, ‘and they weren’t keen to do it either, seeing that they had attacked them in the ship and had taken out of their boat anything they needed or had a fancy for,
agus ní leigfidís i ngoire na luinge iad ó thánadar féin suas.”	and had refused to let them come near the ship once they themselves were on the scene.’
“Is dócha,” arsa m’athair, “go raibh gaol age treibh an dá bháid le n-a chéile.”	‘I suppose,’ said my father, ‘that the two crews were related to one another.’
“Bhí,” arsa Tomás, “agus gaol gairid age cuid aca le chéile agus ba dhóbair go ndéanfadh san díobháil mhór do bhád an taoibh seo mar do bhí fear d’iarraidh fir gaoil do do thabhairt isteach agus é greamaithe do bhais an mhaide rámha.	‘They were,’ said Tomás, ‘some of them very closely, and that nearly caused the wreck of the Dunquin boat, for one man tried to drag on board a relation of his who was clinging to an oar-blade.
Ach do chuir an captaen stop leis agus dubhairt sé:	But the captain put a stop to that, saying:
“Beidh fear agus fear eile d’iarraidh a ngaolta féin do thabhairt leo agus ní dhéanfadh an bád an bheart.”	They’ll all be trying, one after another, to save their own relations, and the boat would never manage it.
Cailleadh an fear is fiche do bhí i mbád na nGort nDubh agus tháinig bád Dhúnchaoin agus a fuireann fear saor sábhálta abhaile. “Ba mhór an formad a bhí ag an muinntir thuaidh leo, is dócha,” arsa m’athair le Tomás.	So the twenty-one from the Gortadoo boat were drowned and the Dunquin boat came safe home with all her crew.’ ‘I expect the people of the northern parish were savage with them,’ said my father to Tom.

“Dhera ’dhuine!” arsa Tomás, “bhídís ag faire ortha age pobal agus ag aonach.	‘Yerra, man,’ said Tom, ‘they were laying for them at church and at the fair.
Ná tagaidís adtuaidh i gcorp na hoidhche.	Didn’t they come over in the dead of night?
Théighidís isteach is na tighthe agus thugaidís cuma-bhrú do mhuinntir an tighe.	They used to go into the houses and maltreat the people in them.
Mharbhuigheadar corránach breagh mic do bhí age bean mhuinnteardha dhom i muileann Bhéal Átha annsan amuich agus gach lá margaidh i nDaingean Uí Chúise do bhíodh seisear agus seachtar i ngádh an tsagairt tar éis cathanna an lae.”	They killed a fine young fellow, the son of a woman of my kin, in the mill of Belaha, out there on the mainland, and every market-day in Dingle there would be six or seven in need of a priest after the day’s brawls.’
“Agus cad a dhein an tsíbhialtacht eatartha insa deire?” arsa m’athair.	‘And what made peace between them in the end?’ said my father.
“Inneosad-sa san duit.	‘I’ll tell you that,’ said Tom.
Inghean le treibh na gcros do phós fear i nDúnchaoin—b’in é an chéad réidhteach a tháinig eatartha;	‘A girl from the cantankerous crowd wedded a Dunquin man—that was the first peace between them.
ach do bhí an aimsir ró fhada sarar thuit san amach agus iad leath-mharbh age n-a chéile,” arsa Tomás.	But it was a long time before that came to pass—after they’d half-killed one another!’
“Beannacht Dé le h-anaman na marbh!” arsa mo mháthair.	‘God bless the souls of the dead!’ said my mother.
“Ní chuala cur síos ceart riamh ortha go dtí san.	‘I never heard a proper account of their doings until to-day.
Ba neamh-thrócaireach, allta iad na daoine an uair sin agus buidheachas mór le Dia go bhfuil an saoghal san imithe.”	They were a merciless, savage lot in those days. Thanks be to God, again and again, that that world is passed away!’
Do bhí sé ag druidim le h-aimsir chodlata agus do bhí Tomás ag bogadh chun siubhail agus do bhí an chuid eile dár ndream-ne ag teacht ó sna botháin.	It was getting near bedtime and Tom was thinking of going home and the rest of our family coming back from visiting in the cottages.
Thugas mo mhí lem’ mhéir gan puinn suilt ná gáiridhe ag baint liom.	I spent a month suffering from my finger, with little pleasure or merriment.
Ní bhraithinn pian ná tinneas innti faid a bhíodh Tomás ag scéalaidheacht.	But it never felt sore or painful while Tom was telling his tales.

Do bhíodh sé istigh againn gach oidhche agus mar go mbíodh an Choróin Pháirteach ’á rádh agem’ athair gach Domhnach, bhíodh Tomás gach Domhnach againn ’á rádh agus ba bhreagh chun deichniúir a rádh é.	He used to be in our house every night, and, as my father said the rosary every Sunday, Tom repeated it every Sunday with us, and he was a great hand at reciting his decade.
Do bhí Tomás Maol bocht i gcomhnaidhe agus dob’ éigean do an mac a chur i n-aimsir ó thuaidh go Paróiste an Fhirtéaraigh.	Tom was poor always, and he had to put his son out to service in Ballyferriter.
Thug sé chúig bliana ag aodhaireacht stuic ann gan bhróg ná stoca.	He spent five years herding cattle there, without a shoe or a stocking to his foot.
Níorbh’ fhada tar éis an mhic d’imeacht gur tháinig costas ó Mheirice chun na h-inghine ó úncail di, dritheáir a máthar.	Not long after the son went, the passage-money for America came for the daughter from an uncle of hers on the mother’s side.
Do chuaidh sí ann gan ró-mhoill agus thug sí cúig bliana ann.	She went off at once and spent five years there.
B’éigean dóibh an mac a thabhairt abhaile annsan.	They had to fetch the son home then.
Do bhíodh an inghean ag cur breac-phúnt anall a dheineadh maitheas dóibh.	The girl sent a pound or two across the water now and again that was very useful to them.
Do bhíodh an chailleach bhéal-dorais ’na suidhe ana-mhoch gach maidean ó fhág an inghean í, agus ba mhinic í ’á caoine ar éirghe lae.	The old hag over the way was often up very early in the morning after her daughter went away, and she was often heard keening in the dawn.
Níorbh’ iongnadh san agus gan aici ach í agus gan súil aici go bhfeicfeadh sí go deo arís í.	There was nothing strange in that, for the girl was all she had, and she never looked to see her again.
Gach uair a chloisinn ag caoine í do bhíodh ana-thruagh agam di.	Every time I heard her keening, I felt very sorry for her.
Maidean áirithe agus í amuich go moch cad a chonnaic sí i mbéal an chalaith agus na Trágha Báine ná an long ghail chun anncaire agus í lán d’fhearaibh dubha, sé sin éadach dubh agus caipíní ortha.	One morning that she was out early, what should she see riding off the harbour and the White Strand but a steamship at anchor, full of dark men —-that is, men with dark clothes and caps.
Thug sí seáp reatha tré n-a buairt di agus do bhuail sí ár ndoras-ne.	She rushed off in a panic and knocked at. our door.
“A Dhomhnaill!” ar sise.	‘Donal,’ she cried.

“Seadh,” arsa m’athair.	‘Hullo!’ said my father.
Do cheap sé gur rud éigin a bhí ar an mac nó ar Thomás féin.	He thought that there was something up with her son or with Tom himself.
“Cad tá ort?” ar seisean.	‘What’s wrong with you?’ he asked.
“Tá árthach mór annso amuich age bun an tighe agat ar a h-anncaire agus í lán d’fhearaibh go bhfuil éadach dubh ortha agus caipíní árda,” ar sise.	‘There’s a big ship anchored out in the bay just below your house, full of men with dark uniforms and high caps.’
“Is fíor san,” arsa m’athair, “bhí a leithéid le teacht luath nó mall agus is dócha go mbeidh an t-oileán so ar bheagán tighthe tráthnóna,” ar seisean.	‘That’s so,’ said my father. ‘It was due to come sooner or later, and I fancy there won’t be many houses left in this Island by evening.’
“Dia go deo linn!” ar sise, “níl aon scéal ag teacht ach scéal is fearr ná a chéile agus níor dhonas ar fad go dtí bheith gan an bothán.” I gcionn nóimite do bhí gach nduine againn-ne ’n-a shuidhe agus sinn bailithe linn de gheit fé dhéin an chalaith.	‘God’s everlasting help to us!’ cried she. ‘The news is always getting worse, but we never touched bottom till it came to losing our huts.’ We were all up in a second and off to the landing-place.
An t-am gur shroicheas-sa an lanntán do fuaireas post ó sna mná.	When I came on the scene the women gave me a job.
Ag bailiú cloch do cuireadh me agus gach nduine eile do bhí ann.	I was set to gathering stones with the rest of them.
Níor stadadh dóibh nó go raibh taoscán luinge curtha i dteannta chéile aca.	We never rested till we had a ship’s load of them heaped up.
Dubhairt bean éigin nach foláir nó go raibh a ndóthain púdair anois aca agus sara mbeadh a ndeire caithte go mbeadh scéal-nua éigin ann.	One of the women said that they surely had enough ammunition now, and that something would have happened by the time we’d shot it all off.
“Ach is dócha,” arsa bean, “gurab iad na pléir a mharbhochaidh sinn-ne ar dtúis.”	‘But I expect,’ said another woman, ‘that the bullets will have killed us all first.’
“Dhera, marbhú an Dúna ort! Nach fearra dhuit a bheith marbh féin ná tu bheith caithte cois na gcladhthach agus tu amuich as do bhothán,” arsan bhean eile.	‘Yerra! may you die as they died in the Doon! Won’t you be better of dead than lying in a ditch, thrown out of your cabin?’

B'eo isteach ó'n luing bád mór lán go béal de dhaoine agus an uair do dhruideadar isteach do bhí iongnadh ortha an uair a chonnacadar an mathshluagh daoine bailithe ar bruach an chalaith.	A big boat crammed with men put out from the ship's side, and when they came inshore they were astounded to see the vast gathering above the harbour.
Do cheapadar ná beadh daonna le feiscint aca le h-eagla.	They had expected that every living soul would have hidden in terror.
Níorbh' iongna san agus gunna i láimh gach fir aca san go fearastúil.	And no wonder! for every one of them had a gun ready in his hand.
Ach níor ghlac eagla na mná so rómpa.	But these women weren't a bit afraid of them.
D'fhág na fearaibh an áit agus tháinig na mná mór dtimcheall agus stocán cloiche i láimh gach mná.	The men went off and the women gathered round, every one of them with a chunk of rock in her hand.
Do bhí iongantas an domhain ar lucht an bháid an uair a chonnacadar ná raibh na mná ag fágáil na h-áite agus do bhíodar féin ag maolú an tsiubhail ar dhruidim isteach dóibh.	The men in the boat didn't know what to make of it when they saw the women standing their ground, and they slowed up as they came in to shore.
Fé dheire bhuaileadar srón an bháid sa chloich agus beirt aca 'n-a tosach gan aon ghnó ach a ngunnaí i bhfearas aca i gcóir aenne dhéanfadh aon bhagairt ortha.	At last they ran the nose of the boat on the rock, two of them standing in the prow with nothing to do but keep their guns levelled at anybody who should lift a hand against them.
Comh luath agus bhí an chéad fhear aca amuich as an mbád, do scaoil bean bolán cloiche síos a chuaidh ana-ghairid do sna spearacha do bhaint de.	As soon as the first man left the boat, a woman flung a great stone down that came near to knocking him off his feet.
Thug sé súil-fhéachaint ar bharra anáirde agus do dhírigh an gunna ortha; ach níor chorruigh aon bhean amháin ach rang déanta aca ar bharr an chalaith.	He glanced up at the cliff and pointed his gun at them, but not a woman stirred. They kept their ranks unbroken above the harbour.
Níor ró fhada gur leig bean eile cloch síos, agus bean, agus bean, nó gur bhaineadar fothrom agus macalla as an gcladach.	Soon a woman threw another stone, and then another, and another, till they made the whole beach echo with the clatter.
I n-ionad a thuille fear a theacht as an mbád is amhlaidh dob éigean dóibh an fear a bhí i dtír aca do thógaint isteach gan ró-mhoill agus glanadh leo chun na fairrge amach agus deabhadh ortha.	No more men got out of the boat, but they had to make haste and take the man they had put on land aboard again, and clear off out to sea as hard as they could.

Do bhí dhá bhád mhóra eile 'n-a gcoinne isteach agus chuadar chun cainnte léi.	Two other boats coming in met them, and they held a consultation.
Thugadar san a n-aghaidh fé'n gcalath lán d'fheirg agus d'olc.	Then those boats drove into the creek in a furious rage.
Do bhuaileadar san snimine a mbád 'on chloich go tapaidh agus chuireadar fir i dtír agus má chuireadar níorbh' fhada go raibh cith chloch lastuas díobh agus fear aca buailte i gcró an bhathais agus é leagaithe i n-imeall na gcos aca.	They ran the stern of their boats hastily on the rock and landed their men; but all the same the stones showered down on them, and one of their men was struck on the crown of his head and laid out flat at their feet.
Do bhí an chloch éadtrom mar is giarsach bheag a chaith í.	It was a light stone, for one of the little lasses had flung it.
Bheadh sé 'na chorpán mharbh dá bur bean acmhuinneach a chaithfeadh í.	He'd have been a dead corpse if it had been one of the strong women who had thrown it!
Thug na captaení órdú bheith istigh ins na báid gan mhoill.	The captains commanded them to get back into the boats at once.
Do bhíodar, cé go rabhadar mall d'iarraidh an fear leath-mharbh a thabhairt leo.	They did so—though they were delayed by having to take the half-dead man with them.
Do bhí na trí báid lán de dhaoine armtha ar snámh tamall amuich ag déanamh comhairle agus as an gcomhairle thug na trí báid fé isteach arís mar do cheapadar go raibh deire na bpléar caithte age sna mnáibh.	The three boats, full of armed men, stood by for a time to talk it over, and the result of the talk was that they came to make another attempt, for they thought that the women had shot off all their ammunition.
Do bhí leachtán eile cloch cruinnithe age sna garsúin agus b'eo leo ag rúideadh le fánaidh agus, cé gurbh' eaglach iad an dream airm go scaoilfidís an teine ar na mnáibh, ní raibh d'eagla ar na mnáibh rómpa ach cuid ba lugha ná bhí ortha féin.	But the boys had gathered another pile of stones, and they began to cast them down again, and, though there was a danger that the armed men might fire on the women, they weren't a bit afraid. They felt less fear than they inspired.
Do bhí cúigear ban ar leathtaoibh agus ní ráinig a ndóthain cloch le caitheamh aca agus do bhí balcaire maith mic ar bhaclainn dhuine aca agus nár mhór an gomh, neamh-meabhair, do bhí uirthi, an uair do chuaidh di aon rud eile dh'fhaghála 'n-a timcheall le caitheamh le beirt de sna póilíní bhí d'iarraidh gabháil aníos tré leacain ghlas do bhí fé n-a mbun:	There were five women standing to one side, and they hadn't enough stones to throw. One of them was carrying a fat lump of a boy in her arms, and think how angry or frantic she must have been when she couldn't find anything else in her neighbourhood to throw at the two police who were trying to make their way up a grassy slope

“Mo chroidhe ’on fial go gcaithfead an leanbh leo!” ar sise.	below—’Devil take my heart,’ said she, ‘I’ll fling the child at them!’
“Dhera, ’dhiabhail óinsighe!” arsan bhean ba ghiorra dhi, “ná téire as do mheabhair agus coimeád do leanbh.” Thug sí rúideóg fé’n leanbh a chaitheamh ach do ghreamuigh an bhean eile é.	‘Yerra, you cursed fool,’ said the woman next to her, ‘don’t lose your wits; stick to the child.’ She had swung the child to throw it when the other woman gripped it.
Níor thúisce sin ná bhí bean ó’n dtaobh eile tagaithe agus bloc de scraithín caithte síos aici agus an bheirt thíos casta le fánaidh.	In that moment a woman had come up on the other side and flung a lump of sod down that sent the two tumbling over.
Tá an leanbh úd a bhí le caitheamh leo thall i Meirice go lán láidir fós.	The child that was so nearly thrown is strong and well over in America to-day.
Do ghlan an long agus a cuid fear leo an lá san gan oiread agus pinginn ruadh a thabhairt leo.	The ship cleared off with all its crew that day without taking a copper penny with them.
An uair a chuaidh an gháir amach go raibh long ghail insa Bhloscaod mór agus fir airm ar bórd innti agus ná raibh sé ’n-a gcumas cíos ná cáin a thabhairt leo, dob’ ait leis an saoghal Fódhla é.	When the report got abroad that a steamship had been in the Great Blasket with armed men aboard, and that they had failed to get either rent or tax, it set all Ireland wondering.
D’fhan san mar sin go ceann i bhfad.	Things stayed quiet for some time.
Achar blianta ’n-a dhiaidh sin tháinig long eile mar í ar móráil age bun na dtighthe.	A few years later another ship of the same kind moored below the houses.
Do bhí beagán de lucht tuatha innti agus beagán de lucht airm.	There were some civilian people in her and a few men with guns.
Fuair na h-oileánaigh faisnéis go raibh a leithéid le teacht agus gurbh’ fhearr leigean dóibh, b’fhéidir, agus an méid ba agus caoire do bhí ann a thiomáint siar go dtí an ceann tiar d’oileán.	The Islanders had been warned that something of the kind was coming, and that the best thing they could do, probably, was to let them have their way and to drive all the cattle and sheep to the western end of the Island.
Sin mar bhí.	So they did.
Do thiomáin na slatairí leo iad faid dob fhéidir leo iad a chur.	The lads drove them as far as they could.
Do bhí an Sirriam insa luing agus na cosa eile do bhain leis.	The sheriff was in the ship with all his officers.

Níor cuireadh aon chaduaic ortha ach tugadh faid a dtéide dhóibh chun soláthair.	They were not interfered with, but the Islanders gave them rope to do their business.
B’eo leo chun an chnuic—báilí agus gárdaí le chéile.	Off they went up the hill, the bailiffs and the police in a bunch.
Do chuaidh an t-árd-mhaor chomh fada siar leis an Túr gan aon ní fhagháil.	The sheriff went as far as the Tower and found nothing.
Do chuir sé a thuille comh fada siar le leath an oileáin ach dob’ é an scéal céadna é.	He sent a number of them halfway across the Island, but it was just the same.
Dá sheana-mhiúil do bhuail leo ná raibh beo díobh ach an dá shúil.	They found two old mules with nothing alive in them but their eyes.
Do cuireadh ceist ar an Sirriam an raibh sé chun na miúlacha a thabhairt leis.	The sheriff was asked if he wanted to take the mules with him.
Ní bhéarfadh. Do bhí eagla air “go mbeadh na daoine ag magadh fútha,” ar seisean.	He wouldn’t take them, for he was afraid that the people would make a joke of him, he said.
Do ghluaisíodar abhaile insan imeacht céadna go dtánadar gan bó, gan capall, gan caora.	They went home as they came—without cow, horse, or sheep.
Oidhche fhuar gheimhridh do bhuail Tomás Maol chughainn isteach— agus ba ghnáthach leis sin.	One cold winter’s night Bald Tom strolled into our house, as was his way.
Do bhí teine mhaith mhóna ar dearg-lasadh ag dul anáirde thríd an siminé agus mar ná raibh an tigh ró mhór bhí brothall istigh ann d’á fhuaireacht a bhí sé amuich.	There was a great fire of turf blazing up the chimney, and, as the house was a small one, it was hot enough indoors, however cold it was without.
Do bhí an fear maol tagaithe sara ráinig liom-sa bheith glan ó’n dtigh.	The crop-eared man had come before I had time to get clear of the house.
Ag bothánt’íocht a bhí na h-óga eile imithe.	The other young people had gone visiting:
Sean-nós dob’ eadh é agus tá sé mar nós óg fós againn.	that was an old custom, and our young people keep it up still.
“Dá mbeadh ciall agat,” arsa mo mháthair liom féin ar dtúis, “d’fhanfá istigh age baile ó dhul i dtighthe aragail ná fuil teine ná teas ionnta agus beidh cuileachta bhreagh i dteannta t’athar agus Thomáis Mhaoil agat,” ar sise.	‘If you had any sense,’ said my mother, ‘you’d stay at home and not be off to those bare houses without fire and warmth, and you’ll have plenty of entertainment with your father and Bald Tom,’ said she.

Ní h-í an chomhairle sin óm’ mháthair is mó do mhaoluigh me ach bhíos ana-thugtha do sheanchas Thomáis agus thógas de rogha bheith ag éisteacht leis.	It wasn’t this advice from my mother that was the chief check on me, but I was passionately fond of Tom’s tales, and that’s why I chose to stay and listen to him.
Sé an chéad scéal do chuir an bheirt ar bun ná “An Long Dhóighte.”	The first thing the two began to talk about was the ship on fire.
“A Thomáis,” arsa m’athair, “ba mhór an lá alluis lá úd an árthaigh dhóighte.”	‘Well, Tom,’ said my father, ‘we had to sweat pretty hard that day when the ship was on fire.’
“Ba mhór,” arsa Tomás, “níor mhór ná gur cailleadh beirt do bhí ’ár mbád-na tar éis stad dóibh.”	‘We had,’ said Tom. ‘Two of our crew nearly died when they stopped rowing.’
“Ba bhun tuiscionna dhúinn,” arsa m’athair, “ó’n uair ná raibh an long ag stad go raibh rud éigin ’á cur chun siubhail agus nárbh’ aon teine bhí fachta aici, gan seol gan gaoth ’á tiomáint agus sinn-ne isna báid ’na diaidh aniar agus ár gcaolán amuich againn ag rámhaidheacht d’iarraidh teacht suas léi, agus ná féadfaimíst.”	‘We might have known,’ said my father, ‘since the ship was moving, that there was something driving her and that she wasn’t on fire at all, as there was no wind and she had no sails up, and we were following in our boats rowing our guts to catch her, without getting any nearer.’
“B’in í an chéad long ghaile a ghaibh an treo so agus cheapamair gur trí theine bhí sí agus siúd linn sa rás ’n-a diaidh. Go Luimne a chuaidh sí le gráinne buidhe go dtí an Ruiséallach,” arsa Tomás.	‘That was the first steamship to come this way, and we thought she was on fire, so off we went after her,’ said Tom.
“Bhí báid ó Dhúnchaoin agus ó Pharóiste an Fhirtéaraigh ar an bpasáiste ó thuaidh leis,” arsa m’athair.	‘She was going to Limerick with Indian grain.’ ‘Boats came out from Dunquin and Ballyferriter as she went north,’ said my father.
“An fada ’n-a dhiaidh sin a tháinig na buláin reamhra?” arsa m’athair.	‘Was it long after that that the fat bullocks came ashore?’ asked my father.
“Bliain díreach insan earrach a bhí chughainn an tseachtain roim Féile Pádraig,” arsa Tomás.	‘Just a year after, in the spring, a week before St. Patrick’s Day,’ said Tom.
“Nach éachtach ar tugadh i dtír aca agus iad foláin glan,” arsa m’athair.	‘Weren’t there a lot of them washed ashore, perfectly whole?’ said my father.
“N’fheadair aenne é,” arsa Tomás.	‘Nobody knows how many,’ said Tom.

“Bhí dhá shoitheach déag ar salann i n-aon tigh amháin sa bhFearann i bParóiste an Fhirtéaraigh aca.”	‘There were twelve barrels of salted meat in a single house in Fearannin Ballyferriter parish.’
“Is annso is lugha deineadh lámh ortha, is dóigh liom,” arsa m’athair.	‘We made least out of them, I think,’ said my father.
“Is eadh. Bhí bun aca leis mar bhí an aimsir ró láidir agus ní raibh sé ’na gcumas dul d’iarraidh an tsalainn.	‘Yes, and there was a reason for that—the weather was stormy and the men couldn’t go out to fetch salt.
Ach d’á olcas an chóir a bhí aca bhí feoil bliana ag an té ba lugha aca.	But, however ill provided they were, the man that had least got a year’s meat.
Bhí sí thar bliain agam féin agus ba mhe an fear ba lugha ar fad do shábháil í mar nár ráinig an salann agam,” ar seisean.	I had more than a year’s supply, though I went shortest of all, as I had no salt.
“Déarfainn go raibh cion do chíosa agat-sa dhi, a Dhomhnaill.”	I fancy you had enough of it to pay your rent, Donal?’
“Bhí cheithre shoitheach lán go bruach saillte leasaithe agam di,” arsa m’athair.	‘I had four barrels, brim-full, cured and salted,’ said my father.
“Ba mhór an bhliain phrátaí í siúd agus éisc, leis,” arsa m’athair.	‘That was a great year for potatoes, and fish, too.’
“Dhein gach fear ’ár mbád-na deich bpúint fhichead,” arsa Tomás.	‘Every man in our boat made thirty pounds,’ said Tom.
“Is dócha gur bliain aca san a tháinig ‘Nóra Chríonna,’ a Thomáis.”	‘Wasn’t it in one of those years that the Nora Creena came, Tom?’
“An bhliain ’n-a ndiaidh. Níor deineadh aon phúnt an bhliain sin mar do bhailibh na ropairí do bhí sa tsean-árthach gach breac do bhí marbh san oileán leo agus ní foláir liom nó is mallacht duine éigin a thuit ortha agus an tón do thuitim as an luing agus í age Faobhar-Charraig ag triall chun Daingean Uí Chúise agus í lán de’n iasc.”[1]	‘The year after. Not a single pound was made that year, for the rascals in the old hulk seized every fish in the Island, and I’ve no doubt that somebody’s curse fell on them when the bottom dropped out of the ship at Edge Rock as she was going back to Dingle full of fish!’
“Ó! do bhí mallacht gach nduine do bhí san Oileán ortha, is dócha,’ arsa m’athair.	‘O! the curse of everybody in the Island was on them, I fancy,’ said my father.
“Do bhí, a Dhomhnaill, agus mallacht Dé ’na theannta agus do thuit sé ortha,” ar seisean.	‘It was,’ said Tom, ‘and God’s curse, too, and it fell on them all right.’
“Conus san?” arsan fear eile.	‘How do you make that out?’ said the other.

“Dar ndóigh níor báthadh aenne ’ca nuair a thuit an tón as an sean-árthach ortha nó cad a shábháil iad?”	‘You know not a soul of them was drowned when the bottom dropped out of their old tub. What was it saved them?’
“Cleithire de bhád mhaith mhór a bheith ceangailte dhi agus nuair a rop an t-uisce chúcha aníos do chuaidh gach nduine aca innti,” arsa Tomás.	‘A great big boat they had tied to her, and when the water came spouting up they all went into her,’ said Tom.
“Agus cad é an tslí eile gur thuit mallacht Dé ortha mar sin?” arsa m’athair.	‘But how else did God’s curse fall on them, then?’ said my father.
“Thuit, do ghaibh comh maith le dachad pearsa ’ca chun an oileáin seo faid a bhí an fóiréigean ar siubhal agus níor cailleadh aenne de’n méid sin age n-a thigh féin, ach aon fhear amháin a bhí annsan amuich i gComíneól, ach i dtigh na mbocht iad uile leis an nganntar,” arsa Tomás Maol, “agus b’in mar ba chóir iad a bheith agus baodhachas le Dia iad san a bheith san uaigh agus sinn-ne beo.”	‘Like this,’ said Bald Tom. ‘Some forty of them came to this Island in the days of the persecution to collect rent, and not one of them died in his own house except one man who lived out there in Coumeenole. They all died in want in the poorhouse; and that was only just. Thanks be to God that they are all dead and we are alive still.’
“Is é Seán Husae an chéad fhear ceart a tháinig ag bailiú an chíosa,” arsa m’athair.	‘John Hussey was the first honest man that came to collect the rent,’ said my father.
“Is é agus duine ana-dhíreach dob’ eadh é,” arsa Tomás,	‘And a very straight man he was, too,’ said Tom.
“níor bhain sé pingin bhreise d’aon duine ó’n chéad lá do fuair sé an teideal.”	‘He never took a penny too much off any man from the first day that he got the job.’
“Tá san fíor, a Thomáis, ach is minic a chuireadh sé annródh maith ar dhaoine chun friotháilt air féin.	‘That’s true, Tom, but he often made trouble enough for people doing work for him.
Chaitheadh báid dul leis le feamnaigh agus le h-iascáin chun leasaithe agus ag bearradh caorach gan pádh ná biadh ach droch-bhiadh—cannta d’arán bhuidhe beirbhthe trí lá le muga de sciodar bainne géir go mbeadh an barra cúpla lá dho.	Boats had to go with him to cut seaweed and gather mussels for manure and to shear sheep without pay, and on bad food—a lump of yellow bread three days old and a mug of thin sour milk with the cream gone from it two days ago.
Agus ó mhair na daoine ’n-a dhiaidh agus nár bháid sé iad rithfidh go deo leo.”	And since the people survived him, and he didn’t drown them, their luck will be in for good.’

"Ó! go raibh mallacht na gceithre feara fichead air!" arsan fear maol, "ba dhóbair go bhfágfadh sé amuich an bád go rabhas-sa innti agus sinn ó thuaidh thríd a' dtaoide agus í lán d'fheamnaigh duibh ag dul go Cuan a' Chaoil.	'O! the curse of the twenty-four men rest on him!' said the small-eared man. 'He came near to losing a boat that I was in, rowing north through the tide with a load of black weed to Keel Harbour.
Bhí an taoide ró árd agus an bád ró dhoimhin ach do chuir beirt d'fhearaibh maithe bhí innti i bhfarraige cúig nó sé de bheartaibh di."	The tide was too strong and the boat too deep in the water, but two good men in her threw overboard five or six horse-loads of the weed.'
"Thug sé criú dhá bhád againn-ne ag bearradh caorach go h-Inis Mhicileáin[2]," arsa m'athair;	'He took two boats' crews of us to Inishvickillaun to shear sheep,' said my father.
"thóg sé trí lá uainn iad a bhearradh.	'We spent three days shearing them.
Do bhí raic sábhálta ag an bhfear a bhí i mbun na cloiche. B'éigean dúinn an raic a thabhairt soir go Béal Dearg." Níor bhraitheas an oidhche ag an mbeirt ag cur 's a' cúiteamh mar seo le chéile.	The man in charge of the rock had brought some wreckage ashore, and we had to take the wreckage east to Beal Dearg.' I never noticed the night slipping by as I listened to the two of them talking things over after this fashion.
VII — DEIRE LE SCOIL AGAM.	7 — My Last School.
An seana-shaighdiúir máighistir, an cigire chuige, mise im mhúinteóir! ag fiadhach ar choiníní.	THE OLD SOLDIER AS TEACHER · THE INSPECTOR COMES TO SEE HIM · MYSELF AS A TEACHER · HUNTING RABBITS
Lá breagh Domhnaigh do ghluais bád isteach ó'n dtír agus daoine stróinséartha innti.	One fine Sunday a boat came in from the land with strangers in it.
N'fheadair aenne cérbh iad féin nó gur shroicheadar na daoine ar bharra an chalaith.	Nobody knew who they were, and the people gathered above the harbour.
Scriosúnach d'fhear mhór árd lom dob' eadh é agus cuma dhroch-shláinteach air agus cuma chríona 'n-a theannta san.	It was a big, lanky, lean fellow, with a sickly aspect. He looked old, too.
Bhí sé pósta agus a bhean 'n-a theannta agus beirt leanbh aca.	He was married and had his wife with him and two children.
Bhí trí cosa fé'n mnaoi, cos chliste, cos ghearra agus cos mhaide.	The woman had three legs—a working leg, a short one, and a wooden leg.
Do leig duine thoir agus duine thiar giota gáire as agus dubhairt duine:	People began to snigger on this side and on that, and someone said:

“D’á aimilitheacht atáid siad,” ar seisean, “nach maith atá na páistí aca.”	‘They may be pretty miserable, but look what fine children they have.’
“Sé sin toil Dé, a dhuine,” arsa duine eile, d’á fhreagairt, go raibh breis d’aitheanta a chreidim aige.	‘That’s the will of God, man,’ said another man, answering him —a man who knew the points of the Faith better.
Do bhaineadar tigh na scoile amach.	They reached the schoolhouse.
Bhí deighilt insa tigh sin chun múinteóirí do lonnú ann.	That house was divided into two, to lodge the teachers.
Thug na daoine teine a ndóthain chúcha agus do shocruigheadar iad féin síos ann chun a ngnótha do chur ar bun.	The people brought them plenty of turf, and they settled in to begin their work.
Seana-shaighdiúir do fuair cúpla gráinne insan arm dob’ eadh é agus do bhí réal sa ló (pinsin) aige.	He was an old soldier who had stopped a bullet or two in the Army, and he had sixpence a day pension.
Ní raibh sé ’n-a chumas a bhróga do dhúnadh, ná cromadh chuige, de dheascaibh an gráinne chuaidh ’n-a chliathán.	He couldn’t lace up his boots or stoop at all because of the bullet in his thigh.
Dob’ aimilithe an bheirt iad, ní ’á chasadh leo é, ach b’fhearr bean na dtrí gcos pic ná eisean mar do bheadh sí sa bhaile mór go rábach roim aon bhean dhá choise mar thugadh sí ana-thruslóg go léir leis an maide.	They were a wretched pair, not that I’m throwing it up against them; but the three-legged woman was a bit the better of the two, for she’d get to the town quicker than any two-legged woman, for she stepped along fine with her stick.
Bhí bliain nach mór dúnta ag an scoil an uair seo agus do deineadh í oscailt ar maidin Dé Luain.	The school had been closed nearly a year at this time, and it was opened on the Monday.
Ní raibh aenne i n-easnamh ar an scoil an lá úd.	Nobody was absent that day.
Múinteóir nua, dar ndóigh!	A new teacher, you know!
Is beag nár chuaidh na daoine aosta ag féachaint conus mar bheadh an fear nua ag cur de.	The old people could hardly keep themselves from going to see how the new man got on.
Bhí oidí scoile tearc an uair úd agus do chuaidh de’n tsagart aon duine d’fhagháil agus an uair dob’ fhada leis do bhí an scoil gan aenne do chuir sé é seo ann go ceann tamaill.	School-teachers were few and far between in those days, and the priest hadn’t been able to find anybody, and, as he thought the school had been closed too long, he sent this man in for a while.
Ní raibh sé ar aon choláiste riamh ná é ró mhaith ar an mbun-scoil ach oiread.	He had never been in any college and hadn’t done too well in the elementary school, either.

Pé scéal é b’eo leis an léigheann ar siubhal ar maidin Dé Luain.	However, study began in the morning on Monday.
Is cruinn díreach do bhí an Rí ar a shuidheachán féin romham.	The King was waiting for me on his stool exact to the minute.
Do sméid sé orm teacht i n-aice leis agus do chuas.	He beckoned to me to sit next to him, and I did so. He whispered to me:
Thug cogar dom —“Nach pollta atá an croiceann ag an scolárdach,” ar seisean.	‘Hasn’t the old chap got a pitted skin?’
“Tá sé mion-phollta go maith,” arsa mise leis.	‘He’s pretty well pocked,’ said I.
Bhí ’fhios agam-sa óm’ athair gur rian na bolgaighe bhí ann ach n’fheadair an Rí cad é an rud bolgach chuige an t-am san d’á shaoghal.	My father had told me that they were the marks of smallpox, but at that time of his life the King didn’t know what smallpox was at all.
Níor mhór an léighean do ghlac an ghramaisc a bhí ar scoil an lá úd mar nách ag féachaint ar leabhar ná pháipéar a bhíodar ach ag tabhairt bhean na dtrí gcos fé ndeara a thugadh í féin le teasbáint anois is arís.	The rabble at school didn’t acquire much learning that day, for they weren’t attending to papers or books, but staring at the three-legged woman, who showed herself now and again.
Duine fíor-mhacánta dob’ eadh an múinteóir agus ní bhíodh oiread de chrith-eagla roimis agus do bheadh roim fhear eile do bheadh mallaithe.	The teacher was a decent man, and we weren’t as frightened of him as we should have been of a bad-tempered man.
Tar éis an tsaoghail do bhíodh na scoláirí go maith aige.	Anyhow the scholars behaved very well with him.
Uair sa ráithe théigheadh sé go dtí an baile mór agus thugadh sé bosca misleán leis agus ubhla chun lucht na scoile.	Once a quarter he used to go to the town and bring back a box of sweets and some apples to the scholars.
Pé lá d’fhanadh aon leanbh istigh thagadh sé ag traill air agus ubhall nó milseán aige chuige agus is é ghluaisigheadh leis go fonnmhar agus cnap ubhaill aige ’á phromsáil ar nós capaill.	If a child stayed at home any day, he would go to visit him with an apple or a sweet, and the child would go with him gladly, crunching a lump of an apple like a horse.
Toisc é bheith tláth is beag d’fhanadh istigh aon lá uaidh.	He had such a kind way with him that few of the children missed a day of school.
Is é siúd an múinteóir déanach go rabhas-sa aige agus an Rí leis agus a lán eile againn, mar thug sé tamall maith ann.	This was the last teacher I had, and the King, too, and a lot of others, for he spent a good time in the Island.
’Sí an droch-shláinte do chuir as insa deire é.	It was ill health that drove him out at last.

Bhí sé chun Corcaigh a bhaint amach ach do cailleadh fé shlí an duine bocht timcheall Thráighlí.	He started for Cork, but he died on the way, poor fellow, near Tralee.
Is beag a bhí aige de'n léigheann ná raibh piocaithe againn uaidh sarar imigh sé.	There was little learning in him that we hadn't picked up before he went.
Cé gur lom buidhe an cúntanós a bhí ar an máighistir ba dhóigh leat nárbh é an fear céadna é an uair a bhuail cigire an doras isteach chuige lá.	Though the master had a lean, swarthy countenance, you would have thought that it wasn't the same man at all one day that an inspector came in at the door.
Tháinig spionnadh beag suas 'n-a aghaidh fé mar bheadh duine bheadh beagán éadtrom 'n-a chéill agus ní deirim ná go raibh san ag baint leis an uair sin, pé rud eile bhí 'n-a theannta air.	There was a slight flush in his face such as you would see in a man who wasn't quite right in his head, and I'm inclined to think he was a bit that way then, whatever else was troubling him.
Is mise nár thóg san air a bheith atharaithe roimis an mbioránach a tháinig, mar tháinig crith-eagla ar a raibh de ghramaisc ar scoil roimis.	I certainly didn't blame him for the change that came over him when the fellow entered, for the whole crowd in the school shuddered at the sight of him.
An seithe reamhar buidhe bhí air ba dhóigh leat gur i bpáirt de'n tSín a cuireadh 'on chliabhán é.	He had such a thick, yellow hide on him that you would have imagined that he was cradled in some part of China.
Bhí gach duine, beag agus mór againn, ar bheagán cainnte agus pé gnó bhí idir lámha againn 'á dhéanamh go ciúin.	Every one of us, little and big, had nothing to say and went on quietly with whatever work we were doing.
Níorbh' fhada dhom gur ghaibh an maighistir chugham agus figiúirí ar shlinn aige agus dubhairt liom iad a chaitheamh suas comh luath agus dob fhéidir liom é.	Before long the master came up to me with some figures on a slate and told me to cast them up as quick as I could.
Ba bhearna réidh liom-sa san a dhéanamh agus do dheineas gan mhoill.	That was a soft job for me, and I soon had it done.
Is é an cigire a chuir chuige féin iad agus leis an mearathall ní raibh sé 'n-a chumas iad a chur le chéile.	The inspector had set him the task, and he was so confused that he couldn't make the sum out at all.
Toisc ná raibh an t-oide ró shláintiúil thug sé taom breoiteachta as an gcrith-eagla do chuir an cigire air, cé go raibh an scoil ar oscailt gach lá.	As the teacher was in bad health, the fright the inspector gave him made him ill, though the school was open every day.

Dubhairt an máighistir go mbeadh sé buidheach go deo dhíom ach seasamh ’n-a ionad sa scoil agus go mbeadh an Rí im’ chongnamh.	He said that he would be eternally grateful to me if I would take his place in the school, with the King to help me.
Meaintín dob’ eadh a bhean agus tháinig sí go dtí m’ mháthair agus dubhairt sí léi comhairle thabhairt domh-sa chun me ghríosach chun scoile faid a bheadh an máighistir breoite.	His wife was a dressmaker, and she came to my mother and told her to say a word in my ear and urge me to take the school so long as the master was ill.
“Agus má tá cuilt nó aon rud le déanamh agat déanfad duit é,” ar sise.	‘And if you have a quilt or anything else to make, I’ll make it for you,’ said she.
Do bhíos féin agus an Rí ’ár dhá múinteóir ar feadh mí agus, ní ’á bhreith as so é, ba bheirt sinn ná raibh le moladh, mar pé rud a bhí ’ár gcumas do dhéanamh ní leigfeadh an mí-fhoirtiún ná na crosa dhúinn é dhéanamh.	The King and I were a couple of teachers for a month, and—keep it dark—we were a pretty poor couple, for, whatever we might have done, the misfortune and the mischief kept us from doing it.
Do bhí balcairí láidre ar scoil an Bhlascaeid an uair úd agus ba mhó go mór a bhíodh clis agus cúirtéireacht ar siubhal againn ná dintiúirí an léighinn.	There were a lot of sturdy young things in the Blasket school in those days, and they paid more attention to playing pranks and courting than to making themselves experts in learning.
Ach pé scéal é do breacadh an mí amach ar an gcuma so gan bhuairt gan bhrón.	Anyhow we got through the month in this fashion, free of all trouble and care.
Ní fada ’n-a dhiaidh sin gur cailleadh an t-oide agus dúnadh an scoil arís agus do bhíos féin an Rí arís le chéile chun sealgaireacht i gcnoc agus ar a’ bhfairrge.	Soon after that the teacher died. The school was shut up again and the King and I were together once more, free to follow the chase on hill or sea.
Má bhí mianach an pheata ag baint liom-sa féin fós, toisc gur mhe an duine deirineach de’n ál, do bhí an mianach céadna insa Rí toisc gurbh’ é an chéad duine de’n ál é.	If I had a touch of the spoilt child in me still because I was the last of the litter, the King was the same way, because he was the first of the litter.
D’fhág san cead uilc is maitheasa againn nach mór.	For that reason we were free to do almost anything we liked, good or ill.
Maidean áirithe do ghluais sé chugham go moch.	One morning he came to me very early.
“Thug rud éigin thu comh moch so,” arsa mo mháthair leis.	‘You had some reason for coming so early,’ said my mother to him.
“Ragham a’ fiadhach,” ar seisean.	‘We’ll go hunting,’ said he.

“Tá an lá ana-bhreagh.	‘It’s a very fine day.
Tabharfam sciúird as so siar go Ceann Dubh agus b’fhéidir go mbeadh leath-dosaon coinín againn.	We’ll run from here to Black Head, and maybe we’ll get half a dozen rabbits.
Ca’il Tomás?	Where’s Tom?
’N-a chodladh fós, is dócha.”	Asleep still, I expect.’
“Iseadh go díreach,” ar sise.	‘That’s just what he is,’ said she.
“Táim annso, a bhuachaill,” arsa mise, mar d’aithnigheas a ghuth seachas guth aenne eile a bhíodh ag teacht fé’n dtigh.	‘Here I am, my lad,’ said I, for I knew his voice better than the voice of any of the visitors to our house.
“Preab id’ shuidhe agus ragham ag fiadhach,” ar seisean.	‘Jump up and we’ll be off hunting,’ said he.
“Ach níl gléas maith fiadhaigh agam,” arsa mise.	‘But I’ve nothing any good for hunting with,’ says I.
“Tá, a bhuachaill!” ar seisean, “tabharfad-sa an fireád liom.”	‘We have, my boy,’ said he. ‘I’ll bring the ferret with me.’
“Ach ní leigfear leat í, is baoghal,” arsa mise leis.	‘But I’m afraid they won’t let you have her,’ said I.
“Goidfead-sa í óm’ athair chríona,” ar seisean.	‘I’ll steal her from my grand-dad.’
Chuir mo mháthair mo chuid bídh chugham agus ní rabhas i bhfad ’á shlugadh agus an méid ná raibh oiriúnach le slugadh de do bhí an muileann go faobharúil chun na coda san—cliathán de chíste déanta de mhin bhuidhe ghairbh, láidir a dhóthain do chapall, gabhar buidhe agus liath-uisce bainne.	My mother gave me my breakfast, and I wasn’t long gulping it down, and what I couldn’t take at a gulp, I had a good mill to grind it down with —a slab of bread made of coarse Indian meal, hard enough for a horse, a scad, and water mixed with milk.
B’eo le ’chéile an bheirt againn.	Off we went, the two of us.
Buaileann seisean an fireád síos ’n-a bhrollach.	He stuffed the ferret down his chest.
Bhí dhá mhadra mhaithe againn agus ramhan agam-sa ar mo ghualainn.	We had two good dogs, and I carried a spade on my shoulder.
Chun cnuic linn go fuadrach.	We made up the hill at our best pace.
An uair a bhíomair i dtreo leis na coiníní do bhuail conaigéar linn.	When we came near the rabbits, we found a warren.
Do thairrig an Rí a fhiréad amach as a bhrollach, do chuir sreang léi agus do scaoil isteach í.	The King pulled out his ferret, tied a string to her and sent her in.
Do leath líon annsan ar gach poll a bhí ar an gconaigéar.	Then he stretched a net over each of the holes in the warren.

Níorbh’ fhada gur rop coinín amach ach do ghaibh an líon é go tapaidh.	Soon a rabbit rushed out and the net caught him at once.
Do dhein sé fuairnín se mar do bhí béal-shreang fé.	That settled him, for there was a running cord to it that made a pocket of it.
Do bhain amach as an líon é agus do chuir an líon ar tinneall arís mar do bhí cheana.	He picked him out of the net, and set it again as it had been before.
Ní raibh ach an méid sin déanta aige san am gur rop ceann eile amach i malairt poill.	That was no sooner done than another rabbit dashed out at another hole.
Níor ghaibh an firéad aniar nó gur chuir sí an ceann deiridh chughainn.	The ferret didn’t come back till she’d sent out the last of them to us.
Casann sí aniar nuair ná buailfidh aon ní eile léi.	The ferrets always come out when they can’t find any more.
Do bhí seacht cinn de sheibineacha coiníní curtha age’n bhfiréad chughainn as an bpoll san agus iad gabhtha age sna líonta.	Seven fine rabbits had been hunted out of the hole to us by the ferret and caught in the nets.
B’eo linn go dtí lanntán eile do bhí tamall uainn.	Off we went to another hunting ground some distance away.
Do scaoil sé isteach í agus do bhí sí tamall istigh sarar ghaibh aon ní amach.	The King sent the ferret in, and she stayed in a bit before anything came out.
Fé dheire do sháidh coinín mór láidir amach fé’n bpoll.	At last a big strong rabbit dashed out through the hole.
Do ghaibh an líon é ach do thairrig sé an staic a bhí ’á choimeád agus dob’ ’eo leis le fánaidh ach tháinig an dá mhadra suas leis.	The net caught him, but he pulled up the peg that held it, and off he went down the hill, but our two dogs soon caught him up.
An uair a bhí sé um árd an tráthnóna agus an ghrian ag tuitim siar do labhair an Rí:	When the evening was growing late and the sun sinking westwards, the King spoke:
“Ní fhéadfam na coiníní a thabhairt abhaile leis an ocras,” ar seisean.	‘We’ll never be able to carry the rabbits home for hunger,’ said he.
“N’fheaca aon fhear riamh d’fhear gharbh mar thu is túisce a thuiteann leis an ocras i gcomhnaidhe ná thu,” arsa mise leis, “agus tabharfad féin iad ar fad abhaile liom mara mbeidh a thuille ’gainn.”	‘I never saw a man of so strong a make as you so quickly overcome by hunger as you always are,’ said I, ‘and if we don’t get any more, I’ll carry the lot home.’

Do bhí dosaon go leith marbh an uair seo againn—beart maith—agus sinn beartaithe ar bheith ag tabhairt ár n-aghaidh ar a dtigh.	We'd killed a dozen and a half by this time—a fair load—and we were thinking of turning our faces homewards.
Bhí loma-chasóg agam féin agus póca maith mór uirthi ó'n dtaobh istigh agus do bhí cannta maith aráin insa phóca.	I had a coat with a big inside pocket and a large hunk of bread in the pocket.
Ní mise do chuir ann é ach mo mháthair.	It wasn't I that put it there, but my mother.
Dubhairt sí, is dócha, go raibh an lá fada agus go mbíonn na daoine óga géar-ghoileach, rud dob' fhíor di.	She thought, I suppose, that the day is so long and young people have good appetites, and she was right, too.
Do thairrigíos amach é, dheineas dhá leath dhe agus thugas a leath do'n Rí.	I pulled it out, tore it in two, and gave half to the King.
Ní raibh righte comh deacair a shásamh an uair úd agus táid anois.	Kings weren't as hard to satisfy in those days as they are to-day.
Do phramsáil sé siar é go milis agus deagh-bhlas aige air mar ná raibh a dhóthain aige dhe.	He crunched it down with great satisfaction, and it tasted good to him, for there wasn't enough of it for him.
An uair a bhí sé meilte siar aige do bhrath sé láidir é féin agus do chuir an firéad i bpoll is i dhá bpoll nó go raibh dosaon ag an nduine againn ag teacht abhaile agus an réilthín anáirde.	When he'd chewed it all up, he felt himself strong again, and he put the ferret into one hole after another till we had a dozen rabbits apiece when we came home with the stars shining over us.
VIII — MISE I mBUN TIGHE.	8 — Marriage.
Pósadh agus scaipeadh ar ár líntighe, "na fiagaithe tugadh go Béal Feirste," Paid Shéamais insa Daingean, an ruaim a cuireadh ar na cótaí.	OUR FAMILY SCATTERED · THE HUNTERS WHO WERE CARRIED OFF TO BELFAST · PATS HEAMISH IN DINGLE · THE DYESTUFF ON THE PETTICOATS
Do phós mo dhrifiúr Cáit. I dtigh beag ar an mbaile d'fhan sí.	My sister Kate married and went to live in a little house in the village.
Sealgaire maith fir aici.	Her husband was a good fisherman.
Is minic a choimeádainn fé uisce é agus maide rámha agam gach uair do bhíodh portáin uainn chun baighte.	I often held him down under water with an oar whenever we wanted crabs for bait.
Do choimeádas ró fhada lá é.	I kept him under too long one day.

Ní raibh ann ach an dé ar theacht ar barra dho agus dath gorm air, ach níor chuaidh ar mo chomraighe ó shin.	He was at his last breath when he came to the surface, and his face was blue. He never trusted himself to me again.
Ba chosúil leis an dtigh fhág Cáit an tigh gur chuaidh sí ann agus do bhíodh uibhe, leis, ’n-a dhrom.	The house Kate went to was just like the one she left—with eggs in the roof, too.
Paid Shéamais ainm an fhir mar Séamas Mór dob’ eadh ’athair.	Pats Heamish was her husband’s name, for his father was called Big James.
Do cheap Paid dul ’on arm sarar phós sé ach deireadh a athair leis—	Pats had a fancy for joining the Army before he married, but his father used to say to him:
“A Pháidín, a bhuachaill! an t-ualach sa chnoc ort,” á chur i n-iúl do go mbeadh air beagán ualaigh a bhreith leis.	‘Pats, my boy, think of the load on top of you!’—reminding him that he’d have to carry a bit of a burden.
An uair do bhíodh na bruidheannta agus an t-achrann age sna tuathaigh ar margadh is aonach do bhíodh Séamas Mór so ’n-a cheann ar bhuidhinn aca mar is ó Pharóiste an Fhirtéaraigh do shroich sé go dtí an t-oileán so.	When the country people used to brawl and fight at the markets and fairs, Big James was captain of one of the factions, for he came from Ballyferriter to this Island.
Bhíodar go maith chun gnóthaí tútach a dhéanamh ach ní rabhadar cliste.	They were good enough at rough work, but they weren’t handy.
Bhíodh neadacha na gcearc i ndíon an tighe ach níor chuaidh an cheard amú ar Cháit ná go dtéigheadh sí go minic ar a dtuairisc agus níorbh’ fhearr léi iad d’fhagháil sa chúib.	Kate used to climb on to the roof after the hens’ nests there, for she had the trick of it, and would just as soon look for them there as in the coop.
Caithfead iad d’fhágaint annsan anois ag cur ’s ag cúiteamh le chéile nó go dtabharfaidh mo scéal chúcha arís me.	I must leave them now to rub along together till my story brings me back to them again.
Do phós mo dhritheáir Paidí an bhliain i ndiaidh Cháit, cailín ó Dhúnchaoin—inghean figheadóra.	My brother Pats married the year after Kate. His wife was a girl from Dunquin, a weaver’s daughter.
Beirt mhac do bhí aca an t-am gur cailleadh í.	They had two boys by the time she died.
Ráithe bhí an ceann óg agus dob’ éigean dom mháthair bhocht gabháil fé é thógaint tar éis a h-áil féin.	The youngest was only three months old and my mother had to set about bringing him up when she’d finished with her own clutch.
Bhí Máire i Meirice fós, Nóra agus Eibhlín age baile.	Maura was still in America, and Nora and Eileen were at home.

Ní raibh fonn anall ar Mháire nó go mbeadh an bheirt sin thall ’n-a diaidh, rud a thuit amach. Is ró ghearr ’n-a dhiaidh sin gur chuir sí an costas go dtí iad.	Maura meant to stay across the water till the other two joined her, and so it fell out, for in a very short time she sent them the passage-money.
B’eo leo aon bhliain amháin.	They went off in the same year.
An uair a fuair sí na súile oscailte thall aca do bhí sí féin ag machtnamh ar ghluaiseacht mar do bhí an garsún mic di i bhfus fós agus theastuigh uaithe a cheart a bhaint amach do agus di féin agus dlí a chur ar an úncail do chuir as seilbh iad.	As soon as she saw that they had their eyes open in the New World, she began to think of moving, for her boy was still in Ireland, and she wanted to get his rights for him, and her own rights too, and to have the law of the uncle who had turned them out.
Do bhain sí amach an Blascaod i ndeire an fhoghmhair agus gairid do chéad púnt ’n-a bóthar.	She reached the Blasket at the end of harvest, having nearly a hundred pounds with her.
Níorbh ’fhada do bhí Máire i bhfus an t-am gur chuir sí an dlí ar bun agus fé’n am gur stad sí de’n úncail—dritheáir a céile—níor mhór an luach é.	No sooner had she reached home than she set the law in motion, and by the time she’d done with the uncle—her husband’s brother—he wasn’t worth much.
Fuair sí féin fagháltas agus an méid do gearradh do’n mac do cuireadh ’on bhannc é.	She got something herself, and the money that was adjudged to the son was put in the bank.
Níorbh’ fhada ar fad gur phrioc an bheach í féin chun pósadh ath-uair.	Before long the bee stung her, and she began to think of marrying again.
Balcaire teann téagartha d’fhear óg gan faic na ngrást aige ach an t-éadach agus gan san féin ró mhaith aige.	A tight young fellow, stout and strong, was the man she chose, with nothing in the world but his clothes, and they not too good.
Do chuireadar suas tigh beag nua dóibh féin agus bhíodar ag breacadh leo ar nós gach nduine.	They built a tiny little new house for themselves and jogged along like anybody else.
Sealgaire maith dob’ eadh an balcaire agus dar ndóigh do mhairfeadh sí féin mar a mairfeadh an coinín nó aon duine a chonnaic Meirice ná thug aon tamall ann.	The young fellow was a good fisherman, and, as for her, she could live where a rabbit could—like all the rest who had seen America or spent any time there.
An uair a tháinig an mac san aois agus é mór do chuaidh sé féin go dtí an Talamh Úr.	

Níorbh ’fhada gur phrioc an bheach mo dhritheáir Paidí agus ná feadair aenne cá raibh sé nó go raibh sé leath-bhágh siar go Meirice, an dá ghárlach age m’ mháthair,	Not long afterwards the bee stung my brother Pats, and before anybody knew where he was, he was half-way across to America, leaving the two young ones to my mother.
m’ athair scoth-chríona agus gan de mharc aca insa deire chun an bhotháin do choimeád ach an peata—mise.	My father was well on in years, and there was nobody left now for them to count on to keep the little house going but the spoilt child—myself.
Féach gur gairid do bhí an ruaig ’á chur ó chéile orainn.	You see how soon we were scattered!
An sult, an greann, an caitheamh-aimsire do bhíodh ar siubhal againn roim biadh, am bidh, tar éis bídh, imithe;	The merriment, the jokes, the fun that never ceased—before meals, at meals, and after meals—it was all gone now,
agus anois gan faic ann ach glór na caillighe bhéal-dorais agus sámsaireacht Thomáis Mhaoil;	and not a sound was to be heard but the voice of the old hag opposite and the droning of Bald Tom:
ach “ba mhaith iad san féin ann,” mar deireadh an fear le Cuan Cromdha.	but, ‘it was some comfort that even they were there’, as the man said of Cuan Croumha.
“Mhuise, beannacht Dé le h-anman do mharbh!” arsa mo mháthair oidhche le Tomás Maol, “an bhfuil aon chur síos agat ar na fiagaithe ó’n oileán a tugadh go Béal Feirste?”	‘Wisha, God’s blessing on the souls of your dead!’ said my mother to Tom one night. ‘Have you the tale to tell of the hunters from the Island who were taken to Belfast?’
“Is ait a’ fiafraighe é sin féin agus m’athair féin sa treis,” arsa Tomás.	‘That’s a strange question to ask me, considering that my father was mixed up in that affair,’ said Tom.
“Mhuise, beannacht Dé leat!” ar sise.	‘Wisha, God bless you!’ said she.
“Bhí, a mhic ó!	‘He was, I tell you.
Thug sé cheithre lá déag ó’n dtigh go h-annródhach.	He spent a fortnight away from home in misery.
Bhíos beag an uair sin ach is cuimhin liom go maith nár cheapas gurbh é m’athair riamh é nuair a tháinig sé thar n-ais.	I was a little chap in those days, but I remember perfectly that I couldn’t believe it was my own father when he came back.
Lán báid aca a chuaidh chomh fada siar leis an Mullach Reamhar lá breagh gréine i mbád go raghaidís ag fiadhach ar choiníní.	There was a boat’s crew of them that went as far back along the Island as the Mullach Rour one fine, sunny day in a boat to hunt rabbits.
D’fhágadar an bád i gcuas ann agus chuadar ar thóir na gcoiníní sa chnoc.	They left the boat in a creek there and went after the rabbits on the hill.

Ní fada dhóibh go bhfeacadar an long an súnda adtuaidh agus cuma uirthi go raibh sí ar mí-ghléas.	Before long they saw a ship coming through the Sound from the north, and she looked as though there was something wrong with her.
Seo leo 'on bhád agus chuadar ar a bórd;	They hurried down to their boat and went on board;
agus b'fhearra dhóibh ná raghaidís.	and they'd have done better to stay where they were.
Do réir deáraimh bhí cuid mhaith de'n bhfuirinn i n-easnamh ar an gcaptaen.	It appears that the captain had a very short crew.
Alfraits rógaire dob eadh é agus ní raibh a mhalairt de dheáramh air.	He was a thorough rascal, and looked it.
Ní túisce bhíodar so tagaithe as an mbád ar chlár na luinge ná thairrig sé gunna chuige agus do dhírigh ortha é.	No sooner had they left their boat and gone on deck than he seized a gun and pointed it at them.
Chaith sé téadán báid an oileáin i bhfairrge agus scaoil sé leis an sruth í agus ní leigfeadh sé 'on bhád iad chun teacht abhaile.	He flung the Island-boat's rope into the sea and let her go with the tide, and prevented them from getting into the boat to go home.
Chuir sé iachall ortha a raibh do sheolta aige a chur anáirde agus do shéid an oidhche thar meón.	He forced them to hoist all his sails for him, and the night blew up into a violent gale.
Thug sé chomh fada le h-íochtar na h-Éireann de'n scríb sin iad — comh fada agus bhí sé féin ag dul agus dá mbeadh sé ag dul a fhaid eile.	He carried them as far as the north of Ireland—as far as he was going himself, and if he'd been going farther, he would have taken them farther, too.
Chuir sé go tigh ósta annsúd iad agus d'fhág sé fógra ag bean a' tighe ar a cluais iad san a bheith aici dho féin ar theacht thar n-ais do.	'He lodged them in an inn there, and ordered the hostess to have them there when he came back or she'd hear about it.
D'éaluigh fear aca ó'n gcuid eile, athair Shéamais Mhuair, agus níor thaisteal aenne riamh trí Éire is mó do fuair annródh ná é gan bróg ar a chois ná éadach ar a chorp ach an t-ocras agus an fuacht ag gabháil lastuas do agus an scannradh 'n-a theannta san air ar eagla go mbeadh bertha air ó am go h-am.	One of them left the others by stealth—Big James's father—and no man that ever travelled through Ireland suffered as he did, without a shoe to his foot or any clothes to speak of, but hunger and cold vexing him and terror on the top of that, he was so afraid of being arrested from moment to moment.

“Nuair a fuair an Captaen réidh é féin do cuireadh dlí ortha agus do bhíodar daor innte agus ní raibh tuiscint aca insa scéal ná tuiscint ag aenne ionnta mar ná raibh aon Bhéarla aca ach focail a bhí ag athair Dhuinnshléi’.	When the captain was ready he had them charged in court and condemned. They didn’t understand what was going on, and nobody understood them, for they had no English, only Dunlevy’s father knew a word or two.
“Do raghadh príosún ortha mara mbeadh duine uasal a ghlac do láimh iad.	They would have gone to jail if it hadn’t been for a gentleman who stood their friend.
Do chualaidh sé an t-allagar go léir agus é ag gabháil thar brághaid tighe na cúirte agus do chuir sé cúntas ar shlataire do bhí i mbéal a’ dorais cad é fáth na geonach.	He heard all the talk going on as he passed the court-house, and he asked a youngster in the doorway what all the row was about.
D’innis an slataire dho mar bhí agus cad as iad.	He told him what it was and where the men had come from.
Captaen airm dob’ eadh an duine uasal agus b’é Ciarraighe a áit dúthchais.	The gentleman was a captain in the Army, a native of Kerry.
Do chuaidh sé do’n ráib sin isteach ’na measc agus b’éigeant an chúis a tharrac anuas aríst agus le cabhair an duine uasail do nochtadh an fhírinne i dtaobh ropaire na luinge dhon mbreitheamh.	He went in at once to where they were, and, with the gentleman’s help, the whole truth about the villainous captain was explained to the judge.
B’éigean do dachad púnt a chur amach ar an mbórd agus fiacha an bháid a chaill sé ’n-a theannta, deich bpúint eile.	He was condemned to pay down forty pounds on the table and the value of the boat he’d destroyed, ten pounds more.
“B’éigean do’n gcéad fhear é shiubhal aníos go léir agus ní mór ab’ fhiú é nuair a bhain sé an t-oileán amach.	‘The man who had started out first was forced to walk all the way from the north, and he wasn’t worth much when he reached the Island.
Duine bocht muirearach dob’ eadh é agus ó’n uair gur bhuail an t-eagla é ní raibh leigheas aige air ach teicheadh nuair a fuair sé an lom air.	He was a poor man with a large family, and, once the fear was upon him, he had no choice but to bolt as soon as he got the chance.
Is minic a chuala m’athair ’á rádh go gcuirfeadh gach nduine aca insa tsiubhal comh maith leis mara mbeadh gur dheineadar comhairle má bheadh aon chao’ bogaithe ’ca gur le seasamh suas é cé go mbeadh an captaen ar a thoil dá gcuirfeadh gach nduine aca chun siubhail.	I often heard my father say that the whole lot of them would have done as he did if it hadn’t been that they agreed among themselves that their only chance of escape was to stand fast, though the captain would have been just as pleased if they’d all gone off.

Siúd is go ndubhairt sé le bean a’ tighe iad a choimeád os a gcomhair sin dubhairt sé a mhalairt laistiar dóibh léi—má chuirfidís chun imeacht scaoileadh leo, mar ní raibh sé i mbun faic eile dhéanamh leo ach iad a chur bun os cionn ar aon táille thabhairt dóibh;	Although he told the landlady to keep them fast when he was speaking in front of them, he told her a different story behind their backs: to let them go if they showed any sign of escaping, for all he wanted was to get off paying them any wages;
agus ní mór ná gur bhuaidh sé an cluiche ortha.”	and he came very near to winning the trick.’
“Mhuise faid saoghail chughat,” arsa mo mháthair a bhí ag éisteacht leis an scéal comh maith le duine.	‘Wisha, long life to you!’ said my mother, who had been listening to the tale as eagerly as anybody.
Ní raibh fhios faic againn nó gur bhuail Paidí an doras isteach chughainn anall ó Mheirice, agus gan é ann ach bliain agus gan air ach an t-éadach agus gan san féin ró mhaith air.	Before we knew, Pats came in at the door, back from America, with nothing but his clothes, and poor clothes at that.
Is dócha gur duine eile do shín a lámh leis sin féin chuige.	I fancy somebody else had lent him the money to buy even them.
Do cheapamair go mbeadh sé i rith a shaoghail aríst ’n-a leanán sidhe againn ach ní mar a síltear a bítear go minic agus dob’ ’in ionbhadh age Paidí é.	We expected that he’d stay to keep us company for the rest of his life, but expectations are often disappointed, and that’s how it was with Pats.
Insan Earrach do bhí chughainn tháinig gairm-scoile ó’n áit thall arís air féin agus ar a bheirt chlainne.	The very next spring came a call from across the water for himself and his two children.
D’fhreagair iad go tapaidh.	He answered the call at once.
Do bhuail chuige ar a bhaclainn an gearrcach óg gan é ach ag siubhal agus do choimeád ar a bhaclainn é nó gur bhain sé amach an áit thall.	He took up the little one, who could only just walk, in his arms, and kept him there till he got across.
Bhí an garsún eile cruaidh.	The other boy was strong enough.
Do chrom sé ar bheith ag díol as an mbeirt agus as féin, gach lá ag obair go cruaidh agus thug deich mbliana ar a gcuma san.	Pats started in to pay their way and his own, working hard every day, and he spent ten years thus.
Tar éis an méid sin blian do thabhairt, agus gan taom chinn agus gan teip lae oibre air, ní raibh aon phúnt amháin féin spártha aige.	After all those years, though he’d never had so much as a headache or missed a single day’s work, he hadn’t saved a single pound.

Fear árd lom dob’ eadh é, dúil san obair aige agus do dhéanfadh sé oiread le beirt.	He was a tall, spare man, who had a passion for work, and he could do as much work as two men.
Sin é an fáth ná raibh easnamh aon lae amháin oibre i Meirice air faid a bhí sé ann.	That’s the reason he was never in want of work for a day all the time he was in America.
Ní ceal ná go mbíodh daoine gan obair go minic i rith an téarma úd ann ach do choimeádadh an saoiste an fear ab’ fhearr ar na fir dheire, agus dob’ shin ionbhadh age Paidí é.	Of course, men were unemployed often enough in that period of time, but the ganger used to keep the best man to the last, and that was always Pats’s lot.
Do bhí triúr de’n ál againn i bhfus agus triúr thall.	Three of the family were at home now and three overseas.
Do bhí an bheirt aosta ag braith ar an bpeata an uair seo agus gan sa bhothán againn ach an triúr.	The old pair had to look to the pet now when there were only the three of us in the cabin.
Bhíos glan fiche bliain an uair seo agus do bhíomair ag déanamh go maith ar feadh tamaill.	I was a good twenty years old at this time, and we did very well for some time.
Mise ’á chomáint chun margaidh gach uair go dtí Daingean Uí Chúise, uaireannta de thalamh agus uaireannta eile tré bhágh mhór fhada an Daingin.	I used always to do marketing in Dingle, going sometimes by land and sometimes through the whole length of Dingle Bay.
Bhíodh muca uaireannta againn, iasc, caoirigh agus mar sin dúinn, breac-uair beithíoch agus olann.	Occasionally we had pigs with us, or fish, or sheep, and so on, and now and again a bullock or a load of wool.
Na chéad turais go rabhas ag dul ann do bhíodh iongnadh ar an gcuid eile an uair a bhínn ag áireamh na dtighthe dóibh mar dh’innseadh an clár amuich dom cé bhíodh istigh.	On my first visits there I used to surprise the other men when I named the houses, for the sign outside told me who lived there.
Do bhíos lá ann agus do bhí Paid Shéamais, fear mo dhriféar Cáit, i n-éineacht liom agus sinn i dtreo a chéile i rith an lae.	I was in Dingle one day with Pats Heamish, my sister’s husband, and we kept together all day long.
Fear dob’ eadh é ná beadh gloine de’n uisce beathadh i bhfad idir lámha aige, nó piúnt leanna duibhe, gan iad a scaoileadh siar ach ní fhuair sé aon bhlas milis riamh ar an gceann a cheannochadh sé féin, agus ba mhór an seódh leis go bpriocfadh fear eile insa chúl é chun ceann leis féin d’ól.	He was the sort of man that couldn’t keep a glass of whisky or a pint of porter long between his hands without pouring them down him, and he never enjoyed the taste of anything he paid for with his own money, but liked it well when another man jogged him in the back to have one with him.
Sé críoch agus deire na mbeart é gur ghaibh an deoch lastuas ar fad an lá san de. Dhein sé roileán ar fad de.	The upshot of it all was that the drink got the upper hand of him entirely that day and made a complete scatterbrain of him.

Níor fhág sé aon tsamhailt céille aige ach oiread leis an chéad uair a chrom sé ar lámhncán tar éis an cliabhán d'fhágaint do.	It didn't leave a stim of sense in him any more than he had on the day he first began to crawl after leaving the cradle.
Ó bhí sé de'n tubaist orm nár shéan é sara raibh sé as a meabhair ar fad ní raibh aon ghnó agam éirghe as san am so agus é leigeant fé bholg na gcapall.	And since I hadn't had the luck to leave him before he went right out of his mind, I couldn't clear out now and leave him under the horses' bellies.
Uim árd an tráthnóna sa tSráid Mheánach dúinn, sluagh daoine síos suas, cuid aca ag teacht fé n-ár mbrághaid go raibh aithne aca orainn ag fáiltiú aniar ó'n Oileán romhainn.	Late in the evening we were in Main Street. There were crowds of people sauntering up and down, and some of them would come up to us now and then, acquaintances of ours, to welcome us in from the Island.
Is amhlaidh ar deire gur éirigh an fear eile gránna:	He turned nasty at last.
"Cad as an paca diabhal san?" adeireadh sé.	'Where's this gang of devils from?' he kept saying.
"Sí an chainnt an chuid is fearr díbh.	'Talk's the best part of you.
Ní deoch a bheadh le fagháil uaibh comh maith sin.	It isn't as easy to get a drink out of you.
Daoine bochta muinnteartha annso spallta ó'n dtart!" Gan mhagadh ná bréag do bhí an fhírinne ag teacht uaidh ach cad é an mhaith sin, bíonn an fhírinne féin searbh uaireannta.	And your poor friends here parched with thirst!' Sure enough he was telling the truth, but what was the good! The truth itself is bitter sometimes.
Do bhí snaidhmeanna ar mo chroidhe ag éisteacht le n-a chuid allagair gan deáramh ach cad a bhí agam le déanamh ach iad a bhrúghadh ar m'aigne.	It gave me a stitch in the heart to listen to his pointless babble, but what could I do but keep it to myself.
Uaireannta thagadh beirt phóilíní 'ár dtreo agus thagadh áthas orm go mbéarfaidís ar chluais air chun é thógaint uaim agus é chur i n-áit a choinneochadh é nó go mbeadh a mheabhair go maith aige;	Every now and then a brace of peelers would come our way, and I'd cheer up, thinking that they'd take him by the ear and relieve me of him, and put him safe somewhere till he recovered his senses.
ach faid a bhraitheadh sé iad san timcheall thabharfadh aon duine an leabhar gur chléireach sagairt é bheadh sé comh oiriúnach san nó go mbraithfeadh sé glan as an áit sin iad.	But so long as he saw them in the neighbourhood you'd take your oath that he was a parish clerk, he'd behave himself so well till they were clean out of sight.
Ní bheadh fir an Rí ach glan leo nuair a bheadh a hata raidithe insa spéir aige agus gan aon fhear seoidh ar an sráid ach é.	But the moment the King's men had cleared off, up would go his hat in the air and he'd be the merriest man in the street again.

Thagadh fear suas chun clabhta a thabhairt do, mar ’dheadh, ach is amhlaidh a thugadh súd póg do.	Some fellow would come up and let on to fetch him a clout, but Pats would give him a kiss.
Seadh, do bhí san go maith agus ní raibh go h-olc agus d’á olcas mar bhíonn age duine uaireannta, dar leis, d’fhéadfadh an scéal a bheith níos measa go minic agus d’á aitheacht mar chaitheas-sa an lá leis an rógaire seo is fós do bhí na bearta cruadha ar fad romham.	Well, things were very well and not so bad; and bad as a man’s case is sometimes, things can be worse often enough, and oddly though I spent the day with the rascal, the worst of all was yet to come.
Do chuir sé a lámh ’n-a phóca agus do thairrig sé aníos a phíp, ceann cré agus gan innte ach an chailc.	He shoved his hand in his pocket and pulled out his pipe, with its clay bowl, and nothing in it but chalk.
“A Mhuire! níl aon bhlúire tobac fós agam,” ar seisean.	‘ I haven’t a thread of tobaccy,’ said he.
“Téanam isteach insa ti’ muair sin thall, bíonn tobac maith ann.”	‘Come into this big shop here—they’ve got good tobaccy.’
“Dhera, beidh tobac le fagháil insa siopaí atá romhainn siar agus ná bac leis a’ dtí’ sin,” arsa mise leis.	‘Yerra, we can get good tobaccy in the shops on our way home,’ said I to him.
“Dá mbeinn thiar do bheinn ag teacht aniar go dtí an tobac maith atá sa ti’ seo,” ar seisean.	‘Don’t trouble about this one.’ ‘If I was there I should be coming back here after the good tobaccy they keep in this shop,’ said he.
Níl aon duine ar an dtalamh adéarfadh go raibh aon bhraon dighe ’n-a chorp faid a bhí allagar an tobac ar siubhal aige.	There’s not a living soul that would say that he had a drop of drink in his body while he was jabbering about the tobacco.
Bhí ’fhios agam ná tógfadh sé gob ná sciathán díom agus b’eo linn treasna na sráide.	I knew that he wouldn’t listen to a word I said, and off we went across the street.
Craobh de chualacht stróinséartha dob eadh an tigh mór, le muinntir Atkins, go raibh gach sórt ’á dhíol ann.	The big shop was a branch of a company from another part—Atkins’s—selling all sorts of goods.
Tigh breagh ornáideach dob eadh é.	It was a fine, handsome shop.
Do bhí deilbh mná ar chathaoir idir an dá chúntúirt ann, toirt aon mhná tuaithe innti agus a h-aghaidh ar an ndoras.	There was a model of a woman standing on a chair between the two counters facing the doorway, as bulky as any woman of the countryside.
Ar dhul thar doras isteach dom dhuine do bhain de a hata ag beannú do’n mnaoi:	When my man was coming through the door, he swept off his hat in greeting to the woman!
“Dia ’s Muire dhuit, a Mháighistreás Arcins!” ar seisean.	‘Good day, Mrs. Atkins!’ says he.

Sin é an carrbhal is mó do bhain amach sult i nDaingean Uí Chúise ó bhí an droch-shaoghal ann.	Ever since the days of the great famine no speech has caused so much laughter in Dingle as that.
Ní raibh fear ó aon áird istigh ná gur thuit fuar marbh le snaidhmeanna gáiridhe do bhuail gach nduine aca, fir oibre an tighe agus na h-uachtaráin comh maith, ar chloisint cainnt an fhir bhaoith dhóibh.	There wasn’t a man from anywhere in the shop that didn’t drop stone-dead, every one of them, writhing with laughter, shopmen and masters alike, when they heard what the fool said.
Dá mbeadh deáramh an iomarca dighe air cad é an tábhacht cad a dhéanfadh nó cad déarfadh a leithéid; ach is air ná raibh sé.	If there had been the faintest trace of too much drink on him, none of them would have given a thought to what a man in that state said or did; but he showed no sign of it.
Do bhí an oidhche ag druidim linn agus an méid eile ó’n oileán do bhí insa bhaile mór ag ciorrú an bhóthair abhaile ach níorbh aon mhaith san do thagairt leis seo.	Night was coming down on us by this time, and the rest of the Islanders in the town were making their best speed home, but it was no good telling him that;
Is mó do bhí sé toilteannach gabháil soir ná gabháil siar;	he would sooner have gone east than west,
agus chun na fírinne a rádh is soir is mó d’oirfeadh do dul mar is soir do bhí tigh na ngealt agus dob’ ’in é an áit is mó do bhí ag oiriúint do an lá úd.	and, in fact, that’s the way he should have gone, for it was the way to the madhouse, and that was the best place for him that day.
An uair d’fhágamair an tigh mór do bhí na soillse ’á lasadh agus níorbh’ fhada uaidh do bhíomair nuair adubhairt sé:	When we left the big shop they were lighting the lamps, and we hadn’t gone far when he said:
“Ní féidir liom-sa dul a thuille, a Thomáis,” ar seisean.	‘I can’t go any farther, Tom,’ says he.
“Dhera, cad tá a’ teacht anois leat?” arsa mise.	‘Yerra, what’s wrong with you now?’
“Táim titithe leis an ocras agus tá tart, leis, orm.”	‘I’m dropping with hunger, and I’m thirsty, too.’
“Nár cheapas ná raibh an dá ghalar i n-éineacht ar aenne riamh.”	‘Sure I thought nobody suffered from the two plagues at once.’
“Táid siad orm-sa, ar mh’anam, mhuise!”	‘Well, ‘pon my soul, I’ve got them both now!’
Thógas liom é agus bhaineas amach tigh an bhidh leis.	I carried him off with me to a place where we could get something to eat.
Cheapas ná raibh a dhóthain bidh istigh, ach do bhí.	I thought they hadn’t enough food for him in the house, but they had.
Ní dhéanfadh sé franncach ar chaith sé de.	What he ate wouldn’t have kept a rat going.

Do chuaidh a chodladh agus n'fheadair aenne ciaca beo nó marbh é go dtí n-a deich amáireach.	He went to bed, and nobody knew whether he was alive or dead till ten o'clock next morning.
Tar éis trí lá do bheith ó'n dtigh agam de dheascaibh Phaid Shéamais— Paid an diabhail bhuidhe, go maithidh Dia dhom a rádh—do bhí raicc ar siubhal go tiugh timcheall an Bhlascaeid.	When I got back home, after three days away because of Pats Heamish —Pats, the devil's own (God forgive me for calling him that)—there was a lot of wreckage afloat round the Island
Do bhí gach sórt raice ann, adhmad agus boscaí móra lán go béal.	—all sorts of flotsam, timber and huge boxes full to the brim.
Ní raibh fhios ag aenne cad é an sórt stuife an rud a bhí is na boscaí an uair a briseadh iad.	Nobody recognised the stuff in the boxes when they broke them open.
Bhrisidís na boscaí agus bheiridís leo abhaile iad tar éis a mbíodh ionnta a chaitheamh uatha.	They kept breaking them up and carrying them home after throwing away all their contents.
Nuair a chonnaic na h-oileánaigh nárbh aon mhaith dhóibh an earradh a bhí ins na boscaí sin do bhíodar 'á scaoileadh thársta sa bhfairrge nuair a thárluigheadh aon rud eile leo.	When the Islanders saw that they could make no use of the goods in the boxes, they let the sea carry them past when anything else came their way.
Níor thug ach roinnt bheag daoine aon bhosca lán abhaile leis.	
Cótaí dubha a bhíodh ar mhná an uair úd—plainín. Chuiridís dath air— bhód.	The women wore black flannel petticoats in those days, and they used to dye them with woad.
Bhíodh ruaim roimis an ndubh air agus cad deire le bean tighe aca go raibh dhá chóta le ruamadh aice ná gur bheartuigh sí ar an stuif, a bhí sa bhosca thug a fear leis, chun iad a ruamadh.	They used to dip them first before they put the dark dye-stuff on them, and, only think! one of the housewives who had two petticoats to dip, got the idea of using the stuff in one of these boxes her husband brought for the first dipping.
Bhí sé tugtha fé ndeara aici go dtagadh dath as an stuif nuair a fliuchtaí é.	She had noticed that a colour came out of the stuff when it was damped.
Má dhein sí an beartú san do chuaidh sí chun cinn leis agus níorbh aon ghnó breallach a dhein sí dhe mar níor cuireadh riamh ruaim ar chóta do bhí chomh dulta síos leis.	When once she had the idea, she carried it out, and it was a complete success, for no colouring matter ever went so deep into a petticoat as that did.
Do theasbáin an bhean so a saothar do bhean eile agus do bhean eile agus níor náireach di é mar do rith a gnó go feillebhinn léi.	She showed what she had done to one woman after another, and she'd no cause to be ashamed, for she had done the trick properly.

“Nach mór an diabhal fir nár thug aon ghráinne chun an tighe dhi chugham-sa,” arsa báiléar mná do chonnaic na cótaí ruamtha, “agus dhá chóta istigh le ráithe agam agus a gcuid datha gan aon ruaim;	‘What a godforsaken man I have!’ said a railing woman who saw the petticoats prepared for the dye. ‘He never brought a grain of it to the house for me, and I have had two petticoats in the house for three months with nothing to ready them for dyeing.
agus ní bheidh sé a d’ionntaoibh leis ach a bhfaghad-sa chun mo láimhe é,” ar sise.	I wouldn’t give much for him when once I get my hands on him.’
“I gcúntas an tsaoghail,” arsan bhean eile léi, “leig do féin,” ar sise.	‘For heaven’s sake,’ says the other woman to her, ‘let him alone.’
Níorbh’ fhada do bhí an báiléar mná so age baile san am gur tháinig an fear ó’n gcnoc agus paca mór móna aige.	The woman hadn’t been home long when her man came down from the hill carrying a huge sack of turf.
“An diabhal, a Shiobhán, go bhfuil snáithíní an droma tairricthe aige asam,” ar seisean.	‘Devil take it, Joan! I’ve strained every sinew in my back,’ says he.
Do cheap sé go ndéanfadh sí truagh dho, dar ndóigh; ach ní h-amhlaidh do bhí aige ach a mhalairt.	He thought that she would sympathize with him, you see, but she did the other thing.
“Mo lá go dealbh, nár chuir sé cnámh do láirce as ionad!” ar sise,	‘Sorrow on the day, I wish it had put your thigh out!’ says she.
“mar is fada buidhe go dtabharfá chun na cistean paca ba luachmhaire ná é; ”	‘For it’s a long day before you’d bring a richer sack than that to my kitchen.’
agus bhí coinneal ’n-a radharc ’á rádh.	And her eyes were blazing as she said it.
“Dhera, n’fheadar cathain d’fhágas amuich aon phaca gurbh’ fhiú é thabhairt abhaile,” ar seisean.	‘Yerra, I can’t remember when I left outside any sack that was worth bringing home,’ says he.
“Dhera, ’dhiabhail, nár fhágais stuif na mboscaí id’ dhiaidh, a dhéanfadh mo chótaí a ruamadh dhom atá istigh le ráithe ag brath leis,” ar sise.	‘Yerra, you devil, didn’t you leave the stuff in the boxes behind you, and it would have readied the petticoats,’ says she, ‘I’ve had waiting for it these three months.’
“Tá paiseón ort, a bhean bheag,” ar seisean.	‘You’re in a temper, little woman,’ says he.
“Ní h-iongantas dom san agus trí bhosca mhóra lán insa tigh seo thiar di agus gan pins agam-sa a chaithfinn leis an gcirc di,” arsan bhean.	‘And no wonder, when she’s got three great boxes of it in that house over there and I haven’t a pinch I could throw to the chickens,’ says she.

“Is cuma dhuit-se cad tá agat ná uait mar taoi as do chéill glan,” arsan fear léi.	‘It’s no matter what you have or haven’t, for you’re clean beside yourself,’ says her husband.
“Ó! beagán rath ort, rud atá ort nó ar aenne atá id’ threo!” ar sise,	‘O! ill luck to you, and ill luck is what you have and anybody that’s near you!’ says she;
“agus an chluas a bhaint díom-sa go mbeidh barra na mboscaí úd ag an bhfear a thug leis iad;	‘and lop the ears off me if the man who brought home those boxes doesn’t get the fruit of them;
agus ná raibh droch-earradh riamh i mbosca comh h-ornáideach leis—bosca a bhí siúndálta ó’n dtaobh istigh agus é comh geal le scillin’, le luadh ’n-a thimcheall.”	surely such fine boxes never had bad stuff in them—each box lined all round inside with lead as bright as a shilling.’
Fear breagh so-ranna dob’ eadh fear an tighe ach an uair a chuir sí an t-olc go léir air do chuaidh sé chun cinn leis an mbáiléar.	The husband was a fine, easy-going man, but, when she put him in a passion, he went for the railer.
Lá de’n tseachtain a bhí chughainn thug an bhean so turus eile ar bhean na gcótaí;	One day in the next week this woman visited the woman who had dyed the petticoats again;
agus do bhíodar aici gan cháim;	and they were still perfect.
ach do bhí scéal nua eile aici dhi i dtaobh na stuife agus d’innis di an tairbhe eile do bhí aici ’á bhaint aisti—go raibh dhá shutha muice aici agus go rabhadar ag fagháil bháis leis an ngorta	She had another story to tell about the stuff, and another use she was making of it—she had two ravenous pigs that were dying of hunger,
ach ó chrom sí ar bheith ag beirbhiú na stuife dhóibh agus dorn mine do chaitheamh uirthi go rabhadar amuich insa bhuaile agus a mbolg anáirde, “agus is geairrid go mbeid siad reamhar glan,” ar sise.	and since she’d started boiling the stuff for them, mixed with a handful of meal, they lay at their ease, belly-upwards, in the yard. ‘And pretty soon they’ll be fine and fat,’ says she.
“Mhuise, milleadh ’s meath ar a’ bhfear nár thug gráinne chun an tighe dhi,” arsan báiléar mná, “agus dhá sculartach muice ar an dteinteán agam agus iad i reachtaibh na leanbh a dh’ithe leis an ocras, gan ionnta ach na cnámha agus an croiceann agus iad nach mór bliain d’aois.”	‘Wisha, ruin and decay on the man that never brought home a grain of it,’ says the railing woman, ‘and I have two famishing pigs ready to eat the children for hunger—all skin and bone though they’re nearly a year old.’

“Dhera,” arsan bhean eile, “ó tá an scéal imithe anois ná leig ort gurb oth leat é.” An uair a bhain an ropaire mná so an tigh amach dob’ fhada léi gur tháinig a fear chun é throid.	‘Yerra,’ says the other woman, ‘since the thing’s done now, don’t give it away that you mind.’ When this villain of a woman got home, she was spoiling for a fight, and grudged every minute till her husband came home.
Níor fhág sí thíos ná thuas air é.	She dressed him up and down.
“Dhera,” ar seisean, “nach mó duine nach mise do chaith uaidh í.”	‘Yerra,’ says he, ‘I’m not the only man, by a long chalk, that threw it away.’
“Ná an diabhal duine ach mara raibh ’madán eile mar thu féin,” ar sise.	‘Devil a one except some fool like yourself,’ says she.
Do chuir sí chun feirge é insa deire gurbh éigean do’n gcomharsain teacht fé dhéin a gcosanta fé dheire.	She made him so savage in the end that the neighbours had to come and separate them.
Lar na mháireach do phrioc fear an tighe suas é féin.	Next morning the husband bestirred himself.
Leig sé air gur ag soláthar mine chun na muc a bhí sé ag dul go Daingean Uí Chúise.	He pretended that he was going to Dingle to get meal for the pigs.
Thug sé ball éadaigh ó dhuine agus ball ó dhuine eile agus níor stad gur bhain amach an baile mór.	He borrowed bits of clothes from this man and that, and never stopped till he reached the town.
Thug daoine muinnteardha éigin costas an bhóthair do agus níor chas riamh ó shin.	Some relations paid his fare, and he’s never come back since.
Té ab eadh bhí ’sna boscaí úd. Dob’ é an chéad té a tháinig ’on Oileán é.	The stuff in those boxes was tea—the first that ever came to the Island.
D’aithneochaimís go maith anois é.	We should know it well enough now.
IX — An Rón.	9 — Gathering Seaweed.
Ag bailiú feamnaighe, an rón sa chladach, an troid, marbhú an róin an chos ghonta, soláthar an leighis.	THE SEAL ON THE BEACH · THE FIGHT · KILLING THE SEAL · THE WOUND IN MY LEG · FETCHING THE CURE
Is cuimhin liom maidean a thugas aghaidh chun na trágha.	One morning, I remember, I set my face to the shore.
Aimsir leasaithe dob eadh í.	It was the season when we were getting seaweed for manure.
Do bhíos go lán-mhoch agus píce breagh nua agam chun má bhuailfeadh aon dornán feamnaighe liom í bhailiú leis.	I was bright and early, and had a fine, new fork with me for gathering any handful of weed that should come my way.

An uair a shroicheas barr an chladaigh do bhuaileas mo bhrollach ar mhaolchlaidhe beag do bhí ann ach ní raibh gealas a dhóthain ann chun aon rud d'fheiscint ó bharra, agus ó'n uair ná raibh thugas an dá sháil le fánaidh nó gur shroicheas an grean.	When I came to the cliff above the strand, I leant with my breast against a little round-topped fence there, but there wasn't light enough to see anything from the top, and, that being so, I made my best speed down till I came to the pebbles.
Do bhí beagán feamnaighe tirm ar fuaid an bharrataoide go léir agus do chaitheas ar a chéile lem' píce breagh nua í.	There was a little weed lying high and dry all along the line of the high tide, and I heaped it together with my fine new fork.
Do bhí sórt mórtais annsan orm an méid sin de ghnó fónta do bheith déanta agam agus daoine eile 'na gcodla ach creidim ná ritheann an sórt san mórtais i bhfad le daoine agus dob' in ionbhadh agam-sa, leis, é.	I was by way of being rather set up with myself to think that I had done that much good work while the rest were asleep, but I fancy that kind of conceit never lasts a man long—and that's how it was with me, too.
Níor ró fhada gur chuala an tsrann ghránna age m' chúl, srann diamhair a thóg ó thalamh na hÉireann me, gan aenne im' threo, gan aenne ag teacht orm agus fós gan an mhaidean ana-sholasmhar.	After a bit I heard a hideous snore behind me, a queer sort of snoring that frightened me out of my wits, for there was nobody near me, and nobody coming towards me, and there wasn't much light in the morning yet.
Do dheineas machtnamh gurbh' olc an fear me agus an lá ag teacht orm ná raghadh sa treo gur deineadh an tsrann agus arm maith im' láimh agam.	But I reflected that I should be a poor sort of chap, now that the day was coming, if I didn't go in the direction the snore was coming from, since I had a good weapon in my hand.
Ní raibh an focal as mo bhéal an uair a chuala srann agus srann eile.	No sooner was the word out of my mouth than I heard snore after snore.
Do chasas de thaipigean sa treo gur chuala iad agus cad a chífinn ná an rón mór groidhe breac agus a cheann anáirde aige agus an chuid eile de'n gcorp sínte insa ghainnimh.	I swung round in a jiffy to where I heard them coming from, and what should I see but a huge great mottled seal, with his head in the air and the rest of his body stretched out on the sand.
Do thóg mo chroidhe geit ach ní le h-eagla roimis an rón é mar nár bhaoghal duit go deo é ach fanúint uaidh agus leigeant do féin.	My heart leapt, though not for fear of the seal, for I knew that he could not do me any harm so long as I kept away from him and let him be.

Ach is é eagla bhí orm-sa ná tuitfeadh sé liom agus gurbh’ fhearr le daoine an uair úd ceann aca ná aon mhuc, d’á fheabhas mar bheadh sí.	But the fear I had was that I shouldn’t get him, for we thought more of one of them in those days than of the very finest pig.
Do shín sí siar chun codlata arís.	He stretched himself out to sleep again.
Do bhreithnigheas an uair seo gur rón bhaineann í agus tháinig breis mhisnigh orm mar chuala gurbh’ fhusa seacht cinn aca so do mharbhú ná aon tarbh amháin.	I saw now that it was a cow seal, and I plucked up courage, for I had always heard that it was an easier matter to kill seven of them than one of the bulls.
Do bhí sí ar an mbarra-taoide agus an tráigh ’na lag trágha.	She was lying at the edge of the water, and it was low tide.
Do bhraitheas mo phíce an fhaid a bhí sí ’n-a suan.	I looked to my fork while she was sleeping.
Do choimeádas an t-iarann im’ láimh agus an tsámhthach romham amach agus do chromas ar bheith ag druidim léi chun stráiméad a thabhairt di;	I held the iron socket in my hand, with the handle stretched out in front of me, and started creeping up to her to fetch her a blow;
ach fé mar gheobhadh sí mo bholath do thóg a ceann agus leig srann láidir fhiain agus do chrom ar bheith ag múscailt agus ag fágáil na nide bhí déanta insa ghrean aici.	but she lifted her head as though she had scented me, and gave vent to a loud, wild snort, and began to stir and to leave the nest she had made in the pebbles.
Le linn casadh síos di chun na fairrge thugas stráiméad di agus sé cinn i ndiaidh a chéile agus ba mhar a chéile léi gach buille de’n tsámhthaigh a bheith ’á bhualadh uirthi nó an peann so im’ dhorn;	As she turned towards the sea, I gave her a blow, six blows one after the other, but she paid no more attention to any of those blows with the haft than if it had been this pen in my hand that had struck her:
agus iarracht dár thugas fúithe dheineas dhá leath de’n tsámhthaigh.	and with one of them I broke the haft of the fork in two.
Thugas buille leis an smut de do bhí im’ láimh treasna an choincinn di ach do ghaibh sí ’n-a béal é agus do chogain agus do dhein min-ramh de.	I gave her a whack across the snout with the bit left in my hand, but she caught it in her mouth and chewed it, and made bits of it.
Ní raibh faic annsan agam ach feam trágha agus do bhíos ag tarrac uirthi chomh tiugh agus dob’ fhéidir liom ach ní h-aon bhascadh a bhí agam ’á dhéanamh di ach go rabhas ag coimeád moille uirthi ó’n uisce agus ní raibh san i bhfad uaithe insan am so.	All I had then was a stalk of the weed, and I showered blows on her with that as fast as I could, but I was doing her no harm, only that I was hindering her from getting to the water, which was not far from her by this time.

Insa deire agus me tnáithte agus ise comh tnáithte liom ráinig liom í bhualadh i gcró an chinn le bollán trágha agus thug an buille sin a bolg anáirde ach níorbh’ fhada go bhfuair sí a meabhair aríst.	In the end, when I was worn out, and she was, too, I managed to bang her on the top of the head with a lump of rock from the shore, and the blow turned her belly upwards, but she soon came to her senses again.
Fé dheire nuair do cheapas í bheith marbh agus feam agam agus gan aon staonadh orm ach ag tarrac uirthi cad deire liom ná gur chuaidh ró ghairid di agus do thug fogha ar ghreim do bhaint asam;	At last I thought she was dead, and I was still whacking away at her with a stalk of weed, when, what do you think? I went too close to her, and she had a shot at taking a bite out of me.
agus do bhain go cruinn, mannt groidhe as cholpa mo choise, an méid go bhfuair a ceithre cláir-fhiacal tosaigh greim air agus thug léi glan an greim sin amach as mo chois.	And she managed it, too! She bit a huge lump out of my calf. As much as her four front teeth could get a grip of—all that she tore out of my leg.
Níor ghéilleas do cé go raibh fuil ag teacht ’n-a shlaoda as comh mór is bhí as an rón.	I didn’t give in, though blood was flowing out of it in torrents, just as it was out of the seal.
Seadh, do bhí an rón tuitithe liom insa deire agus níor mhór ná go rabhas féin, leis, tuitithe agus ba dhóbair go mbeadh deire mo shaoghail istigh an uair d’fhéachas go cruinn ar mo chois agus chonnac an cannta bhí aisti agus an tobar fola do bhí ’á fágaint.	Well, I’d finished the seal at last, and the seal had pretty nearly finished me, too, and it was like to be my last day when I looked closely at my leg and saw the lump out of it and the fountain of blood spurting.
Ní mór ná go raibh fuil mo chroidhe silte agam, dob éigean dom an bhest bheag do bhí orm do bhaint díom agus í chasadh timcheall na coise agus an córda do bhí tharm aniar ’á coimeád.	The last drop had nearly left my heart; I had to strip off my little vest and twist it round my leg, binding it with the cord from my waist.
Do bhí an t-uisce ag teacht agus an tráigh ag líonadh agus gan an rón ró fhada ó’n uisce agus bhí eagla orm go scuabfadh an fhairrge uaim arís í tar éis mo dhuaidh agus fós gan aenne ag teacht im’ ghoire ná im’ ghaor agus eadartha bó an uair sin ann,	The water was coming up with the rising tide and the seal was not far from the edge, so that I was terrified that the sea would carry her off again from me after all my trouble; there was not a soul coming next or nigh me. It was the middle of the morning by now,
agus tré gach machtnamh breac-shúil agam ’á thabhairt ar an gcois agus srothán fola aici ’á shéideadh.	and, as I thought the thing over, I cast a glance now and again at my leg, which was spouting a stream of blood.

Fé dheire, agus me ar bheag-bhrí insan am san, do chonnac fear ar barra anáirde agus do tháinig orm anuas go tapaidh.	At last, when my strength was nearly gone, I saw a man on the crest of the cliff, and he came down to me at full speed.
Úncail dom dob eadh é go dtugaimís Diarmaid na mBeach air.	It was an uncle of mine that we used to call Mad Diarmid.
Do bhí iongnadh air agus dubhairt sé ná feacaidh sé, marbh, rón comh mór léi riamh.	He was astounded, and said that he had never seen a seal of that size dead before.
"Tá an rón agam, Úncail," arsa mise, "ach táim féin gan cos."	'I've got the seal, uncle,' I said, 'but I've lost my leg.'
Ní mór ná gur thuit sé nuair a chonnaic sé an greim oránna bhí aisti.	He staggered and nearly fell when he saw the great bite out of the leg.
Níorbh' fhada gur tháinig fear agus fear eile orainn agus do chuireamair suas thar barrataoide í agus thánamair abhaile.	One man after another came down to us soon after that, and we carried the seal out of reach of the high tide and came home.
Do chaill mo mháthair a meabhair agus m' athair, leis, nuair a chonnacadar an cannta bhí amach as mo chois agus níor mhór an sólás do chuir an rón mór ortha toisc nár thug an té mhairbh é na cosa slán leis.	My mother and father were in a terrible state when they saw the great hole in my leg, and they got little satisfaction out of the seal since the boy who had killed it hadn't got off with a whole leg.
Do chuaidh a lán ag nochtadh an róin is b'é Diarmaid na mBeach an maor a bhí ortha.	A crowd of them went off to skin the seal, with Mad Diarmid to direct them.
Níor chuaidh m'athair, chuige, ann.	My father didn't go at all.
Ní raibh sé istigh leis féin i dtaobh mo choise-se ach do scaoil sé an t-asal le Diarmaid chun é thabhairt abhaile agus dubhairt sé leis stiall a thabhairt dos gach duine do bheadh 'á nochtadh.	He was beside himself on account of my leg, but he sent the ass with Diarmid to bring it home, and he told him to give a slice of it to each man who helped in the skinning.
Do bhí seana-mhná isteach agus amach ar thuairisc mo choise. A h-oideas féin age gach nduine aca.	Old women were running in and out inquiring after my leg, every one with her own remedy.
Tháinig an tseana-bhean bhéal-dorais, leis, go luath agus an uair a chonnaic sí an chos:	The old woman opposite came, too, quickly enough, and when she saw my leg:
"Dhera, ní fiú biorán a bhfuil ar an gcois sin," ar sise.	'Yerra,' says she, 'there's not a pin's worth wrong with the leg.'

Nuair a dubhairt sí é sin ar mh’fhallaing nárbh’ aon mhí-bhuidheachas a bhí agam-sa uirthi mar dob’ fhearr liom go mór mar fhocal é ná an chainnt adeireadh a thuille aca, sé sin go mbeinn ar leath-chois.	When she said that, I give you my word I was very grateful to her, for I thought it a better saying than the talk of the rest of them, which was that I should lose the leg.
Chonnaic sí sin greim ba dhá mhó ná é bainte age rón as chois fir i n-Inis Mhicileáin, adubhairt sí; agus ná raibh moill seachtaine ag cneasú air.	She said she had seen a bigger bite than that taken out of a man’s leg by a seal in Inishvickillaun, and it didn’t take a week for it to heal.
Seán Mhuiris Liam a mhairbh an rón gur bhain sí an greim as a chois.	Shaun Maurice Liam killed the seal that had taken the lump out of his leg.
Do mhairbh a athair rón eile, thug leis ailp úr de, do chuir leis an gcneidh í, do chuir stráice éadaigh ’á scaoileadh í bhí an poll lán amach de’n bhfeoil nádúrtha, adubhairt an tseana-chailleach.	His father killed another seal, took a fresh piece of its flesh and placed it on the wound, then he bound it with a strip of cloth, and left it so for seven days. When he untied it, the hole had filled up with the natural flesh, so said the old hag.
“Agus an fada ’n-a dhiaidh sin gur tháinig sí chun croicinn?” arsa mo mháthair.	‘And how long after that was it before the skin grew on it?’ said my mother.
“An lá baineadh di an stráice d’imigh sé ag siubhal na cloiche agus gan aon scáth ar an gcois ach í le gréin i rith an lae agus do bhí an croiceann tráthnóna an lae sin uirthi,” ar sise.	‘The very day the strip was taken off he went for a walk on the Island, without any covering on his leg, which was left bare to the sun, and that same evening the skin had grown on it,’ says she.
Súil d’ár thug mo mháthair amach chonnaic sí Tomás Maol ag teacht agus píosa mór de rón ar a dhrom.	My mother looked out and saw Bald Tom coming with a big lump of the seal on his back.
Do bhí barra an phíosa ag dul go dtí n-a chúl agus an ceann eile dhe síos go h-ioscada air.	One end of the lump touched the nape of his neck and the other end was down to his knee joint.
“Tá Tomás chughat, a Eibhlín,” arsa mo mháthair leis an gcailligh.	‘Here comes Tom, Eileen,’ says my mother to the hag.
Do phreab sí de gheit ’n-a suidhe agus do bhuail amach agus an uair a chonnaic sí an t-ualach breagh a bhí age n-a fear chúichi do leig scearta mór gáire.	She sprang up at a bound and ran out, and when she saw the fine burden her man was bringing her, she screamed with laughter.

Le suim mhór roime sin ní raibh aici ach gráinne de shalann gharbh mar annlan.	For a good while before that she had had nothing but a grain of rough salt to eat with her potatoes.
Annsan tháinig Diarmaid agus an t-asal go dtí an doras agus n'fheacaidh aenne riamh asal ba mhó go raibh ualach air ná é.	Then Diarmid came to the door with his ass, and nobody had ever seen an ass so heavily laden before.
Ní raibh le feiscint de ach a dhá chluais agus a eirball le rón 'n-a phíosaí troma agus an giolla féin cromtha go talamh fé n-a ualach féin de.	All you could see was his ears and his tail. All the rest was hidden with heavy lumps of seal, and the driver himself was bent down to the ground under his own load.
Do bhí a lán allagair ar siubhal annsan agus insa chainnt dóibh:	There was a loud burst of talking then, and, in the midst of all the chatter, my mother said:
"Beidh an buachaill seo gan cos, is baoghalach," arsa mo mháthair, "do dheascaibh an róin chéadna."	'This lad will lose a leg by that seal, I'm afraid.'
"Ní bheidh, im' baiste!" arsa Diarmaid, "ó'n uair gur rith leis an rón do mharbhú; mara mbeadh san do bheadh droch-sheans aige."	'That he won't, believe me,' says Diarmid, 'since he managed to kill the seal; if he hadn't done that, he wouldn't have had much chance.'
Annsan d'innis mo mháthair do mar gheall ar scéal Eibhlín.	Then mother told him what old Eileen had said.
"Do bhí a leithéid i gceist mhuise, ar mh'anam," ar seisean.	'That certainly did happen, 'pon my soul,' says he.
"Smut do rón eile a cuireadh mar ar baineadh an bhéalóg aisti;	'A bit from another seal was put in the hole from which the lump had been taken.
agus m'anam-sa ó'n ndiabhal!	And, my soul from the devil!
fé'n dtacaid seo 'máireach go mbeidh ailp do mhalairt róin le cnámh do lurgan-sa, 'ógánaigh," arsa Diarmaid na mBeach.	by this time to-morrow you shall have a lump from another seal for your shinbone, my lad,' says Wild Diarmid.
D'fhág "An Collach Dubh" calath an Bhlascaeid maidean lár-na-mháireach. Ochtar fear innti, cheithre mhaide rámha, dhá sheol, dhá chrann, dhá chleith.	The Black Boar left the Blasket harbour on the morrow morning, with a crew of eight, four oars, two sails, two masts, and two yards.
Gála cruaidh láidir anois dtuaidh.	There was a strong gale blowing hard from the north-east.
Bád breagh mór nua dob eadh í agus an fhuireann oilte go maith ar a ngnó.	She was a fine, big, new boat, and the crew knew their business.
Buaileadh uirthi an dá sheol agus scaoileadh roimis an ngála í.	The sails were hoisted and they let her go with the wind.

Do lean fear an cnoc amach í agus an phíp dearg ’n-a bhéal agus do bhí an bád i nInis Mhicileáin sara raibh an phíp múchta, ’n-a bhéal.	One of the men followed her along the hill with his pipe lit, and the boat was in Inishvickillaun before the pipe was cold in his mouth.
Do cheap fear na cloiche[1] gur bád raice í tar éis long a dhul síos nó gurbh amhlaidh a bhí leath ar bhain leis marbh agus bhí sé amach go dtí n-a bhásta ag an gcalath rómpa mar do bhí tarrac mór ann.	The man who lived in the island thought that she was a boat from a wreck or that half her crew were dead, and he was waiting for them up to his waist in the water of the creek, for there was a heavy swell running.
Do chuir sé an cheist láithreach cad a thug iad a leithéid de lá.	He asked them at once what had brought them on a day like that.
“A leithéid seo a thug sinn,” arsa Diarmaid ag innsint do, “agus níl fágaint na cloiche gan sórt éigin beo nó marbh.”	‘This is what brought us,’ said Diarmid, telling his tale, ‘and we won’t leave the island without something alive or dead.’
“Ar mh’anam, mhuise!” arsa fear na cloiche, “go bhfuil do dhóthain le déanamh agat thar ar chuiris riamh díot.”	‘ ’Pon my soul,’ says the man of the island, ‘you’ll have your work cut out beyond anything you ever knew.’
Do bhí an lá ag dul ar bun agus ag séideadh agus do bhíos féin isteach agus amach mar ná raibh pian ná tinneas insa chois agam.	The day was beginning to blow hard, and I was in and out of the house, for my leg wasn’t sore or painful.
Do bhí mo mháthair síos suas, leis, ag éisteacht leis an ngála mór, fé mar bheadh cearc go mbeadh ubh aici, agus dubhairt sí i gcionn tamaill:	Mother was up and down, too, listening to the loud wind like a hen with an egg, and after a bit she said:
“Tá eagla orm go mbeidh an lá ceannaithe age lucht na fairrge mar gheall ar do chois,” ar sise.	‘I’m afraid the men at sea will have to pay dear for their day’s work to save your leg.’
Pé eagla bhí orm féin i dtaobh na coise, agus go mb’fhéidir gur chos mhaide bheadh fúm, do bhí tinneas an Chullaigh Dhuibh agus a raibh innti fé’n am san orm.	However much I was afraid for my leg, and at the thought that maybe I should have to have a wooden leg, I was more worried about the Black Boar and all her crew at that moment.
Thug fear na cloiche muinntir an bháid go dtí n-a thigh agus thug biadh dhóibh.	The islandman took the men to his house and gave them something to eat.
An uair a bhí san caithte do ghlaoidh sé ar chuid aca i n-éineacht leis ag cuardach an róin.	When they had eaten, he called for some of them to go with him to look for the seal.

Tar éis a raibh de phuill san inis a chuardach do theip ortha aon cheann d’fhagháil.	After they had searched every cave in the island, they failed to find a single seal.
B’éigean dóibh casadh ar an dtigh.	So they had to turn back home.
Do bhí liútar éatar age Diarmaid annsan go mbeadh fear na coise tar éis bháis.	Diarmid went on terribly then, thinking that the boy with the leg must die.
Dubhairt fear na cloiche go raibh aon pholl amháin eile ann agus nár mhór fiche feadh ’théid chun dul ann, agus “tá téad annso agam-sa chun caoirigh thabhairt as draipeanna,” ar seisean.	The islandman said there was still just one hole left, and that they would have to have twenty fathoms of rope to go into it —‘and,’ says he, ‘I have a rope here that I use for getting sheep out of bad places.’
“Ca’il a’ téad?” arsa Diarmaid.	‘Where’s the rope?’ says Diarmid.
Do bhuail sé an téad chuige ar a dhrom agus b’eo amach é agus an chuid eile i n-éineacht leis.	He flung the rope over his shoulder and off he went, and the others with him.
Do scaoileadh síos insa téid é, maide aige fén’ ascail chun an róin do mharbhú, scian ’n-a bhéal aige, agus do scaoileadh leis nó go raibh sé age béal an phuill.	They lowered him down on the rope with a stick under his oxter to kill the seal, and a knife in his mouth.
Do scaoileadh fear na cloiche síos ’n-a dhiaidh. Ba mhaith an bheirt domh-sa iad súd.	They paid out the rope till he was in the mouth of the cave, and then lowered the islandman after him.
Do bhíos buidheach díobh go dtí an lá a cailleadh iad.	That was a fine action of theirs, and I was grateful to them till the day they died.
Gur i bhFlaitheas na Naomh dóibh.	May their souls inherit the Kingdom of the Saints!
Thugadar an rón leo agus an uair a bhí sé aca dubhairt na fearaibh ná raghadh aon bhád béal-oscailte abhaile anois insa scríb a bhí ann.	They brought the seal up with them, and, when they had him, the men said that no open boat could get home in such a storm.
Dubhairt Diarmaid dá gcuirfidís i bhfearas fé sna seolta do féin í go raghadh sí soir fé mar tháinig sí anoir!	Diarmid said if they would set the sails for him, that she’d have to get back as she had come!

Amach ar an mór-mhuir leo agus thóg Diarmaid Ceann Sléibhe de'n chéad bhórd léi agus a chalath féin de'n dara bórd agus níor stad gur chuir ailp de'n rón fuinte isteach im' chois féin agus i gcionn seachtaine bhíos comh maith agus bhíos riamh.	Out they drove, into the great sea, and Diarmid fetched Slea Head on the first tack and the Blasket landing-place on the second, and he never stopped till he'd stuck a lump of the seal's flesh tight into my leg, and, a week after, I was as well as ever I was.
X — An saoghal ag gluaiseacht.	10 — Time Passes.
Inghean na mná béal-dorais, um Inid, scéalta cleamhnais agus póstaí, adhmad raice, an máighistir rinnce, an duine uasal grinn, Ó Duinnshléibhe file.	THE DAUGHTER OF THE WOMAN OPPOSITE · SHROVETIDE · PROPOSALS AND MARRIAGES · DRIFTWOOD · THE DANCING-MASTER · THE MERRY GENTLEMAN · THE POET DUNLEVY
Lá Domhnaigh tháinig bád isteach ó Dhúnchaoin. Bhí bean uasal innti.	One Sunday a boat came in from Dunquin with a lady in it.
N'fheadair aenne ciarbh í féin nó gur tháinig sí ameasc na gcos aca.	Nobody recognized her till she was in their very midst.
Cia bheadh ann ná inghean na mná béal-dorais.	Who should it be but the daughter of the woman over the way.
Níor stadadh de chrothadh lámh léi nó gur dhóigh leat gur cheart dóibh a bheith scartha ó'n ngualainn.	They kept on shaking hands with her till you would have thought her arm would have been wrung from her shoulder.
Bhí hata ornáideach uirthi agus cúpla cleite cocálta anáirde as.	She wore a picture hat, with a rakish feather or so sticking up from it.
Slabhra buidhe óir so-fheicsionta ó'n dtaobh amuich d'á cuid éadaigh.	A yellow chain of glittering gold lay on her blouse.
Scáth gréine 'n-a láimh. Tuin ar a teangain, pé aca 'n-a Ghaoluinn nó 'n-a Bhéarla an chainnt.	She carried a sunshade, and there was a twang in her speech, no matter which brogue she was talking—Irish or English.
Do bhí cúpla comhra mór lán de gach sórt aici, agus rud dob' fhearr ná iad go léir, sparán d'ór na Stát aici agus í go seana-chríonna chun a bhailithe.	A box or two of all sorts came with her, and, best of all, she had a purse of gold from the States, for she was a master hand at putting it together.
Níorbh' fhios ciarbh é searrach na deagh-lárach, dar ndóigh. Ar shon na balcaisí deagh-mhaiseach do bheith uirthi ní raibh istigh ionnta ach an deilbh.	It was impossible to know the good mare's foal, of course, for, though she was dressed up to the nines, there wasn't much more than the skeleton inside.

Níor mhór an tsruth riamh í agus tar éis di seacht mbliana a thabhairt i dtír an allais ba mhí-chrotúla ná san í.	She was never much of a figure, and, after she had spent five years in the land of sweat, she was uglier than ever.
Do lean a lán go dtí an seanntán tighe do bhí aca í.	A crowd followed her to their shanty.
Do bhí buidéal d’uisce beatha aici agus mar ba sheana-mhná is mó do lean í, ní ró fhada go raibh sean-amhráin na Mumhan ar siubhal agus moladh ar an té tháinig agus rud aici chúcha.	She had a bottle of whisky with her, and, as it was mostly the old women that went with her, it wasn’t long till they were singing the old songs of Munster and praising the girl who had come back with something for them.
Do chaitheadar an lá gan biadh ná beatha mar do bhíodh blaise na beorach age bean an amhráin le fagháil gach uair.	They spent the day without a bite of food, for there was a taste of the drink for every singer for every song she sang.
Do bhí an scéal mar sin nó gur tháinig an Inid agus ní raibh puinn di caithte an t-am go raibh ór an Yank ’á chur ar fógairt.	It went on like this till Shrove came, and not much of it was gone before the Yank’s money was being hawked about.
Toisc na caillighe ’á luadhachtaint liom féin agus sinn beag do buaileadh im’ aigne go mb’fhéidir go gcuirfeadh sí an scéal céadna ar bun aríst agus gan iongna ’n-a thaobh uirthi anois.	As the old woman had been matching her with me when we were little ones, I took it into my head that maybe she’d start the same talk again, and no wonder as things were now.
Dob’ ait sin—bean óir dar ndóigh, mná do bhí tearc go maith insan am úd.	It would have been strange if it hadn’t been so, for she was a girl with gold, and girls of that kind were few and far between in those days.
Níor ró fhada gur thug an bhean liath de mháthair di cogar dom mháthair féin ’á chur i dtuisgint di an méid óir do bhí aige Máire,	Before long, the grey woman, her mother, began to hint to my mother about all the gold Mary had
gur amach ar an dtír móir i bpaiste talmhan dob’ fhearr léi féin dul, “agus dob’ fhearr liom-sa im’ chomhgar í agus le n-a h-athair,” ar sise,	and how she wanted to settle out on the mainland in some piece of land. ‘Her father and I would rather she stayed near us,’ says she.
“agus má’s maith libh-se é níl aenne ’á coimeád uaibh,” ar sise arís.	‘And if you like the idea, nobody’s keeping her from you,’ says she again.
“Dhera, is amhlaidh mar tá san,” arsa mo mháthair léi,	‘Yerra, this is how things are,’ my mother said to her.
“tá an té atá againn-ne óg agus is dócha nach aon mhaith scéal mar sin a tharrac chuige, agus rud eile,” ar sise,	‘Our boy’s young yet, and I fancy it’s not much use talking about anything of that kind to him.

“is é mo thuairim ná fuil aon éirim ar an áit seo aige, mar b’fhéidir ná beadh de’n ál annso ach é féin ’s a dhrifiúr. Is dócha mara mbeadh ar mhaithe linn-ne ná beadh sé ann cheana,” ar sise.	I don’t think that he’s very anxious to stay here, for maybe only himself and his sister would be left here of all the clutch, and, if it hadn’t been to please us, I fancy he’d have gone before this.’
“Ar mh’anam mhuise,” arsan bhean liath, “go bhfuil dearmhad air, go mb’fhéidir go mbeadh sé tamall thall sara mbuailfeadh cailín comh maith léi siúd leis.”	‘ ’Pon my soul, then,’ says she, ‘he’s wrong there. Maybe he’d be in America a long time before he met a girl as good as she is.’
Go luath insan Inid do chuir Tomás Maol de amach agus do shaothruigh lanntan ná raibh ar fónamh. Féar cúpla bó i ndroch-áit gan fuithin, gan fascadh ná cuirfeadh puinn teaspaigh ar aenne.	Early in Shrovetide Bald Tom went off to the mainland and found out a man and a bit of land that wasn’t much good—the grass of a cow or two in a poor shelterless place that wouldn’t encourage anybody.
Beagán airgid a thug sé uaidh mar is beagán a deineadh a lorg air.	He gave very little fortune for it, for he was asked only for a little.
An uair a bhí gach ní réidh age Tomás do thug aghaidh ar an dtigh agus do thug cuireadh chun an phósta do gach tigh do bhí insa bhaile.	When he had everything ship-shape, Tom turned home and sent an invitation to the wedding to every house in the village.
Níor dhein an bhean liath dearmhad ar thigh bhéal a’ dorais agus chuas ann maidir le gach duine.	The grey woman didn’t forget the house across the way, and I went to the wedding, like the rest.
Bhíodh fleadh agus féasta ar gach pósadh an uair úd. Do bhí gach sórt a bhain le biadh agus annlan ann agus sluagh mór chun a chaithte.	There was high feasting at every wedding in those days, all sorts of food and ‘kitchen’ and a swarm of people to eat it.
Do bhí hocht mbarraile leanna duibhe ann agus ní raibh deor ar thóin aon chinn aca ar maidin.	There were eight barrels of porter there, and there wasn’t a drop left in the bottom of one of them by morning.
An uair a bhí deire le gach ní do thug gach nduine aghaidh ar an mbaile.	When it was all over, everybody started for home.
Ar theacht go bruach an chalaith i nDúnchaoin dúinn ní fhágfadh na faoilinn í.	When we reached the cliff above the harbour at Dunquin, the gulls themselves couldn’t have left it:

Do bhí tarrac ag dul anáirde ar an bhféar glas is gach cuas agus cumar agus b’éigean dúinn fanúint amuich an lá san, agus lár-na-mháireach agus lár-na-mhanathar agus lár-na-mhainiris, agus lá agus fiche thabhairt amuich má’s é do thoil é agus gan an lá san féin le moladh.	the swell was going up over the green grass in every creek and cranny, and we had to stay on the mainland that day and the next day and the day after that again. We spent twenty-one days altogether on land, if you please, and the day we went in wasn’t too good.
Is dócha nár thug cuid aca aon deagh-ghuidhe do’n bpósadh—do bhíodar comh clipithe sin.	I fancy none of them blessed the wedding, they were so sore about it.
Do mhair sí tamall ann. Ceathrar clainne bhí aici nuair a cailleadh í.	She lived there for some time, and had four children before she died.
Ar theacht abhaile dhúinn do bhí an t-oileán lán de raic.	When we got home the Island was full of wreckage.
Do bhí an Tráigh Bhán lán de bhíomaí, déil dhearg agus déil bhán, cláracha bána, smut de’n luing raice, cathaoir, stól, ubhla agus gach ní.	The White Strand was covered with beams of red and white deal, white planks, a fragment of a wrecked ship, a chair, a stool, apples, and all sorts.
Do bhí dhá cheann déag de bhíomaí ag an mbád go raibh m’athair innti.	The boat in which my father worked got twelve baulks.
Do bhí níos mó agus níos lugha age n-a thuille aca.	Some of the others had more, some less.
An bád go rabhas-sa ag teacht ó’n dtír innti do bhuail bíoma breagh linn treasna an Bhealaigh.	The boat I was coming from the mainland in came across a fine baulk in the middle of the Sound.
Téadán do bhí insa tseol dob éigean dúinn do chur ’á tharrac mar ná raibh aon téad insa bhád.	We had to use the sail rope to tow it, for we had no other rope in the boat.
Tar éis dúinn é chur ar an dtráigh do thugamair ár n-aghaidh chun na fairrge arís.	After landing it, we set our faces to the sea again.
Do bhuail dhá bhíoma go h-obann linn i n-aice le ’chéile.	We came unexpectedly on two baulks next door to one another.
Do bhí cheithre fichid troigh i gceann aca agus timcheall d’á réir.	One of them was eighty feet long, and thick to match.
Dubhairt na daoine gurbh’ é an bíoma ba bhreaghtha do tháinig ar an dtráigh le cuimhne aon duine bhí suas é.	People said that it was the finest baulk that had ever come ashore within living memory.

Do bhíomar gan aon bhiadh fós ó itheamair cúpla scailiún práta i nDúnchaoin an mhaidean san nó gur tháinig dubh na h-oidhche agus do bhí hocht gcinn de bhíomaí sábhálta againn san am san.	We had no food except a miserable potato or so in Dunquin that morning, until the dark of night came, and by that time we had saved eight baulks.
B’iad san an saothar neamh-thairbheach.	But that was an unprofitable toil:
A deich-fichead a bhí de bharr an chinn mhóir againn. Fiche púnt a raghadh an bíoma san aimsir an Chogaidh Mhóir.	thirty shillings was all we got for the big fellow—in the Great War that baulk would have fetched twenty pounds!
Tháinig máighistir rinnce tamall ar cuaird chughainn agus do chuir sé scoil ar bun ar feadh mí.	A dancing-master came on a visit to us for a time, and he set up a dancing school for a month.
Cheithre scillinge an duine an táille.	Four shillings apiece was his fee.
Sé áit gur shocruigh sé ann ná i seana-mhainistir an tSúip, páirt di go mbíodh scoil ar siubhal innti sa tseana-shaoghal.	The place he settled in was the old monastery of the Soupers, that half of it in which the school used to be in the old days.
Bhí úrlár cláracha ann agus fuaim agus fothrom, leis, ann.	It had a plank floor which made a great racket.
Dob é sin an chuid ba mhó de’n obair do bhí ar siubhal, i dtosach aimsire, pé scéal é.	The noise was the best part of the proceedings—at first, anyhow.
Níor mhór a chuir a n-ainm síos an chéad lá ná do bhí i mbun díol leis.	Not many put their names down the first day, for few were in a position to pay.
Níorbh’ fhada, áfach, go raibh breac-dhuine ag teacht ar an scoil.	Before long, however, they were coming to the school in ones and twos.
Duine fíor-mhaith dob’ eadh an t-oide agus níor mhaith leis caochóg ar cóisire a dhéanamh d’aenne.	The teacher was a very good man, and had no fancy for turning out blunderers at a wedding feast.
Do bhí mo cheithre scillinge thíos ’n-a phóca aige agus má bhí níorbh’ fhada go raibh a luach agam, maidir le rinnce dho, mar sa tigh go mbíodh sé ar lóistín bhíodh sé i n-athchumaire dom agus do bhíodh sé am mhúineadh gach uair a thagainn ’n-a threo.	He had pocketed my four shillings, and I certainly got its value pretty soon as far as dancing goes, for the house where he lodged was near ours, and he used to give me a lesson whenever I ran across him.

Níor ró fhada go rabhas im rinnceóir iongantach, ach ar nós gach dlí eile agus indiu féin níorbh' fhada gur ghluais an dream a chuir stop leis aenne eile a mhúineadh agus do briseadh ar an scoil rinnce san Oileán.	Before long I was a marvellous dancer— but, as always happens even to-day, somebody came to stop him from teaching anyone else, and the dancing school on the Island was put down.
Tháinig duine uasal ar thurus 'on Oileán tamall tar éis an scoil rinnce a scaipeadh agus is mó sórt grinn a chuir sé ar bun.	A gentleman came on a visit to the Island soon after the break-up of the dancing school and he started all sorts of merry-making.
An Báiréadach dob' ainm do.	Barret was his name.
Do bhí gach sórt bídh agus dighe aige, fuar, te agus beirbhithe.	He had food and drink of every kind, cold, hot, and boiled.
Thug sé hocht mbuidéil biotáile leis agus gach sórt eile dighe maidir leis.	He brought eight bottles of whisky with him, and a variety of other drinks as well.
Níorbh' fhios cé déarfadh an chéad amhrán do mar go raibh náire ortha nó go bhfeacadar gloine bhreagh biotáile ullamh aige le tabhairt do'n duine tosaigh adéarfadh do é.	It was a question who should sing him the first song, for they were shy till they saw that he had a good bottle of whisky to give to the first singer.
Ní raibh mórán tathaint 'á dhéanamh ar aenne fiú amháin an té ná dubhairt le seacht mbliana roime sin aon cheann ná iad ábalta air.	They needed no pressure then, even those who hadn't sung a song for seven years or couldn't sing at all!
An scéal céadna ag an rinnce é agus do bhíodh a ghloine ag an bportaire comh maith leo.	It was the same story with the dancing; and the lilters got their glass, too!
Bhíodh na mná críona agus na fearaibh aosta ag rinnce.	The old women and the aged men danced also.
Do bhínn féin leath ar meisce mar do bhíodh na mná críona agus na mná óga am' thabhairt amach mar do bhí rinnce maith go leór agam san am san.	I was half-tipsy most of the time, for the old women and the young girls would keep leading me out, as I was a fine dancer in those days.
Do bhí rinnce age m'athair agus bhíodh sé 'á mhúineadh dhom roimis an máighistir rinnce.	My father could dance, and he had been teaching me before the dancing-master came.
Bhíodh na mná críona, go mór mór, am' bhreith ar an úrlár leo agus d'á dheascaibh sin do bhínn ar bog-mheisce gach oidhche ar feadh na seachtaine ag teacht abhaile dhom.	The old women in particular took me out on the floor with them, and so I came home, half-seas over, every night all that week.

Pé duine fuair aon tsuaineas ann ní mise é mar ba chomh-luath ag rinnce agus ag amhrán agus ag portaireacht me, mar do bhíos im’ fhear cliste insan am úd!	If any of them had any rest, I hadn’t, for I was dancing and singing and lilting turn and turn about: I was a clever fellow in those days!
Do bhí fuaireann dhá bháid ó Uibh Ráthach ag iascach ghliomach an bhliain chéadna agus iad ’n-a gcomhnaidhe i mBeiginis agus seanntán thall aca ann agus fear ó Shasana i n-éineacht leo.	Two boats from Iveragh were fishing lobsters that year. They were living in a shanty in Beginish with an Englishman in their company.
Cé go mbíodh na fir bhochta cortha tar éis seilg an lae do bhainidís amach tigh na scoile gach oidhche agus do bhí an rinnceóir ortha dob’ fhearr a sheasaimh ar chlár riamh.	Though the poor fellows used to be tired after the day’s work they would find their way to the schoolhouse every night, and one of them was the best dancer that ever stood on a floor.
Is mó gloine do fuair sé.	He got plenty of glasses.
Do bhí an portaire ar na fir céadna agus níorbh’ fhearr leat aon ghléas eile ceoil ná é.	They had a lilter, too, and you’d prefer him to any instrument of music.
Níor sheasaimh an deoch i rith na seachtaine féin mar shíl sé.	The drink didn’t last the whole week, as he had thought it would.
Do chuir sé bád agus fir go dtí an áit ba ghiorra dho agus thug leis oiread eile.	He sent out a boat’s crew to the nearest place, and fetched as much again.
Do bhí cuimhne aige ar an seachtain an fhaid a mhair sé, ní foláir, agus age gach nduine eile bhí páirteach sa scléip.	He must have remembered that week as long as he lived, and so did everybody else who had a share in the sport.
Do chuir sé mórán déirce go dtí an Blascaod tar éis dul abhaile dho agus do chuir sé púnt tobac go dtí an file Duinnshléibhe.	He sent a lot of presents to the Blasket after going home, and a pound of tobacco to the poet Dunlevy.
Níor leig an file siar air féin é mar dhein sé amhrán molta do ’n-a dhiaidh sin.	The poet didn’t let him go unthanked, for he wrote a poem in praise of him afterwards.
Tar éis an duine uasal, an Báiréadach, d’fhágaint an Oileáin, an Inid do bhí chughainn tháinig scéala cleamhnais chun an Rí ó Dúnchaoin.	The next Shrovetide after this gentleman, Barret, had left the Island, a marriage proposal came to the King from Dunquin.
Ní raibh teideal an Rí an uair sin aige ach mar sin féin ní rabhadar go h-olc as.	He hadn’t the style of King at that time, but, all the same, they were pretty well off.

Is deárthach gur mó scéala eile tháinig chuige mar ba bhreágh an fear é féin san am úd.	Probably he had plenty of other proposals, for he was a fine man in those days.
Do bhí fleadh agus féasta ar an bpósadh, dar ndóigh, agus a raibh ann go maith chun é chaitheamh, idir bhiadh agus dhigh.	There was high feasting at the marriage, you may believe, for there were plenty there to make away with both food and drink.
Ar bheith ag dul abhaile dhóibh d'iompuigh an bád ortha ag an gcalath sa Bhlascaod.	When they were going home, a boat turned bottom upwards in the Blasket creek.
Bhí beirt aca fúithe istigh.	Two of the crew were underneath her.
Nuair a deineadh iad d'fhuascailt ní raibh ionnta ach an dé.	When they got them free, they were at their last gasp.
Mná leanbh do bhí ag crúdh a gcuid bainne cích' agus 'á chur le spíonóig ortha;	Nursing mothers were milking their breasts and giving them the milk in a spoon.
ach tar éis uair a chluig do bhíodar ag casadh ar fheabhas.	But after about an hour they took a turn for the better.
Do bhí cheithre pósadh eile i nDúnchaoin an oidhche bhí sé i dtigh an Rí sa Bhlascaod agus is beag nár mhairbh an paróiste a chéile.	There were four other marriages in Dunquin the night of the wedding in the King's house, and the people of the parish came near to destroying one another.
Níorbh iongnadh san agus an bheóir go léir ann agus an méid asmhachán do bhí eatartha le fada 'bhlianta roime sin ba anois an t-am chun iad a chur i bhfeidhm.	Little wonder, when you consider how much drink there was and all the scandal which had been talked for years before which now had a chance of venting itself.
Tar éis achrainn na h-oidhche b'éigean seisear aca a chur go dtí an t-Óispidéal agus ní ró éascaidh a thánadar as.	After the night's medley six of them had to be sent to hospital, and they didn't get off too lightly.
Fear a buaileadh le buidéal, fear eile le cloich.	One man had been hit with a bottle and another with a stone.
Fuair duine aca buille mar fuair Eoghan Ruadh le tlú na teine ó bheantighe aca.	One of them got a wipe with the tongs, like Owen Roe O'Sullivan when the woman hit him.
Cailleadh Eoghan ach mhair so.	Owen died, but this one pulled through.
Le linn mise bheith im' fhear óg iseadh bhí an file Duinnshléibhe ag déanamh a chuid amhrán sa Bhlascaod.	When I was a young man the poet Dunlevy was composing his songs in the Island.
Áit bheag iseadh an t-Oileán, dar ndóigh, agus bhíodh coidreamh dlúth gach aon lá sa mbliain againn go léir ar a chéile, ins na tighthe nó sa chnoc nó ar an bhfairrge.	The Island is a little place, you know, and we were always running up against one another every day in the year, in the houses or on the hill or at sea.

Theastuigh uaim dul ag baint dorn móna, lá, mar do bhí an lá ana-bhreagh agus gan mórán de'n tseana-mhóin ar ár láimh insan am chéadna.	One day I wanted to go and cut some turf, for it was a very fine day, and we hadn't much of the old turf left to hand at that time.
Do phreabas liom an doras amach agus ramhan néata agam i bhfearas agus i bhfaobhar;	I went of through the door with a first-rate turf spade all ready and sharp.
agus, cé ná rabhas i bpearsain cosúil le h-aenne d'Fhiannaibh Éireann féin, ní rabhas le cáineadh im' cháilíocht féinig. Bhíos mear, tapaidh, deigh-eolais.	And though, as far as looks went, I was no match for the Fenians of old, nobody could say a word against me for what I was—I was quick and deft, and knew what was what.
Do chuireas chun bóthair i gcoinnibh an chnuic gan luas anáile, gan crampa i gcois, gan freangadh i láimh, gan tinneas i gcroidhe nó gur shroicheas lanntán, dar liom, go raibh mianach maith ann agus oiread im' thimcheall di agus a dhéanfadh mo ghnó.	Off I started up the hill, and my breath never came short, my foot had no cramp, my hand didn't shake, there was no pain in my heart till I came to a place where, thought I, there was good turf, and enough of it round me to do my business.
Do bhí faobhar chun gnótha orm agus chun saothair a dhéanamh.	I was wild to get to work and do my job.
Toisc ná raibh aon gadsáidi a bhéarfadh mo dhinnéar chugham insa tigh agam ach an bheirt aosta do bhuaileas féin chugham cannta maith aráin ar maidin, arán cruaidh buidhe go maith de mhin ghairbh, ach go raibh sé geal lasmuich le plúr ar nós mar a bheadh aol fé thigh;	As I had no young folk in the house to bring me my dinner, only the two old people, I took a good hunk of bread with me in the morning—bread of coarse meal, very hard and yellow, only whitened outside with flour, like whitewash on a house wall;
buidéal pínt bainne ó chois na bó agus tuairim gearra-phráta maith d'ailp ime;	a pint bottle of milk from the cow, and a lump of butter about the size of a small potato.
agus cé ná fuil na neithe seo le moladh anois aca chun bidh, ba shásta do bhíos-sa leo an uair úd, mar do bhí muileann béil chun a meilte agam.	And, though no one has a word to say in favour of that sort of food nowadays, I was pleased enough with it then, for I had a mill in my mouth to grind it.
Ach dob' fhada ó'n bhfuadar chun obair a chur chun cinn an lá san mé.	But I had little chance to turn my keenness for work to profit that day.

Ní ró fhada bhíos i dtosach mo ghreise agus faobhar chun gnótha orm an t-am gur bhuail an file Seán Ó Duinnshléibhe chúgham agus ramhan fé n-a ascail aige chun cos mhóna do bhaint é féin agus cuid mhaith eile do ghluais mar é chun portaigh, mar do bhí an lá go h-aoibhinn agus gan mórán de’n tseana-mhóin ann an uair sin aca gan a bheith dóighte.	I hadn’t long begun on the job, working hard, when the poet Dunlevy came up with a spade under his oxter, to cut a bit of turf for himself; and there were a lot of others with him who had come out to the bog as he had, for it was a lovely day, and at that time there was very little of last year’s turf that hadn’t been burnt.
Ní dóigh liom go raibh file riamh le moladh chun aon obair saotharach eile a chur chun cinn ach an fhilíocht amháin agus dob’ in ionbhadh age Seán é.	I fancy that no poet has ever been much good at carrying through any job that had any work in it except only poetry, and that was the way with Shane, too.
Tá sórt deimhniú agam ar an méid sin mar gach uair d’á dtugaim féin fé ranna a chur le chéile, ó’s minic déanta agam é, níor mhaith ar bhuidhinn ná ar mhachaire me an fhaid a bheidís idir lámha agam.	I can produce some sort of evidence for this statement, for, whenever I take it in hand to compose quatrains (and I often do) I shouldn’t be much use in a gang of workers or in the field so long as I was engaged upon them.
“Seadh,” arsan file liom, ’á chaitheamh féin ar an túrtóig, “nach mór an obair duit a bheith ag baint mhóna a leithéid do lá comh te leis.	‘Well,’ says the poet, throwing himself down on a tussock, ‘isn’t it a pity for you to be cutting turf on such a hot day.
Suidh tamall,” ar seisean, “tá an lá so fada agus beidh fionn-fhuar’ tráthnóna ann.” Ní rabhas ró bhuidheach d’á chómhrádh ach gur bhuail náire me gan suidhe ’n-a theannta.	Sit down a bit, the day is long and it’ll be cool in the afternoon.’ I didn’t care much for what he had to say, but I was rather shy of refusing to sit down with him.
Rud eile, thuigeas, mara mbeadh an file buidheach díom, go ndéanfadh sé aor orm ná beadh ar fónamh agus me i mbéal mo thugtha amach san am san.	Besides, I knew that if the poet had anything against me, he would make a satire on me that would be very unpleasant, especially as I was just about coming out in the world.
Do shuidheas ’na theannta.	So I sat down beside him.
“Seadh,” arsan file, “an chéad amhrán a dheineas riamh b’fhéidir ná fuil sé agat.	‘Now,’ says the poet, ‘perhaps you haven’t got the first poem ever I made.
’Sí ‘An Chaora Odhar’ an chéad cheann a cheapas riamh agus fáth maith agam le n-a dhéanamh, maidir le h-olc.” Cad deire leis ná gur thosnuigh le gach focal do rádh dhi agus é sínte siar ar shlait a dhroma.	“The Black-faced Sheep”, that was my first, and I had good reason for making it as far as provocation goes.’ Would you believe it—he started to recite every word of it, lying there stretched out on the flat of his back!

Túrtóg de mhín-fhraoch thíos fé agus teas agus brothall ó lonnradh na gréine ag teacht anuas ó'n spéir fhíor-ghorm ghlan do bhí ós ár gcionn an uair sin ag tabhairt teasaidheachta do'n taobh a bhí os a chionn de'n bhfile.	There was a hummock of soft heather under him, and the scorching heat of the sun was flaming down from the cloudless, deep blue sky over our head, toasting the side of the poet that was uppermost.
Do mholas an t-amhrán go crannaibh na gréine cé go raibh sé am' ghriogadh go nimhneach ar shlí eile, am' choimeád ó'n ngnó tábhachtach a chuireas romham ar maidin a bheith déanta agam.	I praised the poem to the skies, though it was vexing me sorely from another point of view—keeping me back from the profitable work that I had promised myself that morning should be done.
Do bhí cosc curtha age sámsaireacht an fhile leis.	The poet had put a stop to that with his babbling.
"Beidh an t-amhrán ar lár," ar seisean, "mara bprioctar suas é.	'The poem will be lost,' says he, 'if somebody doesn't pick it up.
An bhfuil aon rud id' phóca agat go scríobhfá síos é?" An té ná bíonn an t-ádh 'n-a bhóthar ar maidin, agus Dia leis, níl sé i gcumas an pheacaigh bhoicht féin mórán do dhéanamh.	Have you anything in your pocket that you could write it down with?' If a man isn't in luck's way in the morning and God's favour with him, the poor wretch can't hope to do much.
Dhá ualach sean-asail de mhóin níor thuit le Tomás bocht an lán san go raibh an saothar mór beartaithe aige le déanamh;	The hapless Tom didn't cut as much turf as would make two loads for an old ass that day that he planned to do so much.
agus do bhí an lá úd ar na chéad laetheannta riamh gur bhraitheas an saoghal ag teacht im' choinnibh, mar 'seadh bhí lá liom agus cúig lá im' choinnibh as san amach.	And that was one of the first days that I felt the world going against me, for the fact is, for one day that went well with me, five would go wrong for me from that day out.
Níorbh' ar mhaithe leis an bhfile fuaireas mo pheannluaidhe agus páipéar éigin a bhí im' phóca ach ar eagla go dtabharfadh sé aghaidh a ghairbh-bhéil orm féinig agus do chromas ar bhreacadh síos mar leigeadh seisean as a bhéal.	It wasn't to oblige the poet that I fished out my pencil and some paper I had in my pocket, but for fear he would turn the rough side of his tongue to me. I set about scribbling down the words as they came out of his mouth.
Ní insa teangain seo do bhíos ag scríobh' mar ná rabhas oilte uirthi insan am san.	It wasn't in the usual spelling that I wrote them, for I hadn't enough practice in it in those days.
Ní raibh puinn suilt ag baint liom le n-a linn sin.	I wasn't too happy then; and no wonder:
Níorbh iongantas san —fear go raibh gnó fuaimeantúil ar siubhal ar maidin aige agus anois é curtha i leath-taoibh age gnó gan áird.	a man who had a sensible bit of work on hand in the morning, and now it was laid aside for a pointless job!

Ar oscailt a bhéil do'n fhile do bhí sleabhac ar a bhéal ag leigeant na gotha amach.	When once he'd opened his mouth, the poet had a jut on his jaw to send his voice out.
Do breacas síos mar fhéadar ar slí a thug sruth-mheabhair dom ar an amhrán agus rud eile má raghadh focal ar iarraidh féin uaim ní raibh an ceann ródaidhe ró fhada uaim agus eisean go h-éascaidh chun smut d'á shaoghal a chaitheamh 'á chur i dtuiscint dom, dá mbeadh an tseisreach sa bhfód aige féin.	I scribbled away at the words as best I could after a fashion that kept the poem more or less in my memory, and, besides, if a word should drop out here and there, the guide wasn't far from me, ready and willing to waste a bit of his life explaining it to me, even if the plough-team were waiting for him in the furrow.
San am go raibh an bheirt againn réidh le chéile do bhí an ghrian ag maolú thar cnoc agus ba dhícheall do Thomás aon splannc céille do bheith aige insan am san.	When the pair of us had done with one another, the sun was sinking over the hill, and it was as much as Tom could do to keep his wits together by that time.
Tar éis an fhile do scarúint uaim sé an chéad rud a dheineas dul go dtí an túrtóig go raibh mo dhinnéar le h-ais léi ach dob é an dinneár gan áird é.	When the poet had left me, the very first thing I did was to go to the tussock at the side of which my dinner was, and the dinner was utterly ruined:
An cannta d'arán buidhe do bhí ann ní dhéanfadh capall é mheilt, agus mo chuid bainne 'n-a chloich sa bhuidéal!	a horse couldn't have champed the hunk of yellow bread, and my milk had turned to stone in the bottle!
XI — Mé im' fhear.	11 — My Manhood.
An cor mór éisc, an bhean bhéal-dorais caillte, an seisear ógbhan.	THE BIG CATCH OF FISH · DEATH OF THE OLD WOMAN OVER THE WAY · THE SIX GIRLS
Ós rud é gur chuir an file siar ó lá an tsaothair mhóir me gan oiread agus portach móna do bhaint, do cheapas lá eile chun a dhéanta.	Since it had come about that the poet had put me back that day I meant to do so much, so that I hadn't cut even a load of turf, I fixed on another day for doing it.
Níor thugas liom aon dinnéar an lá so, mar dubhairt mo mháthair liom go gcuirfeadh sí giarsach ag triall orm le beagán de bhiadh the.	I didn't take any dinner with me this day, for my mother told me that she would send a little girl to me with a bit of hot food.
Sin mar bhí.	So it was.
Do phreabas liom an cnoc amach, agus do thána suas le beirt eile go raibh an fuadar céadna fútha.	I ran up the hill and caught up with two others who were in the same hurry as I was.

Ar an slí dhúinn chun an tsléibhe, casadh súl dár thug duine aca, cad do chífeadh sé ná ráth éisc fé ár mbun síos i n-aice na cloiche.	On our way to the mountain one of them glanced out to sea, and what should he see but a school of fish down below us near in to the rock.
"An diabhal," ar seisean, "féachaidh an t-iasc go léir a ráithíocht!" B'eo linn abhaile, agus siubhal fúinn.	'The devil!' says he. 'Look at all the fish shoaling!' Off with us homewards as fast as we could.
Do cuireadh bád ar snámh, agus buaileadh isteach na líonta innte;	A boat was launched and the nets were thrown into her:
agus níor stadamair nó gur bhaineamair amach an áit go raibh an ráth.	and we never stopped till we had made the spot where the shoal was.
Bhí sí ar barra fós comh maith agus do bhí riamh.	It was still on the surface, just as it had been.
Do chaitheamair amach an líon agus do thánamair timcheall uirthi.	We made a cast of the net and rowed round the shoal.
Do thógamair lán ár mbáid féin, agus do bhí lán báid eile insa líon fós.	We took as much as our boat would carry, and there was enough for another boat still in the net.
B'éigean fear do chur amach ar an gcloich chun báid eile do theacht ó'n gcalath, chun é thabhairt chun cinn.	We had to land a man on the rock to fetch another boat from the harbour to bring the catch home.
Is orm féin do deineadh beartú chun dul abhaile, agus lucht an bháid eile do sholáthar, agus, ní ar shon mé féin 'á rádh é, níorbh' fhuraiste dhuit mo leithéid féin eile d'fhagháil do bhainfeadh barra an chnuic amach díom.	They pitched on me to go home and get the crew of the other boat, and—though I say it myself—it wasn't easy to find my match to get over the crest of the hill before me.
Ar shroichstint an tighe dham, níor mhór na fearaibh do bhí le fagháil, mar do bhí gach nduine aca 'n-a phost féin.	When I reached home, there weren't many men to be got, for they were all at their own jobs.
Ní raibh sa Bhlascaod an bhliain seo ach aon bhád amháin saidhne, ach báid bheaga.	There was only one boat with a seine net in the Blasket that year.
Is ceann aca san do b'éigean dam a chur i bhfearas;	All the rest were little boats.
agus beirt eile, sean-daoine, im' theannta féin an chriú do bhí innti.	It was one of those that I had to get ready, and two old men were the crew that came in it with me.
Seadh, do dheineamair an bheart, mar do bhí an lá ana-bhreagh.	Well, we managed it all right, for it was a very fine day.

Nuair do shroicheamair bád an tsaidhne do líonadh isteach ’on bhád beag an méid dob’ fhéidir léi do thabhairt léi;	When we reached the seine boat, we filled up the little boat with all she could take;
ach fós do bhí an scéal comh breallach agus do bhí riamh, mar ná raibh an saidhne folamh fós.	but we were as badly off as before, for the net wasn’t emptied yet.
Do bhí lán báid eile d’iasc ann.	There was another boatful of fish still in it.
Bhí an scéal so docht go maith, toisc fearaibh do bheith gann chun báid eile do chur le chéile.	We were in a dilemma, for there weren’t enough men to make up the crew of another boat.
’Sé seift do deineadh ná an bád beag do bhí lán do chomáint abhaile, agus an t-iasc do chur aisti, agus í theacht arís.	The shift we hit on was to send the little boat home with its load to land the fish and come back again.
Sin mar bhí.	So it was done.
Do buaileadh cheithre mhaide uirthi, agus fear d’á stiúradh.	She was given four oars and a man to steer her.
Ní raibh sí i bhfad san am go raibh sí thar n-ais arís.	And it wasn’t long till she was back again.
Do buaileadh isteach fén saidhne í, agus do bhí a lán go smeig ann.	The net was heaped into her, and she was full to the chin.
B’eo leis an dá bhád i n-éineacht abhaile, agus iad síos go gunail.	Off went the two boats together, both of them down to the gunwale.
Maircréil Bhealtaine do b’eadh iad go raibh faid do láimhe is gach ceann aca.	The fish was May mackerel, every one of them as long as your arm.
Dubhairt na fir aosta ná feacadar riamh aon chladach éisc ba bhreaghtha ’ná é i n-aon tsaidhne amháin.	The old men said that they had never seen a finer catch of fish in a single seine net.
Do lean bráca mhaith ’n-a dhiaidh sin é: é níghe agus salann do chur air, mar ná raibh ceannaidheacht úr air insan am úd.	The next thing was to cure the fish; a hard job it was washing it and salting it, for there was no market for fresh fish at that time.
A h-ocht míle maircréal do bhí insa chlais, mar do bhí an t-iasc garbh.	There were eight thousand fish in the great heap, for it was large-sized fish.
Tnáithte go maith do bhíomair tar éis iascaigh an lae, agus do chodlamair an oidhche go maith, ná bíodh eagla ort.	We were pretty well worn out after the day’s fishing, and we had a good night’s sleep, never fear.
Go moch ar maidin do buaileadh buille ar an ndoras.	Early in the morning there was a knock at our door.
Bhí iongnadh ar mo mháthair, mar is í oscail é.	My mother got a surprise, for she it was who opened the door.

Cé bhéadh ann ná mac na caillighe, agus é ag soláthar daoine chun an tsagairt do thabhairt chun a mháthar do bhí an-olc ó mheadhon oidhche aréir.	Who should be there but the old woman’s son, collecting men to fetch the priest to his mother, who had been very bad since the middle of the night.
Do ghlaoidh mo mháthair orm féin agus me im’ throm-shuan san am san.	My mother gave me a call—I was fast asleep at the moment.
Do phreabas im’ shuidhe.	I sprang up.
Ní raibh gnó agam-sa teip im’ chuid féin de’n scéal gan í fhriotháilt i dtaobh an tsagairt.	I had no wish to fail to do my share of the duty of helping to bring the priest to her.
D’fháisceas suas me féin, agus do bhí sáspan bainne te age m’ mháthair an fhaid do bhíos ’á dhéanamh.	I dressed myself, and my mother got ready a saucepan of warm milk while I was dressing.
Do shloigeas siar é agus cannta aráin, agus amach an doras liom.	I bolted it and a hunk of bread, and out of the door I went.
Do ráinig liom a bheith ar na chéad fhir do shroich an calath, ach bhí fear ar fhear ag teacht nó go rabhamair le chéile.	I managed to be one of the first who got to the harbour, but they were coming up, man after man, till we were all collected.
Bhí an mhaidean breagh bog, ach go raibh sí dorcha.	It was a fine, soft morning, only rather dark.
B’eo linn nó gur shroicheamair Dúnchaoin;	Off we went and came to Dunquin.
agus chuaidh mac na mná breóite fé dhéin an tsagairt go Paróiste an Fhirtéaraigh, agus dailtín eile i n-éineacht leis.	And the sick woman’s son went to Ballyferriter parish to get the priest, with another lad in his company.
Do bhí an lá ’á mheilt, agus ní raibh cú ná teachtaire ag teacht; ach fé dheire, agus an lá maol, tháinig an sagart agus gan aon phioc de thuairisc na beirte eile aige, ó ghlaodar go luath insa lá air.	The day was passing, and there was not a sign of man or dog with news, but at last, as the day drew to its end, the priest came, but he had nothing to tell us of the other two, for they had made their call on him early in the day.
Chuireamair an bád go dtí an t-uisce, thógamair an sagart, agus as go bráth linn chun na fairrge go dtí an Blascaod.	We launched the boat, took the priest aboard, and made our best speed to sea, home to the Blasket.
Níorbh’ fhada ó thalamh do bhíomair san am gur thuit scailp cheóigh ná feicfeá méar do chur id’ shúil, ach do bhíomair ag rámhaidheacht ar feadh i bhfad, ach ní raibh radharc ar thalamh ná ar thigh againn.	We weren’t far out from the land when a heavy mist descended, so that you couldn’t see to put your finger in your eye, but we kept on rowing for a good bit, though we caught no glimpse of land or any house.

Do bhíomair comh fada san ag obair gur bhuail tuirse sinn agus do bhí fhios againn go rabhamair amú agus nárbh' aon mhaith dhúinn a bheith ag obair agus do stadamair suas ar fad.	We were at work so long that we grew weary, and we realized that we were lost and that it was useless to keep on working, so we stopped for some time.
Ansan d'fhiafruigh an sagart dínn an raibh an scéal tabhartha suas againn.	Then the priest asked us if we had given up hope.
Dubhramair leis go raibh, go mbeadh an talamh againn fadó mara mbeadh sinn a bheith amú.	We answered that we had, for we should have reached land long ago if we hadn't gone astray.
Do mhúscail an sagart a leabhar agus insan am san, súil d'ár thug fear éigin, do chonnaic sé cloch nó stocán, agus do b'eo linn fé n-a dhéin, ach, mo léir, do bhíomair trí mhíle ar seachrán.	The priest started on his breviary, and at that very moment one of the men looked out and saw a rock or crag, and off we started towards it, but, alas! we were three miles out of our way.
Seadh, do thug sé sórt breacadh air féin nó gur bhaineamair an caladh amach, agus do bhí an tráthnóna ann an uair seo.	Well, it began to lift a bit and we managed to make the landing-place, and it was evening by this time.
Níor mhór an mhoill do dhein an sagart san am go raibh sé orainn arís, agus do b'eo linn insa tsiubhal arís.	The priest didn't stay long, but came back to us immediately, and off we started again.
Do bhí an chonntráth ann san am go rabhamair amuich.	It was late evening by the time we got out to the mainland again.
Súil d'ár thug fear éigin, cad do chífeadh sé ná an dá dhailtín i n-imeall an chladaigh, agus fuil 'n-a slaoda ortha,	One of our men looked, and what should he see but the two good-for-nothings down by the shore with blood streaming from them,
ó bheith ag tuitim agus ag éirghe le barr dighe; ach cad é an tábhacht duine aca ach an fear go raibh a mháthair le béal báis, mac na caillighe?	for they had been rising and falling with the drink they had taken. I say nothing of one of them. But what of the man, the old woman's son, whose mother was at death's door?
Do chasamair ar an dtigh, agus ní raibh an lá 'n-a shaoire againn, ach oiread le lá an éisc mhóir.	We returned home, and that day was no holiday for us, any more than was the day on which we had made the great catch of fish.
Seo mar bhíonn saoghal an duine 'á mheilt, agus meiltear a lán de ar bheag tairbhe.	So does a man's life wear away, and a great deal of it to little profit.

Bhí mo sheachtain caithte agam gan móin, an rud do chuireas rómham ’n-a tosach—ach go raibh dorn maith éisc agam.	I had spent my week without getting any turf, as I had proposed at its beginning, though I had caught plenty of fish.
Cúpla lá do mhair an bhean liath ’n-a dhiaidh sin.	A day or two after that the grey woman died.
B’in obair eile arís:	And that meant more work:
dul go dtí an baile mór agus neithe oiriúnacha do thabhairt as chun an tóraimh.	to go to the town and bring home what was needed for the wake.
Is gnáthach gur b’iad an mhuinntir a thugann an sagart chun cinn, a thugann an tóramh leo.	It is the custom for those who fetch the priest to go for the things for the wake.
Leis sin, níor imigh an cúrsa i gan fhios domh-sa, dar ndóigh; mar tháinig an mac go béal an dorais. Ní h-é an t-eiteach thugas uaim, dar ndóigh.	And so you may be sure I had a hand in all that was going on, for the son came to my threshold—and, of course, it wasn’t a refusal I gave him.
B’eo linn sa tsiubhal, bád mór an tsaidhne againn, hochtar fear againn, cheithre mhaide rámha, beirt ar gach maide de thrí cinn aca, fear aonair ar an maide eile, agus fear ’á stiúradh.	Off we went in the great seine boat, eight of us with four oars, two men apiece to three of the oars, one on the other oar and a man at the rudder.
Do shroicheamair Dúnchaoin, do sholáthair sé capall ann, agus do b’eo leo chun bóthair, triúr fear sa chairt, beirt ó’n oileán agus fear an chapaill, agus bean ’n-a dteannta.	We got to Dunquin. He arranged for a horse, and they started off. There were three men in the cart, two from the Island, and the driver; and a woman with them.
Sean-nós iseadh bean do bheith i dtreó gach tóraimh.	It is an ancient custom for a woman to go with those who get the things for a wake.
D’fhanas i nDúnchaoin.	I stayed behind in Dunquin.
Ar a shon ná rabhas ag cainnt, do cheapas ná béadh an capall age baile go h-obann.	Although I said nothing, I fancied the cart wouldn’t be back very quickly.
Ach do bhí.	All the same it was.
Bhí tóramh maith ar an gcailligh comh maith leo.	They had good stuff for the old hag’s wake with them.
Bhí piúnt leanna duibhe, leis, le fagháil ann, agus gloine ’bhiotáile.	You could get a pint of porter there, too, and a glass of whisky.
Bhí an lá gur tógadh amach í ana-bhreagh ach go raibh a h-áit dúthchais achar maith ó bhaile, i dteampall Fionntrágha.	She was taken ashore on a magnificent day, only her family burial place was a good way off, in Ventry churchyard.

Bhí tigh tábhairne insa pharóiste sin, agus ba ghnáth-bhéas age lucht sochraide babhta óil do dhéanamh ann.	There was a tavern in that parish, and it was a regular custom for those who followed the funeral to have a drinking bout there.
Do chuaidh ár bhformhór-na, leis, an lá so ann.	Most of us went in there that day, too.
An fear nár chuaidh, do bhí sé ag baint an tighe amach, agus é déanach go leór san am go raibh sé bainte amach againn.	Anybody who didn’t go in made his way home, and it was pretty late in the day before we got there.
D’fhan an chuid eile insa pharóiste go dtí lár n-a mháireach, agus timcheall meán lae do shroicheadar an baile.	The rest stayed in Ventry parish till the next day, and came home about noon.
Do b’é seo an chríoch dheireannach ar an mnaoi léith bhéal-dorais, agus geallaim-se dhuit, marar ráinig liom-sa do bheith saidhbhir féin le linn imeacht di, nárbh’ ise ba chionntach leis, ná raibh faic agam le cur ’n-a leith.	That was the last end of the grey woman opposite, and I can tell you that, if it wasn’t my luck to be rich the day she left the world, it wasn’t for want of her good wishes.
Seadh, do bhí an méid sin déanta, ach ní chothuigheann an marbh an beo;	I hadn’t a thing to say against her. Well, so that was done with.
agus do bhí gach nduine againn ag beartú ar an ngnó ba mheasa gan déanamh.	But the dead don’t feed the living, and every one of us began to think of what most needed doing.
Ó’n uair gurbh’ é am na móna do bhí ann, is fé’n gcnoc do bhí gach nduine ag tabhairt, agus an fear mar bhíodh ullamh is ann a thugadh sé aghaidh.	Since it was the turf-cutting season, we were all making for the hill, every man starting out as soon as his preparations were made.
Do bhí mo ramhan féin insa phortach i gcómhnuidhe, agus gur chuma liom dá mbéadh an mhóin bainte agam sara mbéadh an triomach tagaithe.	My own spade was in the bog every day, and nothing mattered, I thought, so long as I could have the turf cut before the dry season set in.
Níor stadas de’n ráib sin nó gur rugas ar fheach na raimhne im’ dhóid.	The thought gave me no rest till I had my hand on the haft of the spade.
Bhíos ag déanamh go h-áluinn ar feadh formhór an lae, agus saothar maith déanta agam, san am gur ghluais chugham fé bhrághaid ba do thiomáint abhaile gach a raibh de mhná óga insan oileán.	I was working away splendidly for the most part of the day, and I had a good bit of work done when all the young girls of the Island came upon me, going out to drive the cows home.

Do b’eo chugham na mná óga úd, duine aca ag stathadh mo chluaise, duine eile aca ag baint na raimhne as mo láimh, beirt eile ag faire orm chun me chur ar shlait mo dhroma ’on phortach, chun go mbeadh seódh aca orm.	They set upon me, one of them pulling my ear, another snatching the spade out of my hands, two others looking for a chance to tip me over on the flat of my back in the bog to have some fun out of me.
An cleas ná béadh machtnaithe age duine aca do bhíodh sé go luath age duine eile.	If one didn’t think of a trick another had it in a second.
Is maith do bhí fhios agam go raibh mo chuid móna bainte insa lá san an t-am go bhfeaca mapa an chéad chinn aca ag teacht im’ sholus.	I knew perfectly well that I’d cut my last sod of turf that day when I saw the mop head of the first of them coming between me and the daylight.
Mar an méid d’óg-mhná do bhí ann an uair sin, ba gheall le pat-fhiain do bhíodar;	For the gang of girls we had in the Island in those days were next door to being half wild.
agus, cé go rabhas bog-chortha go maith rómpa, go fíor is iad so do chuir críochnú ar mo bhrácadh.	And, though I was pretty tired before they came, sure it was they that finished me altogether.
Níorbh’ iongnadh san: seisear d’óg-mhná do bhí i mbéal a dtugtha amach, lán de theasbach, pé sórt bídh nó díghe do bhí aca.	And no wonder—six girls, just about beginning to ripen, running over with high spirits, whatever sort of food and drink they had.
Is fuiriste fuineadh i dteannta na mine, agus dob’ in ionbhadh aca so é;	It’s easy baking when you have meal to hand, and so it was with them:
pantalóga tútach’ láidir’ do bhí comh folláin leis an mbreac sa mhuir, gur chuma dhóibh cad do bheadh ar an mbórd aca, agus ba chuma leo é.	stout, strong hoydens, as healthy as the fish in the sea; it made no odds to them what sort of food they had on the table, and they didn’t care.
D’á dhéine do chuadar orm, níor chuireadar chun feirge ná chun uilc me, dar ndóigh.	The worst they could do to me didn’t vex or worry me, be sure of that.
Do b’ait an rud dom dá gcuirfidís. Isé mire na h-óige do bhí ag cur ortha;	It would have been an odd thing, indeed, if it had, for it was the wild spirit of youth that was driving them,
agus, darnó, nárbh’ é mo cheart-sa an spréach chéadna do bheith ag baint liom féin; mar ba mhó fear óg mar me gurbh’ fhearr leis iad so do bheith ag imirt air ná a raibh de mhóin ar na sléibhte.	and sure I had a good right to have a spark of the same fire touching me up, too, for there was many a young man of my own kind who’d rather have them playing their games with him than all the turf on the hills.

Ceann des na laetheannta ’n-a dhiaidh seo, sé sin, an lá go rabhas chun deire do bheith agam leis an móin go dtí an aith-bhliain, pé mhairfeadh, cad do bhuailfeadh chugham ná an gasra céadna ban óg.	One day soon after this—that is to say, the day I meant to finish with the turf till the next year (if I lived)—what should come my way but the very same gang of girls.
Ag tiomáint ba abhaile do bhídís, agus crosa ag baint leo ’n-a theannta san.	They used to be driving the cows home and playing all sorts of mad tricks as they did so.
Do fuaireadar amach me gan amhras.	Of course, they spied me out.
B’eo chugham láithreach iad, ag caitheamh urchar agus ag déanamh gach cros.	They were on me at once, throwing things at me, and up to every mischief.
Toisc gurbh’ é an clousúr agam féin ar bhaint na móna é, dubhart liom féin go gcaithfinn an chuid eile den tráthnóna ag súgradh leo.	Since I was putting the last hand to the turf-cutting, I promised myself that I would spend the rest of the evening having fun with them.
Ní raibh aon duine den seisear go sméidfinn uirthi ná go raghadh liom go toilteanach chun buan-cheangal do bheith eadrainn;	There wasn’t one of the six, if I had given her the wink, that wouldn’t have gone with me ready and willing for the knot there’s no untying;
ach pé duine go raibh mo shúil-se uirthi san am san, níorbh air aenne de’n seisear é.	but, whoever I had my eye on in those days, it wasn’t any one of those six.
Ba chuma san—níorbh aon urchar millte liom tamall grinn do bheith agam ortha; rud is go raibh, go díreach.	Never mind—it would do me no great harm to have a bit of fun with them, and I had it all right.
Pé tuirse do bhí orm d’imigh sé dhíom, mar do thugadh an seisear féin fé chéile go minic, agus ba chomh-luath ’n-a seasamh iad nó leagaithe age n-a chéile agus mise aca.	If I felt any weariness, it left me then, for those six went for one another again and again, and no sooner were they up than they’d be down again, one overturning the other, and the same with me, too.
Is fada do bhí cuimhne ar an dtráthnóna úd agam, agus tá fós.	It’s long I remembered that afternoon; I remember it still.
Dubhairt an t-údar:	Says the poet:
“Is aicme iad na mná nách fearrde duine bhíonn leo”; agus do b’in ionbhadh agam-sa é, mar do chuireadar ar seachrán óm’ ghnó as san amach me.	‘Bothering with women never did a man any good!’ and that’s just how it was with me, for they sent me astray from my work from that time out.

Fé mar tá luaidhte agam i dtaobh na n-óg-bhan so gur baoghalach ná raghadh mo ghnóthaí chun cinn go ceann achair maith d’á ndeascaibh, bhíos fíor;	Well, as I said about these girls, that it looked as though I wasn’t going to get on with my job for some time to come because of them, I was right:
mar, an uair do chonnac de mhuin mairc a chéile an tráthnóna úd iad seadh do buaileadh im’ aigne ná beadh aon ghnó ba thairbhighe dhom ná ceann d’á sórt do shroichstint mar mhnaoi dom féin agus an t-am agam an uair sin.	for, when I saw them heaped hugger-mugger on top of one another that afternoon, it came into my head that the best thing I could do was to get one of the kind for a wife for myself—and it was high time, too!
XII — Lá na róinte.	12 — The Day of the Seal Hunt.
Clochán na móna, an gadhar i bpoll, poll na rón, beirt ar théid, fear gan snámh, ocht róinte marbh, an tarrac sa pholl, m’úncail d’á bhádhadh.	THE TURF-SHELTER · THE DOG IN THE · HOLE · THE SEAL CAVE · TWO · ON A ROPE · THE MAN WHO COULDN’T · SWIM · EIGHT SEALS KILLED · THE SWELL IN THE CAVE · MY UNCLE NEARLY DROWNED
Do bhí an mhóin bainte agam anois agus me scoth-shásta ach go raibh a lán fós le déanamh léi an uair a bheadh sí tirm;	I had the turf cut now, and was fairly satisfied, only there was a great deal of work to be done on it as soon as it dried:
agus do bhí tosach an tiormaigh ’á teasbáint féin cheana.	and the beginning of the dry season was making itself felt already.
Sé rud a chuireas ar bun annsan ná dul lá eile agus clochán breagh d’fheistiú chun ná beadh agam ach an mhóin a chaitheamh isteach ann nuair a bheadh sí tirm, mar ba mhoill lá eile é.	My plan was to spend another day in fixing up a good shelter, so that all I should have to do would be to throw the turf in when it was dry, for it would hold me up if I left it till later.
Do bhí an lá bheartuigheas chuige scuabach garbh tirm agus é oiriúnach go maith chun an ghnótha a chuireas romham agus b’eo liom an cnoc amach.	The day I decided on for this was a wild, gusty, dry day, just right for the job I had in hand, and off I went up the hill.
Nuair a shroicheas chun cinn do chaitheas díom anuas go dtí an léine mar do bhí fothain mhaith insa lonntán go raibh an gnó agam le déanamh.	When I got there, I stripped to the shirt, for the place where I was going to work was well sheltered.

Do chuas ceangailte isteach i múchán nár bogadh le dachad nó trí fichid bliain roimis sin agus chromas ar bheith ’á réidhteach; agus ag ceapadh an chlocháin nua an uair a bhí tréimhse mhaith ar saothar agam ann.	I set to work right in the very midst of an old stone structure that had never been shifted for forty or sixty years before, and began to set it to rights, designing a new shelter.
Do bhí coileán madra i n-éineacht liom agus níor bhraitheas faic nó go raibh sé gabhtha idir mo dhá chois agus é rithte siar fé chab lice go raibh cabha mór amach uirthi agus í folamh fúithe siar.	I had a pup with me, and I noticed nothing till he had slipped between my legs and ran back under an overhanging flagstone that projected far out, with a hollow space beneath it.
Do chuaidh mo choileán comh fada siar fé’n lic ná raibh blúire agam le feiscint de.	My pup went so far into the hole under the stone that I couldn’t see a trace of him.
Seadh, bhí mo choileán deas scartha liom agus ba choileán deas féin é.	Well, I’d lost my fine dog—and a fine dog he was, too.
Ainm deagh-cháiliúil air agus sinn dulta go dtí Fianna Éireann chun í sholáthar do.	He had a reputable name, for we had gone as far back as the Fenians of old to fetch it for him.
Oscar a thugaimís air.	Oscar was what we called him.
Do bhí saothar an lae i leath-taoibh ag an gcoileán orm agus do bhain sé óm’ threóir agus ó’n bhfuadar a bhí fúm gan ró mhoill.	The pup had ruined my day’s work for me and put an end at once to all my energy and determination.
Do chromas ar ísliú síos agus ar ghliúcaidheacht isteach fé chab na lice agus timcheall órlach de bharra ’eirbaill do bhí le feiscint agam.	I started to bend down and peer under the hollow of the stone, and I managed to see about an inch of the tip of his tail.
Do chromas ar ghlaodhach air ach níor mhór an mhaith dhom agus do thuigeas gur i ngreim a bhí sé.	So I began to call him out, but that wasn’t much good, and I realized that he was stuck there.
Bhí an scéal go h-ait annsan agam.	I was in a queer fix then.
Ní raibh an clochán nua déanta agam.	My new shelter wasn’t made yet;
Do bhí mo choileán ar iarraidh uaim agus do bhí eagla roime m’athair agam, mar gurbh’ é a thug ó Dhaingean Uí Chúise é agus é ar a dhrom i gcléibh hocht míle slí.	my pup was lost, and I was terrified of what my father would say, for he it was who had brought the pup from Dingle, carrying him for eight miles in a basket on his back.

Do bhí dubhán mór iascaigh im’ póca, agus córda maith, agus do cheanglas d’fheac na raimhne é agus chuireas siar ’on pholl é comh fada agus d’fhéadas.	I had a big fishing hook in my pocket and a good bit of twine, so I tied it to the handle of the turf-spade and thrust it back into the hole as far as I could.
Ráinig leis an ndubhán dul i ngreim sa choileán i n-árd a thóna.	The hook stuck into the top of the pup’s behind.
Thairrigíos chugham é agus do ghluais liom go réidh agus seibineach de choinín ’n-a bhéal aige.	I dragged him towards me, and out he came easily enough, with a lump of a rabbit in. his jaws;
Do bhí an coinín marbh agus an lámhóid tosaigh ithte aige agus an uair a bhaineas as a bhéal é do thug aon léim amháin agus do chuaidh ’on pholl céadna agus ar fhéachaint ’n-a dhiaidh dom ní raibh blúire le feiscint de.	the rabbit was dead, and the pup had eaten one of his front paws, and, when I pulled it out of his mouth, he gave one leap back into the hole again. When I looked for him again, I couldn’t see a sign of him.
Ní rabhas istigh liom féin.	I was beside myself.
Do chuaidh díom é bhaint arís as an bpoll agus i ndeire an tráthnóna thiar b’éigean dom gluaiseacht abhaile go mí-chéadfhach.	I failed to get him out of the hole again, and late in the evening I had to go home in a very bad humour.
Ar shroichstint an tighe dhom ní rabhas ró shultmhar agus do chuireas tharm an coinín ar crochadh.	I got home in a pretty bad temper and hung up the rabbit.
Do bhí an biadh ullamh gan dabht agus do chuas go dtí an bórd.	My meal was ready, of course, and I went up to the table.
“Is dócha,” arsa mo mháthair, “gurbh é an coileán a rug ar an gcoinín duit.”	‘I expect,’ said my mother, ‘that it was the pup that caught the rabbit for you.’
“Is é,” arsa mise, “agus tá sé féin i ngeall leis.”	‘It was,’ said I, ‘and he’s left himself for a forfeit.’
“Conus san?” ar sise.	‘How did he do that?’ says she.
“An b’amhlaidh a chuaidh sé le faill?” D’innseas di mar bhí ó thosach deire, conus mar thugas liom leis an dubhán é agus mar do rop sé siar fé’n bpoll aríst é féin gan mhoill, “i n-áit go bhfanfaidh sé go deo,” arsa mise léi.	‘Did he go over the cliff?’ I told her the whole story from beginning to end—how I fetched him out with the hook, and he dived into the hole again at once. ‘And he’ll stay there for good and all,’ I told her.
“Ná bac san do,” ar sise.	‘Don’t mind if he does,’ says she.

Ní raibh smig as béal m’athar ar feadh an méid sin cainnte agus do cheapas gur ag bailiú lóin dom do bhí sé agus nár bheag dom a luaithe a chloisfinn ag cainnt é;	My father never breathed a word while this talk was going on, and I thought that he was saving it up for me, and that I should hear what he had to say soon enough:
mar do cheapas go dtuigfeadh sé gur lem’ shuaraidheacht féin d’imigh an coileán uaim.	for I fancied that he would think that it was by my own carelessness I had lost the pup.
Is minic nach mar thuigeann duine do chách do bhíonn sé;	But often things turn out differently from what we expect.
agus dob’ ’in ionbhadh agam-sa lem’ athair é, mar an uair a labhair sé do bhí fuaimeant le n-a chainnt.	And so it was with me and my father, for when he did speak, there was good sense in what he had to say.
“Is dócha,” ar seisean, “ná raghadh Oscar siar ’on pholl thar n-ais mara mbeadh gur bhraith sé coinín eile ann, agus b’fhéidir dhá cheann, agus trí cinn.”	‘I believe,’ said he, ‘that Oscar would never have gone back into the hole if he hadn’t scented another rabbit there—possibly two, or even three of them.’
Níl aon abairt age clann le clos is compórdaighe dhóibh ná athair agus máthair mhaith agus dob’ ’in ionbhadh agam-sa é mar d’á mhéid dul trí ’chéile bhí orm-sa ag fágaint an chnuic dom is roimis an mbeirt do bhí an chuid ba mhó dhe orm;	There’s nothing children like to hear more than a friendly word from a good father and mother, and that was my case then, for, though I’d been upset enough when I came down from the hill, the worst thing for me had been what I expected to hear from them.
ach is amhlaidh a chrothadar díom a raibh orm de agus d’fhan an scéal mar sin go dtí amáireach.	As it was, they dispersed all my fear; and things remained like that until the morrow.
Pé maidean do ghlac suan me níorbh í an mhaidean amáireach í toisc machtnamh an choileáin a bheith im’ cheann.	If ever I slept late, it wasn’t that next morning, as my head was full of thoughts of the pup.
Dá dheascaibh sin do bhíos im’ shuidhe ar bhreacadh an lae.	So I was up at break of day.
D’itheas cúpla greim agus cúpla cnagaire bainne.	I took a bite or two and drank a cup or so of milk.
Do bhraith mo mháthair me agus do chuir ceist orm cá rabhas ag dul comh moch; gur cóir go raibh an lá fada agam, “agus a’ bhficeann tú t’athair timcheall?” ar sise. “Ní fhicim,” arsa mise.	My mother heard me, and asked where I was of to so early: ‘Surely you have the whole long day before you, and,’ says she, ‘do you see your father around?’ ‘No,’ said I.
“Tá tamall ó fhág sé an leabaidh agus is dócha gur chun an chnuic a thug sé ’aghaidh,” ar sise.	‘He left his bed a while back, and I fancy he went up the hill.’
Do chreideas an scéal go maith agus an uair a bhíos ullamh do chuireas díom ’n-a dhiaidh.	I had no difficulty in believing this, and, when I was ready, off I went after him.

Níor stadas de'n ráib sin nó gur bhaineas amach an lonntán go raibh an obair ar siubhal agam.	And once I'd started I never stopped until I had reached the spot where I had been at work.
Sé an chéad rud a chonnac ag teacht fém' dhéin ná Oscar agus níorbh' fhada gur bhain amach me agus ba dhóigh leat go raibh leath-bhliain ó chonnaic sé me.	The first thing I saw coming towards me was Oscar. He ran up to me pretty soon, and you'd have thought that he hadn't seen me for half a year when he caught sight of me.
Do bhí m'athair ag an lic agus é tar éis Oscar d'fhuascailt agus chúig cinn de choiníní móra groidhe aige—iad bainte as an bpoll aige i n-éineacht leis an gcoileán.	My father was standing on the flagstone. He'd just got Oscar out, with five huge rabbits, pulled out of the hole along with the pup.
Ba ghlioca m'athair ná mise go mór mar do dhein sé fábaire age bun na cloiche mar ar dhóigh leis tón an phoill do bheith agus an uair a chuir sé isteach a lámh do bhuail coinín leis agus dhá cheann nó go raibh na chúig cinn aige ba bhreaghtha baineadh as aon pholl riamh.	My father was cleverer than I was, for he'd made a channel at the end of the stone, in the place where he guessed the end of the hole would be, and when he thrust his hand in, he found a rabbit, and then two, till he had five of the finest rabbits that were ever taken out of a single hole.
Do bhuail ar a dhrom chuige iad agus d'imigh leis chun an tighe.	He flung them across his shoulder and went off home.
Do dheineas-sa an clochán nua.	I finished my new turf shelter.
Do cheapas go mbéadh sánas agam nuair do bhí an mhóin bainte, agus an clochán réidh chun í chaitheamh isteach ann, nuair do bhéadh sí trim, ach ní h-amhlaidh do bhí, a mhic ó.	I had planned to have a rest when I had the turf cut and the shelter ready for throwing it in when it was dry; but I didn't get it, my lad!
Fear ana-mhaith do b'eadh m'athair riamh, as 'óige agus eile;	My father had always been a first-rate man in his youth and afterwards,
agus is minic adeireadh sé ná raibh aon chríoch riamh ar an té do bhéadh ar shlait a dhroma sa leabaidh agus an ghrian go soillseach ar an spéir, agus fós gur dhroich-ní dho'n tsláinte é.	and it was a constant saying of his that nobody ever got anything properly done who lay abed on the flat of his back when the sun was shining in the sky, and that it was bad for the health, too.
Seadh, pé rud adubhairt sé riamh, do chuireas rómham an mhaidean so sráice 'á bhreis do bhaint amach, nó go mbéadh gnó eile ar oscailt agam.	Well, whatever he was in the habit of saying, I had arranged with myself to have an extra bit of bed this morning before starting on another job.
Níorbh' fhada gur bhraitheas gáir.	But before long I heard somebody talking loud.

Labhair an fear ar an dteinteán, agus d'fhiafruigh an raibh Tomás 'n-a dhúiseacht.	A man spoke by the hearth and asked was Tom awake yet.
Dubhairt mo mháthair leis ná raibh.	My mother said no.
"Canathaobh?" ar sise.	'Why do you ask?' says she.
"Tá an bád ag dul ag triall ar róinte," ar seisean.	'There's a boat going after seals,' says he.
Úncail dam do b'eadh an té labhair, dreatháir dom' mháthair.	The speaker was an uncle of mine on my mother's side.
Do cheapas gur bh'é m'athair ar dtúis do labhair, ach níorbh é, mar is siar chun na trágha do bhí sé.	At first I thought it was my father speaking, but no—he had gone back to the strand.
Do phreabas im' shuidhe agus nuair do bhí greim caithte agam, do bhuaileas greim eile im' póca agus do thugas m'aghaidh ar an mbád.	I leapt up and, when I'd had a bite, crammed some food into my pocket and set out for the boat.
Do bhí gach fear eile ullamh rómham agus fearaistí oiriúnach aca chun na róinte do bhaint d'á dtreóir:	All the rest were ready before me, with everything necessary to get the best of the seals:
téada chun iad do tharrac amach as an bpoll nuair do bheidís marbh, maide mór láidir go mbíodh ceann reamhar amuich air agus níor mhór san chun iad-súd do threascairt.	ropes to drag them out of the cave when they should be dead, and a big, stout club with a thick end to it—we should want that right enough to lay them low.
Insa tsiubhal linn an caladh amach.	Off we went out of the creek.
Bhí bád eile imithe ó mhoch-óirghe na maidine, ach gur fé sna Blascaeid bheaga do thugadar-san a n-aghaidh.	Another boat had left early in the morning, but they had taken the direction of the Lesser Blaskets.
Inis Mhicileáin do bhaineadar amach, áit nótálta chun róinte do bheith i bpuill ann, mar tá na puill innti go flúirseach.	They had fetched up at Inishvickillaun—a famous place for seals in the caves—for there are a lot of caves in that island.
Aimsir chiúin nár mhór duit, agus tráigh bhreagh rabharta.	You need calm weather and a good spring tide.
Seadh, do shíneamair amach na cheithre mhaide "righne bhínne bhuana bhána bhais-leathna," gotha do bhíodh ar churracháin na Féinne go minic sa tsean-aimsir, agus níor stadamair de'n ruathar reatha san nó gur shroicheamair béal an phuill go raibh beartuithe againn air.	Well, we put out the four oars, 'tough, sweet-sounding, enduring, white, broad bladed', as was the way with the boats of the Fenians of old so often, and stayed not from our headlong course till we reached the mouth of the cave we had fixed on.
Is insa cheann thiar de'n oileán mór do bhí an poll san.	The cave was in the western end of the Great Island.

Poll cúntúrthach do b'eadh é, tarrac do shíor 'n-a thimcheall, tamall maith de shnámh ann agus an snámh le déanamh ar do chliathán, mar níl insa scoilt puill atá ann ach slí an róin go beacht.	It was a very dangerous place, for there was always a strong swell round it, and it's a long swim into it, and you have to swim sidelong, for the cleft in the rock has only just room for a seal.
Nuair do stad an bád age béal an phuill, do bhí súghrac mór tarraic ann.	When the boat stopped in the mouth of the cave there was a strong suck of swell running.
Go minic, do líonfadh béal an phuill ar fad insa tslí go gcuirfeá do shúil go bráth de'n duine do bheadh ar an dtaobh istigh de, agus d'fhág san ar bheagán cainnt a raibh insa bhád againn.	Often and again the mouth of the hole would fill up completely, so that you'd despair of ever seeing again anybody who happened to be inside, and that left those of us who were in the boat little to say.
Ní raibh d'óig-fhir innti ach mise agus buachaill eile, mar ní raibh ár leithéidí oilte a ndóithin ar an sórt so gnótha, ach fearaibh fásta, scoth-aosta.	The only young men there were myself and another lad, for the likes of us were not experienced enough for the job. It needs grown men, well on in years.
Do labhair captaen an bháid, agus dubhairt:	The captain of the boat spoke and said:
"Cad do thug annso sinn, nó an bhfuil aenne toilteannach le tabhairt fé'n bpoll?" Isé m'úncail d'fhreagair é.	'Well, what did we come here for? Isn't anybody ready to have a go at the hole?' It was my uncle who gave him his answer:
"Raghad-sa isteach," ar seisean, "má bhíonn fear eile i n-éineacht liom." D'fhreagair fear eile do bhí insa bhád é.	'I'll go in,' said he, 'if another man will come with me.' Another man in the boat answered him:
"Bead-sa i n-éineacht leat," ar seisean.	'I'll go in with you,' says he.
Fear do b'eadh é seo go raibh gádh maith le smut de rón aige, mar do b'é an turaireacht do bhíodh an chuid ba mhó d'á shaoghal aige.	He was a man who stood in need of a bit of seal meat, for he spent most of his life on short commons.
Muirear mór air, agus gan aenne aige ag déanamh cabhartha dho ach é féin.	He had a big family, and none of them old enough to give him any help.
Do fuair an bheirt réidh iad féin.	The two made their preparations.
Do bhí droichead ar bhéal an phuill agus an t-uisge os a chionn agus fé n-a bhun.	There was a bridge of rock across the mouth of the cave, with the water above and beneath it.
Do bhí ar bheirt dul ar an ndroichead, chun na beirte eile do leigint isteach.	Two men had to stand on the bridge to help the other two in.

Bhí snámh maith age fear acu, ach ní age m’úncail é.	One of the two was a good swimmer, but not my uncle.
B’eo isteach an snámhaidhe chun tosaigh, ceann na téide ’n-a bhéal aige, an maide marbhaithe fén’ ascaill aige, coinneal agus lasáin ’na chaipín aige agus an caipín ar a cheann.	The swimmer went in first, carrying the end of the rope in his mouth, the slaughtering stick under his oxter, a candle and matches in his cap and the cap on his head.
Níorbh’ aon mhaith dul ’on pholl gan solas mar do bhí sé ag dul ró fhada isteach fé thalamh.	It was useless to go into the cave without a light, for it penetrated too far under the ground.
B’eo isteach m’úncail ’n-a dhiaidh, téad eile ar a chorp féin agus lámh leis i ngreim insa téid a bhí istigh ag an snámhaidhe agus a ceann san i ngreim istigh agus an ceann eile dhi i ngreim insa droichead amuich chun í bheith oiriúnach i gcomhnaidhe.	My uncle followed him, another rope tied round him, and his hand gripping the swimmer’s rope, one end of which was tied up somewhere inside, while its other was fastened to the bridge outside so as to be always ready.
Me féin agus an fear óg eile a bhí insa bhád do bhí ar an droichead amuich chun na róinte a tharrac amach ó’n mbeirt istigh.	The other youngster and I stayed on the bridge to drag out the seals from the two inside.
Do las an bheirt istigh solas agus ar dhul go tóin an phuill dóibh do bhí cladach róinte ann, beag agus mór, fireann agus baineann.	They kindled a light, and when they reached the end of the cave, there was a beach full of seals there—big and little, male and female.
Bainirseach an ainm a bhíonn ar an gceann baineann agus tarbh a tugtar ar an gceann fireann.	Bainirseach is the name of the female seal, and the male is called the bull.
Bíonn cuid aca nach féidir a mharbhú, bán ná dearg.	There are some of them that it’s absolutely impossible to kill.
Do phropáil an bheirt istigh iad féin chun an ghnímh éachtaigh a bhí rómpa amach.	The two inside made themselves ready for the great enterprise before them.
Smachtín ’mhaide age gach nduine aca agus iad ag aimsiú ar phlaosc gach róin aca.	Each of them had a club, and they aimed a blow at every one of the seals.
Coinneal ar lasadh ar bhollán cloiche aca.	They had a lighted candle on a boulder.
Léine phlainín ar chorp gach fir agus í tar éis gabháil thríd an sáile, dar ndóigh.	Both of them had a flannel shirt on, dripping, of course, from the salt water it had come through.

Nuair a bhí an t-éirleach déanta aca, agus a raibh ann marbh, do bhí calóid eile rómpa mar do bhí cuid mhór de sna róinte ana-throm agus an poll ana-achrannach, bolláin mhóra cloch idir iad agus an t-uisce agus an pasáiste ró fhada.	When they had finished the slaughter and all the seals there were killed, they had more trouble in front of them. Many of the seals were very heavy, and the cave was a most awkward place: there were great boulders between them and the water, and the passage out was a very long one.
Níl aon teora leis an acmhainn a bhíonn insa duine an uair is gádh dho é agus an gníomh a dhein an bheirt sin ar an gcladach san istigh fé thalamh, le corpaibh marbhú na rón, dob’ obair capaill é.	But there’s no limit to the strength a man has when he’s in a tight place, and those two, handling the dead bodies of the seals there on the beach underground, worked like horses.
Do chuireadar gach ceann de hocht cinn go dtí an t-uisce agus san am go raibh san déanta aca do réab an poll le tarrac agus b’éigean do bheirt againn-ne do bhí ar an droichead greamú anáirde ar thaobh an fhalla.	They dragged every one of eight seals down to the water, and by the time they had done, the swell burst into the cave, and the two of us who were on the bridge had to grip the rock wall high up.
An uair a bhí an rouit sin glan leis tháinig sánas air agus chuir an fear istigh glam as an téad a tharrac amach.	When that stress was past, there came a calm, and one of the men inside shouted to us to drag the rope out.
Do cheapamair gur duine aca féin do bhí insa téid ach níorbh eadh.	We thought that one of themselves was on the rope, but it wasn’t so.
Cheithre cinn de róinte móra do bhí ceangailte innti.	Four huge seals were tied to it.
B’éigean dúinn ceann na téide a chur ’on bhád agus, nuair a bhí na róinte tógaithe ar bórd aca, í chur ’on pholl arís.	We had to pass the end of the rope to the boat, and, when the seals had been lifted in, to send it into the cave again.
Is amhlaidh do snaidhmeadh an téad de’n dtéid do bhí i gcomhnaidhe sínte insa pholl agus do labhair an fear a bhí im’ theannta-sa insa droichead de ghuth árd ’á rádh leo í tharrac isteach arís agus dheineadar é go mear tapaidh.	This rope was fastened to the rope that remained stretched into the cave, and the man who was with me on the bridge shouted out loud to them to draw it in again, and they did so in double quick time.
Ní raibh ró-mhoill ann gur scairt an fear istigh í tharrac amach arís.	Before long those inside called to us to drag it hack again.
Do bhí an tarrac ag dul le buile insan am san.	The swell was raging mad by this.

Ar tharrac na téide dhúinn is amhlaidh a bhí cheithre cinn eile de róinte ceangailte dhi nuair a cheapamair gur duine aca féin do bheadh innti.	When we drew in the rope, there were four other seals tied to it, though we expected that it would be one of the men themselves.
Do bhí orainn déanamh mar dheineamair cheana agus an téad a scaoileadh isteach arís.	We had to do as we had done before and send the rope in again.
Do bhíodh orainn an droichead d’fhágaint go mion minic insan am so le borradh a dheineadh béal an phoill a líonadh.	Every now and then we were forced to leave the bridge from the great seas that swept over it, filling up the mouth of the cave too.
Sé an snámhaidhe a chuaidh ’on téid ar dtúis chun teacht amach agus leigeant do’n bhfear eile dul sa téid do bhí de ghnáth sa pholl.	It was the swimmer who took to the rope first to make his way out, leaving it to the other man to use the fixed rope.
Thug an snámhaidhe achar fada insa scoilt agus nár fhéad sé an droichead do bhaint amach le méid an tarraic.	It took the swimmer in the passage a long time to reach the bridge, there was so heavy a swell.
Do shroich sé insa deire agus an léine phlainín a bhí air ’n-a mhin-ramh.	He got there in the end, with his flannel shirt torn to tatters.
Do ghluais m’úncail, a bhí, mar adubhart cheana, gan aon tsnámh aige, ar an dtéid dheire.	My uncle— who, as I said before, couldn’t swim a stroke— started on the last rope.
Le borradh agus le tuitim agus le súghadh an tarraic insa pholl do bhí sé ag dul dian orainn é tharrac chun an droichid.	The rise and fall and suck of the swell made it hard for us to pull him to the bridge.
I lár an scéil istigh do bhris an téad agus do scuab an tonn léi isteach ’on pholl arís é.	In the middle of it all, the rope broke, and the wave swept him back with it into the cave again.
D’éirigh mo chroidhe orm nuair a chonnac ag dul síos é.	My heart was in my mouth when I saw him going down.
Mheasas go raibh sé caillte.	I thought he was lost.
Do phreabas de’n droichead isteach fén bpoll.	I plunged down from the bridge into the submerged cave.
Ráinig ceann na téide briste lem chois fé uisce.	My foot struck the end of the broken rope under water.
Thugas, de dheoin Dé, m’úncail maith saor ach fuaireamair call-aoth agus greadadh.	By God’s grace I brought off my good uncle safe and sound, but we had a desperate struggle for it.
Do bhí snámh agam an uair úd.	I was a good swimmer in those days.

Do bhí an bád mór a bhí againn síos go gunail, cheithre bainirseacha, dhá tharbh agus dhá ath-rón[1] a bhí innte—cheann i dtómas gach nduine againn a bhí insa bhád.	Our big boat was loaded down to the gunwale with four cow seals, two bulls, and two two-year-olds—one for each of the crew.
Do bhí soitheach lán age gach fear. Do bhí sé déanta amach insan am san go raibh gach soitheach róin comh maith le soitheach muice.	Every one of the men had a barrelful of seal meat, and we reckoned in those days that every barrel of seal meat was worth a barrel of pork.
Do chuaidh na croicinn hocht bpúint.	The skins fetched eight pounds.
Is ait mar bhíonn atharú ag teacht ar an saoghal.	It’s odd the way the world changes.
Ní chuirfeadh aenne anois aon bhlúire de rón ’n-a bhéal.	Nobody would put a bit of seal meat in his mouth to-day.
Deinid siad é leaghadh chun soluis, mar bíonn íle an domhain ann.	They melt it down for light, for it is cram-full of oil.
Rud eile, dá mbronnfá an croiceann ar dhuine uasal ba dhícheall do é bhreith uait.	Moreover, if you made a present of the skin to a gentleman, he’d hardly deign to accept it from you.
Is fada gur chuir aenne aon fheiste ar cheann aca ach é chaitheamh chun na madraí.	It’s long since anybody tried to do anything with one of them but throw it to the dogs.
Ba chongnamh maith chun maireachtaint insa tsaoghal úd iad idir chroiceann agus iasc agus do bhí paca mine le fagháil ar rón san am úd.	Yet in those days they were a great resource for the people, both the skin and the meat, and you could get a pack of meal for one of them.
Níl aon áit go dtabharfá píosa róin leat ná go bhfaghfá a mheádhchaint de phíosa muicfheola dá mbeadh insa tigh.	And anywhere you liked to take a lump of seal’s flesh you could get the same weight of pork for it, if there were any in the house.
Níl ’fhios ag aenne cad is maith dhóibh le n-ithe mar na daoine bhí ag caitheamh na neithe seo bhíodar dhá uair níos fearr ná na daoine tá anois ann.	People don’t know what is best for them to eat, for the men that ate that kind of food were twice as good as the men of to-day.
Deireadh daoine bochta fé’n dtuaith gur dhóigh leo go mbeadh saoghal an fhiolair aca dá mbeadh biadh daoine aca a bhíodh i nDaingean Uí Chúise.	The poor people of the countryside were accustomed to say that they fancied they would live as long as the eagle if they but had the food of the Dingle people.

Ach is amhlaidh mar atá an scéal go bhfuil lucht an bhidh mhaith insan uaigh fadó agus lucht na gorta ’n-a steille-bheathaidh fós.	But the fact is that the eaters of good meat are in the grave this long time, while those who lived on starvation diet are still alive and kicking.
XIII — Bean ’á luadh liom.	13 — A Wife proposed for Me.
Muinntir na h-Inise, lá na muc sa Daingean, “Is lá d’ár saoghal é!” amhráin agus ragairne, an fear mór, an teacht abhaile, go h-Inis Mhicileáin ag fiadhach ar choiníní.	THE FAMILY IN THE INISH · THE DAY WITH THE PIGS IN DINGLE · ‘IT’S A DAY OF OUR LIFE’ · SONGS AND REVELRY · THE BIG MAN · COMING HOME · GOING TO INISHVICKILLAUN HUNTING RABBITS
Bliain mhaith phrátaí agus éisc agus theine an bhliain (tuairim) 1878 agus dob’ fhuirist do dhaoine bochta tamall de’n tsaoghal a chur díobh an uair a ráineochadh an sórt san saoghail aca.	The year 1878 (or about that) was a fine year for potatoes and fish and turf, and it was no hard task for poor folk to pass the time on a bit when things went well with them like that.
Is gnáthach bliain d’á sórt riamh go ndeintí mórán cleamhnaistí a chur tré ’chéile.	Usually in a year of this kind there was much talk of marriages.
Timcheall na Nodlag sa mbliain sin do bhí caora reamhar ar crochadh is gach tigh insan Oileán so agus do bhíodh coiníní go flúirseach ann agus feoil ó’n mbaile mór.	Round Christmas time this year there was a fat sheep hanging up in every house in the Island and rabbits were plentiful, and meat from the town.
Ní dóigh liom go mbíodh oiread feola i n-aon bhaile eile tuatha ar an gceanntar agus do bhíodh insan Oileán san am úd.	I fancy there was no village in the countryside in which meat was so common as it was in the Island at that time.
Bhíodh buidéil uisce beathadh leis ann, cuid aca fachta i dtabharthas agus cuid eile ceannaithe.	There’d be a bottle of whisky or so, too, either given or bought.
Is cuimhin liom gan a bheith san Oileán ach aon oighean amháin agus do bhíodh an ceann san ar feadh seacht lá na seachtaine gan an teine d’fhágaint.	I remember the time when there was only one pot-oven in the Island, and it never left the fire for the seven days of the week.
I n-Inis Mhicileáin an uair úd do bhí aodhaire de mhuinntir Dhálaigh agus do bhí saoghal maith aige innti, sé sin nuair d’fhás a chlann féin suas.	In those days one of the Dalys lived in Inishvickillaun as a herd, and he had a great time of it in the island—that is, when his children were grown up.
Tháinig ana-ghlaodhach ar an sórt éisc go dtugtar gleamaigh ortha agus do bhí clann an aodhaire suas le n-a linn agus bád aca féin.	There was a great demand for the kind of fish known as lobsters, and the herd’s children were grown men at the time and had a boat of their own.

San am san do bhínn féin go mion, minic oidhche innti thiar mar bhímís ag lorg éisc siar i gcomhnaidhe agus mara mbuaileadh an t-iasc linn chun teacht abhaile leis do bhuailimís isteach an bád;	In those days I myself spent night after night there, for we used to be fishing in the far island all the time, and if we hadn’t any fish to take home, we used to run the boat ashore;
mar dob’ ’in é an fógra a bhí fachta againn ó bheirt aosta an tighe.	for that was what the old couple in the house had told us to do.
Deireadh na daoine gurbh’ iad so an bheirt ab’ fhearr do sheasaimh riamh insa chloich.[1] Do bhí cúigear mac aca agus cúigear inghean, an chlann ba bhreaghtha le n-a chéile do bhí ag aon bheirt amháin le sinnsearacht.	The people used to say that they were the best couple that had ever stood on the rock. They had five sons and five daughters, the finest family of children, take them for all in all, that any couple had had for many a long day.
Ní raibh aon fhear óg ag leanúint an bháid ach mise agus toisc san a bheith i gceist do bhíodh cainntíní agam-sa agus ag an dream óg le chéile agus níorbh’ fhada go raibh ceann de sna h-ingheanacha agus me féin ag súgradh le chéile.	I was the only young man in the boat, and, that being so, the young folk and I had a deal to say to one another, and, before long, one of the daughters and I were making up to one another.
Cailín deas breagh. An t-amhránaidhe ba bhreaghtha do bhí ar siubhal le n-a linn.	She was a very fine girl, and the best singer going in her day.
Do bhí a lán turus tabhartha againn an saosúr san innti agus saoghal maith leis againn.	We’d made many a call there that season, and had a very good time.
Do bhí an bhliain go breagh againn go Nodlaig.	The year remained fine for us up to Christmas.
Do bhí dhá mhuic bhreaghtha age fear na cloiche agus toisc iad a bheith comh maith dhúinn i gcomhnaidhe do gheallamair dóibh go raghaimís ag triall ar na muca insa tseachtain a bhí chughainn.	The man on the rock had two splendid pigs, and, as they had always been so good to us, we promised them that we would go to fetch the pigs next week.
Lá breagh insa tseachtain ’n-a dhiaidh sin do bhuail mo shean-úncail isteach chugham ar maidin—an t-úncail úd gur chuas ’on chúntúirt mhór ’á shaoradh i bpoll na róinte an uair a bhris an téad.	One fine day in that week my uncle ran in one morning—the uncle for whom I had run into such danger in the seal cave the day the rope broke.
“Cad é an fuadar so indiu chút (fút)?” arsa mise leis.	‘What’s your hurry to-day?’ said I.

"Tá, a bhuachaill! Beidh lá maith indiu againn agus ragham ag triall ar na muca, agus is dócha nach aon leisce bheidh ort-sa ag dul ann, pé duine eile go mbeidh sé air," arsan t-úncail.	'Hurry enough, my lad! We shall have a fine day to-day, and we'll go to get the pigs, and maybe if anybody's slow to go there, it won't be you!'
"Dhera, canathaobh é seo?" arsa mo mháthair.	'Yerra, why so?' says my mother.
"Dhe, léan áir uait! má's mar sin atá an scéal agat," ar seisean,	'Ye, God help you, if that's the way with you!' says he.
"ná fuil a bhfuil d'óg-mhná sa chloich ag cailliúint a meabhrach 'n-a dhia' so agus táid innti go h-álainn.	'Aren't all the young women on the rock running wild after him —and they're a handsome lot there!
Nár chóir go bhfuil duine aca ag teastabháil go maith uait-se. Bí amuich do dhá léim," ar seisean liom-sa.	You ought to be wanting the help of one of them hard enough by rights.' 'Be up in two leaps,' said he to me then.
Do chuamair 'on chloich.	We went to the rock.
Le linn sinn a bheith ag bogadh ó'n dtigh go dtí an caladh leis na muca thug bean an tighe buidéal biotáile 'n-a dhorn d'fhear an tighe le riaradh orainn.	When we were starting out from the house with the pigs to the harbour, the old woman of the house handed her husband a bottle of whisky to serve round to us.
B'í seo bean ba mhó go raibh cáil ar feabhas uirthi do bhí suas le n-a linn, cé ná tabharfainn-se aon bhlúire molta dhi thairis an bhfear ar feadh mo choidrimh féin ortha.	No woman in her day had a better name for kindness than she had, though I should be sorry to say a word more in praise of her than of her husband, so far as my acquaintance with them went.
Níor stadadh leis na muca gur buaileadh isteach sa bhád iad dhá mhuic bhreaghtha bliain d'aois, bean an tighe agus inghean léi, an inghean go mbíodh m'úncail Diarmaid 'á luadhachtaint liom-sa i gcomhnaidhe.	We never gave the pigs rest till we'd placed them in the boat—two fine pigs, a year old. The woman herself and one of her daughters—the girl my uncle Diarmid was always matching with me—went with us.
Amach fé'n mór-mhuir linn.	Out we put to sea.
Anáirde na seolta.	Up went the sails.
Cóir shlachtmhar linn nó gur shroicheamair calath sa Bhlascaod Mór.	We had a fair wind with us all the way to the creek in the Great Blasket.
Cuireadh i dtír ann iad sa lá san nó go mbeadh muca an oileáin mhóir amach i n-éineacht leo amáireach.	We landed them there that day so that they might go out with the Island pigs on the morrow.
Amáireach tar éis bidh do bhí gach nduine go raibh muc nó dhá mhuic aige ag mogalú chun tabhairt fé'n dtír.	Next day, when we had eaten, everybody who had a pig or two pigs was making ready to start for the land.

Do bhí muc bhreagh agam féin agus ceann eile i dtánaiste dhi age m’ úncail Diarmaid.	I had a fine pig of my own, and my uncle Diarmid had one nearly as good.
Buaileadh isteach ’on bhád iad araon agus muc eile le fear de’n bhaile, dhá mhuic na h-Inise, bean na h-Inise agus a h-inghean.	They were both of them put into the boat, with another belonging to one of the villagers, the two pigs from the Inish, the woman from the Inish, and her daughter.
Bád mór dob’ eadh í agus bhí sí bog-lán ag an méid atá áirithe agam.	It was a big boat, and the number I have reckoned up filled it pretty well.
Cuireadh i dtír i nDúnchaoin iad agus tháinig an bád abhaile aríst.	They were set on shore in Dunquin, and the boat went home again.
Do bhí cúpla bád eile, leis, amuich le muca agus chuadar san, leis, abhaile.	There were a boat or two, besides, out with pigs, and they went home, too.
B’eo linn féin agus na muca fé’n mbóthar ag siubhal.	Off we started along the road, walking, with our pigs.
Tuairim leath-slí thug muc Dhiarmaid suas.	About half-way Diarmid’s pig struck;
Do bhí an bóthar ag goilliúint uirthi—muc ró throm agus droch-chosa aici.	the road was hurting her; she was a very heavy animal, with poor feet.
Ach bhí Diarmaid i dtreo a charad féin an uair seo.	But Diarmid had a friend by him this time.
“Fan i mbun na muc,” ar seisean liom-sa, “agus m’anam-sa ó’n ndiabhal nach fada go mbeidh fearas agam-sa a thógfaidh ó thalamh na hÉireann í!”	‘Stay by the pig,’ says he to me, ‘and my soul from the devil but I’ll fetch something quickly that’ll lift her off the soil of Ireland.’
B’éigean domh-sa rud a dhéanamh air cé go raghadh mo mhuc féin go Tráighlí de shiubhal.	I had to do what he asked me, though my own pig could have walked to Tralee.
D’fhanas féin agus mná na h-Inise agus na muca i dteannta chéile gur fhill Diarmaid, capall groidhe i n-éineacht leis agus ráil ar an gcairt Úncail do Dhiarmaid dob’ eadh fear an chapaill agus úncail dom mháthair comh maith.	The women from the Inish and I and the pigs waited together until Diarmid came back with a good horse and a creel on the cart. The driver was an uncle of Diarmid’s, and of my mother, too.

Buaileadh isteach muc Dhiarmaid agus dob’ é sin an greim oibre is mó do bhraitheas ar a raibh caithte dem’ shaoghal roimis sin—fear an chapaill agus m’úncail agus a lámha snadhmtha d’á chéile aca fé thosach na muice agus do bhí orm-sa a deire thógaint agus bhí mo dhá dhóthain d’ualach orm ach gur thug bean na h-Inise lámhuidheacht liom.	We threw Diarmid’s pig in, and that was the stiffest job of work I’d ever known in my life up to then—the driver and my uncle joined hands under the forepart of her, while I had to lift her rear, and the weight would have been altogether too much for me if the Inish woman hadn’t lent me a hand.
Do bhreithnigheamair annsan cad iad na muca ba thuirsighe agus chuireamair mo mhuc-sa agus ceann de mhuca na h-Inise sa chairt.	We looked over the other pigs then to see which of them showed most signs of being tired, and we lifted mine and one of the Inish pigs into the cart.
Ní raibh slí do’n gceathrú ceann agus do bhailigheamair linn annsan.	There wasn’t room for the fourth one, and we started off.
Nuair ba mhall linn a bheith ag fanúint leis an muic a bhí ag siubhal d’imigh fear an chapaill agus m’úncail leo chun filleadh arís agus an cheathrú mhuc a bhreith leo ach ar mh’fhallaing go rabhamair-ne Bun Calaith soir ag an nDaingean sarar bhuail mo bheirt chughainn.	When we found that it held us up too much to wait for the walking pig, the driver and my uncle went off with the others, and were to come back again to pick up the fourth. We continued to walk along, and we had got as far as the corner of the pier in Dingle before they came to us.
Níorbh’ fhiú í chur ’on chairt annsan agus bhíomair ag brostú na muice linn soir de chois.	It wasn’t worth while to lift him into the cart then, so we drove him along on his feet.
Age ceann an ché thug Diarmaid stiall de shlait a bhí ’n-a láimh di.	At the corner of the quay Diarmid gave him a slash with a switch he had in his hand.
Do ghoin sé í. Do chas sí agus as go bráth léi síos fé’n gcé.	That hurt him, so he swerved, and off he went, helter-skelter, down the quay.
Tháinig fear an chapaill roimpi agus bhuail sí siar idir a dhá chois, d’árduigh léi é nó gur bhuail ar shlait a dhroma amuich i bhfairrge an chuain é agus í féin ’n-a theannta.	The driver got in front of him, but he ran between his legs and carried him off and flung him on the flat of his back out in the sea, and went with him himself.
Do chuir Diarmaid crúca i bhfear an chapaill a bhí i n-imeall an uisce agus do thairrig aníos é agus gan puinn tóirtéise air sin. Thug an mhuc a h-aghaidh chun na fairrge.	Diarmid got a hold of the driver, who was only just in the water, and pulled him up, very sorry for himself. The pig faced out to sea.

“A Mhuire! tá an mhuc báithte ar an mnaoi,” arsa Diarmaid liom-sa,	‘ the poor woman’s pig is drowned,’ says Diarmid to me.
“agus nach bocht a’ scéal é bean comh maith léi.” Do bhí ’fhios agam gur ag baint spúncáin chugham féin a bhí sé i dtaobh na muice agus nár mhaith leis a rádh dáiríribh liom dul ’on tsnámh ’n-a diaidh.	‘And isn’t it a shame, and she such a decent woman!’ I could see that he was getting at me to save the pig, though he didn’t like to tell me straight out to go swimming after it.
Ní raibh bád ná maide rámha insa chuan ná go raibh chun treabhtha aca féin agus dob’ oth liom an mhuc ar lár.	There wasn’t a boat or an oar in the harbour that wasn’t in use, and I should have been sorry to see the pig go down.
Do sciobas an tslat as láimh m’úncail agus do bhuaileas an cé amach.	I snatched the switch from my uncle’s hand and ran down the quay.
Do bhaineas díom anuas mo chuid éadaigh agus thugas fé shnámh lasmuich de cheann an ché.	I threw off my clothes and plunged in from the end of the quay.
Labhair Diarmaid os mo chionn anáirde.	Diarmid spoke from above:
“Ná bíodh sé do’n diabhal ort dul ceangailte sa mhuic nó fágfaidh sí amuich thu,” ar seisean.	‘Whatever you do, don’t get tangled up with the pig or he’ll drown you,’ says he.
B’in rud nár ghádh dho a rádh liom-sa ach do bhí an t-árd-eagla air im’ thaobh.	He needn’t have told me that; but he was terribly afraid for me.
Níor ró fhada go dtána suas léi agus do chasas isteach í.	I came up with him pretty quickly and turned him in to land.
Níor mhór dom an tslat a bhí im’ béal a thógaint im’ láimh agus a úsáid sarar fhéadas í chur i dtír.	I had to take the switch out of my mouth and make use of it before I could face him for the land.
Nuair a tháinig sí ar an slip rug fear an chapaill ar chluais uirthi.	When he reached the slip, the driver got him by the ear:
Níor dheacair do í choimeád san am so m-ionann san[2] ’s an t-am a thug sí a thriopall anáirde agus í ag imeacht.	it was easy enough to hold him now, however it had been when he floored him in his flight.
Do chasas-sa do shnámh ar mo chuid éadaigh thar n-ais.	I swam back to my clothes.
Do cuireadh isteach na muca i dtigh.	The pigs were driven into a house.
Fuair fear an chapaill deoch agus dhá dheoch agus do thiomáin leis abhaile.	The driver had a drink or two, and then went off home.

“Téanam, a úncail,” arsa mise, “go mbeidh greim éigin bidh againn.” Chuamair go dtí tigh an bhidh agus do chaith beirt againn ár leabhair-dhóthain.	‘Come along, uncle,’ said I, ‘and we’ll have a bite of food.’ We went into a house where there was food to be had, and both made a thoroughly good meal.
Chuamair annsan ag triall ar ár gcaraid go mbaineadh gach aenne ó’n oileán amach a thigh sa Daingean.	Then we went to look up our friend to whose house every Islander who came to Dingle always made his way.
Chrom sé sin ar bheith ag ceannach na muc uainn.	He began bargaining for our pigs.
Do bhíodar feicithe aige cheana féin.	He had already looked them over.
Ráinig leis féin agus le Diarmaid margadh a dhéanamh go tapaidh agus annsan dob’ eo chugham-sa iad.	Diarmid and he managed to come to terms quickly, and then they came to me.
Chúig púint deich a thug sé ar mhuic Dhiarmada. Níor ró fhada go raibh mo mhuc-sa leis aige ar sé púint.	He gave five pounds ten for Diarmid’s pig, and before long he had my pig, too, for six pounds.
Ní raibh ach san déanta nuair a bhuail beirt bhan na h-Inise an doras isteach chughainn.	We’d only just finished our business when the two women from the Inish came in through the door.
Do chasas féin ar fhear an tsiopa agus dubhart leis pé deoch dob’ annsa leo a thabhairt dóibh ach dubhairt an bhean aosta go tapaidh gur cirte dhóibh féin é thabhairt dom mar go mbeidís gan muc mara mbeadh me.	I turned to the host and told him to give them any drink they fancied, but the old woman said at once that they ought rather to stand me one, for they’d have lost their pig if it hadn’t been for me.
“Dar Muire!” arsa Diarmaid, “scaoil leis.	‘For Mary’s sake,’ said Diarmid, ‘let him be.
Tá baoghal mór air deoch a thabhairt dúinn agus sé púint glan fachta ar a mhuic aige.”	It won’t do him much damage to stand us a drink when he’s just got six pounds clear for his pig.’
“Cé cheannuigh iad?”	‘Who bought them?’
“Fear a’ tighe seo, agus mo cheann-sa, leis,” arsa Diarmaid.	‘The man of this house bought both his and mine,’ says Diarmid.
Sé rud a dheineas ná leath-phiúnt a thabhairt do Dhiarmaid.	What I did was to give Diarmid half a pint.
“Seo, tóg é sin leat isteach ’on tseomra san.	‘Look here,’ says I, ‘take that into that room.
Bead-sa chughaibh láithreach.”	I’ll come to you later.’
“Ach ca’ileann tú dul?” arsa Diarmaid.	‘But where are you going?’ says Diarmid.
“Cúram beag. Ní bheidh dhá nóimeat moille orm,” arsa mise.	‘O, a small job; I won’t be two minutes.’

“Och, dar Muire! ní bheidh aon mhaith mar sin ionnainn.” Do bhí cúis mhaith agam-sa imeacht.	‘O, by Mary! we’ll have no fun at all if that’s the way.’ I had a good reason for going.
Guailleáin a bhí uaim mar go raibh mo bhríste ag ionntaoibh le córda do bhí tharm aniar.	I wanted some braces, for my breeches only depended on a bit of string from back to front.
Na seana-ghuailleáin do bhí agam bhíodar ’n-a ngránlach tar éis fhuirse na muc ó’n gcéad lá chuamair an Inis go dtí an lá so.	My old braces were all in tatters with the work I’d had with the pigs since the first day we went to the Inish until now.
D’fhágas annsan iad agus d’imigheas liom agus chuas isteach i siopa éadaigh.	I left them there and went off to a clothes shop.
“Dhera, Dé do bheatha-sa ’niar,” arsa bean an tsiopa.	‘Yerra, welcome from the West,’ says the woman in the shop.
“Go mairir-se céad, a bhean mhaith,” mo fhreagra-sa air sin.	‘May you live to be a hundred, good woman,’ was my answer to that.
Ní le n-a feabhas a thugas “bean mhaith” uirthi—mar do bhí ’fhios agam go minic roime sin ná raibh sí le moladh—ach gur bhain sé le béasa.	It wasn’t for her deserts that I called her ‘good woman’—for I had reason often enough to know that there wasn’t much to be said in her praise—but by way of good manners.
Bhí sí ag cur ceisteanna orm conus a bhí so agus súd agus breac-shúil i gcomhnaidhe aici cathain a loirgeo’inn an rud a thug me.	She was asking me questions about this and that, and glancing at me now and again all the time to see when I’d begin to ask for what had brought me.
Do bhínn ag cur lámh im’ póca agus na súile ag dlioscarnaigh ’na ceann;	Every now and then I’d put a hand in my pocket, and her eyes danced in her head, one on the shop and the other on me.
“Sín amach feidhre guailleán chugham,” arsa mise sa deire léi.	‘Show me a pair of braces,’ I said at last.
D’fhágfainn tamall eile i bpionós í gan mo chuid airgid a thabhairt di mara mbeadh greann Diarmaid an leath-phínt do bheith ag imeacht uaim, rud do bhí ’fhios agam do bheadh i gceist mar is chuige sin d’fhágas ar a láimh é le linn dom scarúint leis.	I’d have left her to suffer a while longer without showing her my money if it hadn’t been that I was losing all the fun of Diarmid and his half-pint, for I knew he’d give me sport—that’s why I’d left it in his hand when I came away.
Chuir bean an tsiopa beart guailleán amach gan mhoill.	The shop-woman got out a pair of braces at once.
“Scillin’ a feidhre iad so,” ar sise.	‘These are a shilling a pair,’ says she.
“Guailleáin stróinséartha iad.” Rugas im’ láimh ar fheidhre aca agus bhraitheas nárbh’ fhónta iad.	‘They’re imported braces.’ I took a pair of them in my hand, and saw at once they were no good.

“Cuir chugham an chuid is fearr má táid siad agat,” arsa mise.	‘Give me the very best, if you have them,’ said I.
“Má’s rudaí stróinséartha iad so coimeád iad nó go dtiocfaidh stróinséirí ’á lorg ort.”	‘If those are imported goods, keep them till customers are imported to buy them from you.’
Do leig bean eile bhí istigh scearta gáire nuair a chonnaic sí a dheiliúsaighe bhíos le bean an tsiopa agus ise istigh lasta suas.	I scored calmly off the shopwoman, and another woman who was there burst out laughing. The shop-woman flushed up.
Do chuir sí amach an seana-shórt.	Then she brought out the old kind.
Do bhaineas feidhre asta, shíneas scilling chúichi agus bhuaileas amach.	I chose a pair of them, handed her a shilling, and out I came.
Ar shroichstint Diarmaid na Gréine dhom—agus dob’ é sin féin é insan am so—do bhí a raibh i Sráid na nGabhar bailithe timcheall air.	When I came back to Sunshine Diarmid—and well he earned the name by this time—every soul in Goat Street was collected round him.
Iad ar stúil, cuid aca ’n-a seasamh, an tigh lán, an chuid eile ó’n oileán go raibh muca aca tagaithe insan am so agus deoch go tiugh ar siubhal.	Some of them were sitting on stools, some standing up. The house was full, for all the Islanders who had come with pigs had turned up by now, and the drink was circulating fast.
Do bhí bean aosta na h-Inise agus amhrán ar siubhal aici—“Ar Éirinn ní ’nneosainn cia h-í,” agus ní raghfá go dtí aon bhiadh ag éisteacht léi.	The old woman from the Inish was singing ‘For Ireland I won’t tell her name’, and you’d leave food untouched to listen to her.
Agus an óig-bhean d’inghin di ba bhreaghtha ná san í.	And her daughter was better than she was.
“Tá an ceol sidhe ar siubhal,” arsa fear do labhair liom.	A man spoke to me and said: ‘The fairy music is a-singing.’
D’fhanamair siar isteach san oidhche mar sin. Na mná ag amhrán agus na fir ag ól agus a gcainnt ag leathadh ortha agus an chiall imithe ar seachrán uatha.	We went on like that far into the night—the women singing and the men drinking, all of them talking louder and louder and their wits gone wandering.
Do thóg gach nduine a lóistín an oidhche sin sa bhaile mór.	All of them took lodgings in the town that night.
Maidin lár-na-mháireach do bhí muca go flúirseach, agus daoine.	On the morrow morn there were plenty of pigs and people about.
Lá óil agus cuileachtan dob’ eadh an uair sin é insa Daingean.	That was a day of drink and good company in Dingle.
Bhíodh gach dream ag piocadh a gcuileachtan, tighthe muinnteartha age gach treibh agus gur mhaith leo an scilling d’fhágaint ag an duine sin.	Each lot of us picked out his own bar. Every family had relations there, and preferred to spend their money in their kinsman’s house.

An té do cheannuigh na muca is ann do chuamair agus do shuidheamair.	We went to the house of the man who bought our pigs from us and sat there.
Do bhí beirt na h-Inise ’ár dteannta.	The two from the Inish were with us.
Do bhí a thuille ó’n dtuaith ag cruinneáilt orainn, daoine gaolmhar agus daoine gan aon ghaol.	Others from the countryside gathered round us—some of them relations of ours and others who had no connexion with us.
Do bhraith a lán Diarmaid na hÁiféise agus do bhí ’fhios aca go mbeadh greann aca air agus do bhí, leis.	A lot of them spied out Diarmid the Joker. They knew well enough that they would have fun with him, and sure enough they had.
B’eo an deoch ar siubhal.	Round went the drink.
Bean aosta na h-Inise a thug an chéad leath-phiúnt léi agus leath-ghalún leanna-duibhe mar bhí muinntir an bháid a thug na muca aniar láithreach.	The old woman from the Inish stood the first drink, half a gallon of porter, for the boat’s crew that had brought in the pigs were there.
Ba mhaith léi a ndóthain a thabhairt dóibh mar bean mór-chroidheach dob’ eadh í.	
Do bhain Diarmaid an tseoidh crothadh as a láimh agus druideann liom-sa agus baineann crothadh eile as láimh liom-sa.	Jolly Diarmid shook her hand, and came over to me and shook my hand, too.
“Séid suas amhrán a thógfaidh mo chroidhe tar éis na seachtaine,” ar seisean.	‘Tune up a song to raise my heart after the week’s work,’ says he.
Ní raibh aon ghnó agam an t-eiteach a thabhairt do mar do dhéanfadh sé seódh dhíom.	I knew better than to refuse him, for he’d make a laughing-stock of me.
Sé “Réidh-chnoc Mná Duibhe” an t-amhrán adubhart agus ní mór do labhair go raibh sé ráidhte agam.	‘The Dark Woman’s Smooth Hill’, that was my song, and few spoke till I had finished it.
Má bhí beirt dob fhearr ná me do bhí triúr ba mheasa ná me.	If there were two better than me, there were three worse.
An bhean aosta adubhairt an tarna ceann agus ba bhreagh go léir chuige í.	The old woman sang the second song, and she was splendid at it.
Sé an “Clár Bog Déil” adubhairt an óigbhean d’inghin di agus dubhairt é gan cháim.	‘The Soft Deal Plank’ was the song the girl, her daughter, sang, and she sang it faultlessly.

Do bhí an deoch ’á ól go tiugh agus ’á tharrac go raibh a choisce caithte age gach nduine.	The drink was being drunk and drawn like anything till everyone had his fair share taken.
Do bhí an tigh lán agus lasmuich de’n tigh.	The house and the pavement outside it were crowded.
Níor ró fhada go bhfeaca fear groidhe ag brúghadh aníos tré sna daoine agus do labhair.	Before long I saw a big fellow pushing his way through the people, and he spoke:
“Gaibhim párdún agaibh, ’fheara,” ar seisean, agus níor stad gur bhain amach me agus do bhain seacht gcrothadh as mo láimh.	‘By your leave, men,’ says he, and he never stopped till he got to me, and he wrung my hand seven times over.
“An diabhal, gur gairid do chuas do bheith bogaithe liom abhaile agus gan aon amhrán cloiste agam uait!” ar seisean ag bualadh an bhúird agus “leath-phiúnt biotáile annso!” ar seisean.	‘Devil carry me! I’d have cleared off home before long and never heard you singing a song!’ says he, banging on the table. ‘Half a pint of whisky here!’ says he.
“Dhera mhuise! scaoil orainn a’ guth, má ’s é do thoil é,” ar seisean.	‘Yerra, wisha! out with your voice, if you please,’ says he.
Do bhí aithne mhaith aige orm agus agam air, mar ba mhinic roimis sin dob’ éigean dom amhrán do rádh dho.	We knew one another well, for often before that I’d had to sing him a song.
Fear mór óil dob eadh é, leis, agus dob’ é sin an t-ól macánta.	He was a great drinker, but he was decent in his drink.
Tháinig an leath-phiúnt gan mhoill agus b’éigean dom gloine a scaoileadh siar gan aon diúltamh.	The half-pint came at once, and I couldn’t refuse. I had to toss off a glass.
Annsan dob’ eo an ceol ar siubhal.	Then the music started.
Is maith is cuimhin liom amhráin an lae sin.	Well I remember the song I sang that day.
“Ar Éirinn ní ’nneosainn cia h-í” an ceann adubhart do mar bhí ’fhios agam go maith gurbh’ é b’annsa leis an bhfear groidhe, mar ba mhinic roimis sin do shéideas suas do é.	‘For Ireland I won’t tell her name’, that was it, for I knew well that was the one the big man liked best, for often before had I sung it for him.
Tar éis do bheith críochnaithe do scaoil an fear mór an deoch sa timcheall.	When it was finished, the big man sent round drinks again.
“N’fheadar,” ar seisean liom-sa, “a’ bhfuil aon duine eile annsan adéarfadh aon amhrán?”	‘I wonder,’ says he to me, ‘if there’s anybody else here to sing a song?’

“Tá, a mhic ó!” arsa mise leis agus do bheartuigheas ar bheirt ban na h-Inise dho.	‘There is, my boy,’ said I, pointing out the two women from the Inish.
Níor thug mná na h-Inise an t-eiteach do agus cad a dheineadar ná an bheirt aca do dhul i n-éineacht ag rádh an amhráin toisc gur mháthair is inghean iad.	They didn’t refuse him, and what did they do but start together, the two of them, to sing the song, for they were mother and daughter.
Ní raibh an t-iongantas mór go léir toisc duine aca a theacht as bruinneacha an duine eile.	It was no great marvel, for one of them was born of the other.
Ní dóigh liom ná gur bhuail an galar a bhuail me féin furmhór a raibh sa chuileachtain, sé sin go mba bhearna réidh liom dhá lá agus dhá oidhche do thabhairt gan biadh ná deoch ag éisteacht le guth na beirte úd.	I’m sure that most of that company felt as I felt, that I would cheerfully have spent two days and two nights without food or drink listening to the singing of those two.
An uair do bhí an t-amhrán críochnaithe do bhain an fear mór crothadh as láimh na beirte aca, ó chroidhe, agus deineann an rud céadna liom féin toisc gur me a stiúruigh ar an gceol sidhe é;	When the song was ended, the big man shook hands with them both heartily, and he did the same to me, as it was I who had guided him to that fairy music:
agus do bhuail an bórd arís agus d’órduigh leath-phiúnt eile do theacht.	and he beat upon the table again and called for another half-pint.
Scilling an leath-phiúnt dob’ eadh an uair sin é.	A shilling was the price of a half-pint in those days.
Tá naoi scillinge indiu air agus me ’á bhreacadh so.	It costs nine shillings this very day of writing.
Isteach im’ dhorn do chuir sé an t-árus chun é riaradh.	He put the bottle in my hand to share it out.
Duine do bhlais é agus beirt nár thóg deoir uaim.	One would take it from me for two who didn’t.
Do chonnac Diarmaid na gréine ag píopaireacht go tiugh agus a choisce go maith caithte aige agus dubhart im’ aigne féin go mbeadh oidhche eile insa bhaile mór againn.	I saw Sunshine Diarmid in the corner piping noisily away, for he had drunk his fair share, and I said to myself that I should have to spend another night in the town.
Ní ró fada gur chas an fear mór orm agus crothann mo lámh.	Before long the big man turned to me again and shook me by the hand.
“Ba mhaith liom amhrán eile uait sara mbeimíst ag baint an tighe amach,” ar seisean.	‘I should like to hear another of your songs before we start for home,’ says he.

“B’fhéidir go mbeadh tamall eile ann sara mbuailfimíst le chéile.” Ní raibh eiteach agam do, dar ndóigh.	‘It’ll be a good while, maybe, before we run across one another again.’ I gave in to him, of course.
Dubhart amhrán agus dhá amhrán, agus mná na h-Inise trí cinn, cheithre cinn agus an uair a cheapas-sa ná raibh sé i bhfad ó aimsir a bheith ag dul abhaile ní hé sin a cheap an chuileachta.	I sang a song or two, and the women from the Inish sang three of them, and another on the top of that, and, when it seemed to me that it was getting on for the time for going home, the company didn’t agree with me.
Insa deire nuair a bhí an lá mall agus é i margadh na h-olla—sin é an margadh is déanaighe a bhíonn ar siubhal—agus é i n-am a bheith ag ciorrú chun a’ tighe, bhí Diarmaid an uair sin ag dul sa ghréin agus gan aon mhachtnamh ar an mbothán aige ná ní bheadh go Nodlaig an fhaid is bheadh beoir ar siubhal.	At last, late in the day, at the time of the wool market—that’s always the latest of all the markets—the time to be making our best speed on the homeward road, Diarmid was getting wilder and wilder, and never thinking of his little home, nor would he have given it a thought before Christmas so long as the drink was going its rounds.
Do labhras go feargach leis agus dubhart gur chóir go raibh sé i n-am dúinn a bheith ag tarrac ar an mbothán tar éis dúinn a bheith dhá lá agus dhá oidhche as.	I spoke crossly to him, and said that surely it was high time for us to be getting along home, now we had two days and two nights away.
Is amhlaidh a rith sé chugham ag baint plasbadh póige dhíom.	But he only rushed up to me and started mauling me with kisses.
Do labhras le bean na h-Inise agus do chuireas an rud céadna i n-iúl di.	I spoke to the woman from the Inish and gave her the same hint.
“Dhera mhuise!” ar sise liom, “lá d’ár saoghal iseadh é agus ní i gcomhnuidhe a bheimíd i dtreo le n-a leithéid de lá.”	‘Yerra, wisha,’ says she, ‘this is a day of our life, and we shan’t always be in the way of a day like it.’
Do thuigfinn go maith do sna freagraí sin anois nuair atáim aosta, is dócha, ach bhíos aidhmiúil, óg an uair sin.	I should know how to deal with answers of that kind to-day, perhaps, when I am old, but in those days I was young and light-headed.
Mise ag tabhairt m’úncail abhaile agus lán an tighe de pháistí ’n-a dhiaidh agus gan bolg cuid aca ró lán nó go dtabharfadh airgead na muice rud éigin chúcha.	I had to bring my uncle back home—and he’d left a houseful of children behind him, some of them with pretty empty bellies until the money for the pigs should bring them something.

Bean na h-Inise nár fhág ’n-a diaidh i n-oileán mhara ach dhá chloich mine buidhe, agus aon phioc de thinneas an tighe ná an bhaile ní raibh uirthi féin ná ar Dhiarmaid.	As for the woman from the Inish, she had only left two stones of yellow meal in that island of the sea, and yet neither she nor Diarmid let the thought of house or home worry them the least bit.
An uair a dheineas machtnamh mar seo do chaitheas anáirde liom féin an scéal agus dubhart im’ aigne go mbeadh deire órdaithe agam le cur ortha ach do réir mar déarfaidís féin do bheith leo; agus is sin mar do bhí.	When I had thought of all this, I gave up altogether and said to myself that I was done with giving them advice, but would agree with whatever they said; and so it was.
Do bhí a lán bailithe amach as tigh an óil san am so ach ní raibh an fear mór.	A lot of them had cleared out of the public-house by this, but the big man was still there.
Do bhí bean na h-Inise ag cainnt leis agus sa chainnt dóibh dubhairt sí go mbeadh uirthi capall ó’n mbaile mór do bhreith léi go Dúnchaoin amáireach a bhí chúichi,	The woman from the Inish was talking to him, and in the course of the conversation she said she’d have to hire a horse from the town to Dunquin next day.
“agus,” ar sise, “dá bhfairfinn capaill na tuaithe ó mhaidean do bheadh mo chuid ualaighe thiar anocht.”	‘If I’d been keeping my eye on the carts from the countryside since morning, my things would have been there to-night,’ says she.
“A’ bhfuil ualach agat-sa?” arsan fear mór liom-sa.	‘Have you got a load?’ said he to me.
“Leath-phaca mine a bheidh agam,” arsa mise.	‘I shall have about half a sack of meal,’ said I.
“Beidh rud éigin age Diarmaid, leis, is dócha,” ar seisean.	‘Diarmid will have something, too,’ says he.
“Beidh gan amhras,” arsa mise.	‘Certainly he will,’ said I.
Do bhí Diarmaid gan chiall an uair seo.	Diarmid hadn’t a ray of sense left by this time.
“Mo lámh agus m’fhocal daoibh go mbeadh annso ar a hocht a chlog ar maidin amáireach má mhairim,” ar seisean.	‘I pledge my solemn word that I shall be here by eight o’clock to-morrow morning, if I live,’ says he.
Do ghaibh sé a chapall agus do thiomáin leis tríd an sráid mhóir síos agus is dócha ná raibh sé i bhfad ag baint a thighe féin amach.	He put to his horse and drove off down the main street, and I daresay he wasn’t long getting home.
Do chasas isteach mar a raibh an réic Diarmaid.	I turned in again to the rake, Diarmid.
Ní raibh a sheasamh aige ach go h-olc.	He could hardly stand.
Do lean bean na h-Inise me.	The woman from the Inish came in after me.

“Téanam,” arsa mise leis, “go ragham abhaile nó an bhfuil aon lúb istigh insan alpachán mná d’fhágais id’ dhiaidh agat?”	‘Come along,’ said I to him, ‘we’ll be getting home, or haven’t you any feeling for the lump of a wife you’ve left behind you?’
“Ní bean ró bhreagh í,” ar seisean.	‘Well, she’s no beauty,’ says he.
“Ní baoghal di.” Do stracamair linn amach é agus do bhaineamair tigh an bhidh amach.	‘She’ll be all right.’ We dragged him out with us, and made our way to a house where we would get some food.
Do cuireadh biadh maith chughainn ach is beag a chaitheamair de.	They put good food before us, but we ate very little of it.
Do bhaineas féin an leabaidh amach agus do thuit mo chodladh go luath orm.	I went off to bed, and fell asleep very soon.
Siar i bhfad insan oidhche ’seadh tháinig an sean-úncail orm agus do thuit d’á chodladh go tapaidh agus d’fhan mar sin ar nós an duine mhairbh.	It was far on in the night when my uncle came. He fell asleep at once, and slept like the dead.
Do bhaineas féin sráice eile as agus an t-am gur bhraitheas, thar n-ais, do bhí an mhaidean ag breacadh agus an lá ag teacht.	I had another nap, and when I came to myself again morning was breaking and day was coming.
D’fhanas im’ dhúiseacht annsan mar dubhart liom féin go mbeadh fear an chapaill chugham sara fada, sé sin má b’fhear ar a fhocal é.	I stayed awake, for I said to myself that the man with the cart would be along soon—that is, if he was a man of his word.
Níor cheapas go mbeadh sé chugham comh luath agus do cheap sé ach bhí dóchas agam go dtiocfadh sé am éigin insa lá, mar nárbh’ fhear gan fuaimeant é.	I never dreamed that he would be there as early as he proposed, but I hoped that he’d come along some time that day, for he was a sensible sort of fellow.
Ní ró fhada bhíos ag machtnamh mar sin an t-am gur bhraitheas glór na trucaille, ach níorbh’ é an fear mór a rith im’ aigne a bheith ann comh moch san.	I hadn’t been turning over these thoughts for long when I heard the rattle of a cart, but it never passed through my head that it was the big man so early as that.
Ach do bhí dearmhad orm mar gurbh’ é bhí ann go cruinn.	Yet I was wrong, for it was he all right.
Do chuir sé a chapall mar ar ghnáth leis é chur agus tháinig go dtí sinn.	He put up his horse in his usual place and came to us.

D’fhanamair go raibh an bricfeast ullamh agus annsan bhíomair ag bailiú gach ní isteach sa trucaill mar bhíodar déanta suas againn ó’n lá roimis sin.	We waited till breakfast was ready, and then started to collect our things into the cart, for we’d packed them up the day before.
Ní mór an t-anam a bhí i nDiarmaid na mBeach fós;	Diarmid the mad was not yet himself, nor near it.
ach pé aca san é as go bráth linn as an mbaile mór tar éis trí lá agus trí oidhche bheith caithte againn ann.	However, off we went helter-skelter out of the town, after spending three days and nights there.
Thugamair ár n-aghaidh ar Dhúnchaoin agus bhíomair ann go luath.	We faced for Dunquin and got there fast enough.
Do bhí bád tagaithe amach fé bhrághaid bhean na h-Inise.	A boat had come out to fetch the woman of the Inish.
D’fhág fear an chapaill slán agus beannacht againn agus thug aghaidh ar Bhaile an Fhirtéaraigh, a bhaile dúthchais.	The man with the cart bade us farewell and turned towards Ballyferriter, his own place.
Bhuaileamair síos go dtí an bád láithreach agus sheolamair go dtí an Blascaod Mór.	We went down to the boat at once and set sail for the Great Blasket.
Níor cuireadh lón na h-Inise as an mbád, do dhein Diarmaid plean bualadh siar go dtí an chloch san ’n-a dteannta agus fanúint cúpla lá thiar, gléas fiadhaigh do bhreith linn agus go mbeadh beart breagh coiníní ag filleadh againn.	We didn’t shift the provisions for the Inish out of the boat, for Diarmid had planned to go back with them, take some hunting tackle with us, and bring a fine load of rabbits with us on our return.
Ní raibh dul as agam-sa cé ná raibh mór-fhonn orm toisc me bheith suaidhte tar éis an Daingin;	I couldn’t escape, though I wasn’t very keen to go there after Dingle;
ach drifiúr do bhean na h-Inise do bhí pósta age Diarmaid agus drifiúr do Dhiarmaid dob’ eadh mo mháthair agus ’na theannta san do bhí an óigbhean sa scéal.	but Diarmid was my mother’s brother, and, besides that, there was the girl.
Do bhínn féin agus í féin ag spochaireacht ar a chéile i gcomhnaidhe.	She and I were always making up to one another.
Thógamair anáirde ár seolta arís agus as go bráth linn gur shroicheamair Inis Mhicileáin.	So we hoisted the sails again, and off we went at full speed till we reached Inishvickillaun.

Thugamair dhá lá agus dhá oidhche insa chloich sin, birt coiníní ag teacht gach tráthnóna againn, amhráin go flúirseach i rith na hoidhche nó go mbíodh sé a h-aon a chlog, is dócha, agus codladh go eadartha annsan.	We spent two days and nights in that rock, bringing lots of rabbits back with us every evening, singing song after song every night till one o’clock, and sleeping till high noon.
Ní stadadh an sean-úncail annsan ach am’ luadhachtaint féin agus na mná óige le ’chéile gach oidhche agus gach uair agus do bhíodh sórt rógaireachta ag baint leis gan amhras,	My uncle never stopped trying to make a match between me and the girl, every night and all the time, and no doubt there was a touch of cunning at the back of this,
mar gach rud suaithinseach d’á mbíodh le fagháil thugadh sí sin aire go mbeadh ár gcuid de age beirt againn i bhfios agus i gan fhios ar feadh na h-aimsire!	for she took good care that the two of us had our share of any good things that were going all that time, whether her people knew it or not.
Maidean an tríú lae ní raibh sé ró bhreagh ar fad agus do dheineamair beartú ar bheith ag baint an tighe amach.	On the morning of the third day it wasn’t too fine and we made our preparations for starting home.
Do bhí ár lán-ualach ar gach duine againn ag teacht go dtí an bád agus do lean a raibh sa chloich go dtí an t-uisce sinn agus ní raibh fead ná glaodh asta toisc sinn do bheith ’á bhfágaint.	We were all loaded down as we went to the boat, and every soul in the island followed us to the water. They were thoroughly down in the mouth because we were going.
Níl gnó agam-sa ’á rádh ná gur chailleas féin mo chuid suilt, pé duine eile do chaill í, agus ní h-iongnadh san agus me ag scarúint leis an dtamall grinn is mó do bhuail riamh liom agus ’n-a theannta san me ag tabhairt mo chúil leis an ógmhnaoi ba thaithneamhaighe liom ar an dtalamh naomhtha insan am san.	I may as well admit that, whatever was the case with the others, I wasn’t too cheerful, and no wonder, for I was leaving behind me the merriest days I had ever known, and, into the bargain, I was turning my back on the girl I liked best in the whole blessed world right then.
Seadh do bhogamair linn aniar agus do bhí formad maith linn ag an muinntir do bhí i bhfus.	Well, we shifted off home, and the people there were pretty jealous of us.
Bhí ár n-ualach de choiníní saille againn agus gan ag an gcuid i bhfus ach feamnach, is móin, is aoileach.	We had a cargo of fat rabbits, and all those who had stayed behind had was seaweed and turf and manure.
XIV — Lón Nodlag.	14 — Christmas Provisions.
Tomás Maol caillte, dul ’on Daingean d’iarraidh lóin i gcomhais na Nodlag, mná an éisc, caoire Thomáis, seachrán ar chriú an bháid oidhche shéideáin, “mairg a báidhtar,” “ribe de chlúmh na cún a rug ort.”	DEATH OF BALD TOM · GOING TO DINGLE TO FETCH PROVISIONS FOR CHRISTMAS · THE FISHWIVES · TOM’S SHEEP · A BOAT’S CREW ASTRAY · A WINDY NIGHT · ‘HARD LUCK ON THE DROWNED’ · ‘A HAIR OF THE DOG THAT BIT YOU’

Ar theacht go dtí an tigh dom do bhí Tomás Maol i ndeire na feide i ngádh an tsagairt.	When we got home, Bald Tom was at his last gasp, in need of a priest.
Ar deire na h-oidhche do buaileadh an doras agus do ghlaoidh mo mháthair orm agus dubhairt go raibh Páidín ag glaodhach orm chun dul ag triall ar an sagart chun ’athar, ná raibh ann ach an puth.	At the end of the night there was a knock on our door, and my mother called me and said that Paddy was waiting for me to go with him to fetch the priest for his father, who was breathing his last.
Ní raibh gnó agam ceiliúradh anois ó’n uair go rabhas ’á thabhairt chun a mháthar.	I couldn’t fail him now, since I’d fetched the priest for his mother.
Rud eile thuigeas go bhfuil daoine ann agus ná glanann aon ghaoth thársta ná cuireann sí duadh éigin ortha.	Besides, I realized that there are some people that no ill wind goes by without putting them to some trouble or other.
Do bhí daoine ba ghiorra do Thomás ná mise gur fágadh gan múscailt as a suan iad.	There were some of closer kin to Tom than I who were left to have their sleep out that day.
Do chaitheas beagán agus b’eo amach an doras me.	I had a bit to eat and off I went out of the door.
Ní raibh Páidín ró fhada ag breith an tsagairt go Dúnchaoin agus do bhí gach turus tabhartha go luath.	Paddy wasn’t long in bringing the priest to Dunquin, and the whole trip was over very soon.
Do bhí Tomás tar éis bháis lár-na-mháireach.	Tom was dead the next day.
Do bhí turus eile chun an tórraimh agus turus eile ’á chur.	Then there was another journey for the wake and another for the burying.
Sin é mar chaitheas-sa mo mhí ó’n chéad lá thugamair na muca ó’n inis go dtí gur chuireamair Tomás Maol i dteampall Fionntrágha.	That’s how I spent my month from the first day we fetched the pigs from the Inish till the day we laid Bald Tom in the churchyard in Ventry.
Do bhí Páidín ag faire ar aistriú go dtí tigh beag eile do bhí anáirde agus do dhein, leis.	Paddy was planning to move to another little house higher up; and so he did.
Fothrach do bhí i mbéal an dorais againn-ne annsan.	It was a wreck of a place just opposite the house we had then.
Do bhí Páidín pósta um an dtacaidh sin.	He was married by this.
Do bhí tosach mí na Nodlag annsan ann, gach seilg stopaithe agus is leasú talmhan do chrom na h-oileánaigh ar a dhéanamh.	It was now the beginning of the Christmas month. All fishing was at an end, and the Islanders set about manuring their ground.
Moch, déanach do bhímís agus racaí againn ag gabháil di;	Late and early we were at it, raking away;

agus dob’ ’in é an t-oireachtas do bhíodh againn gach bliain go Lá ’le Brighde.	and that was our practice in the Island every year up to St. Bridget’s Day.
Insan am san ba ghnáthach leis na h-oileánaigh dul go luath ’on bhaile mór timcheall na Saoire.	In those days our custom was to go early to town on Christmas business.
Do bhí clais mhaith feamnaighe curtha ar barra insa tráigh agam, agus scóp orm chun bheith ’á tarrac le h-asal maith do bhí agam mar do bhí an lá garbh tirm.	I had carried a good heap of seaweed to the crest of the clif above the strand, and was all set to start carrying it with the good ass I had, for it was a dry, windy day.
Súil dár thugas do chonnac slataire garsúin ag teacht fém’ dhéin.	I looked and saw a young lad coming towards me.
Thuigeas go tapaidh gur gnó éigin do bhí aige díom.	I saw at once that he had some business with me.
“Cad a thug timcheall thu, a gharsúin?” arsa mise.	‘What brought you here, my boy?’ said I.
“Do mháthair do chuir me ag triall ort féachaint a’ raghfá ’on Daingean,” ar seisean, “mar tá muinntir an bhaile go léir ag dul ann.”	‘Your mother sent me to you to see if you would go to Dingle,’ said he, ‘for the whole village is going there.’
Do ghabhas buidheachas leis agus dubhart leis go raghainn, agus do b’eo ’á bhaint as na cosa abhaile aríst é, “agus abair lem’ mháthair mo chuid éadaigh a bheith socair aici romham, agus beidh milseáin agam-sa chughat.”	I thanked him and told him I’d go. He went back home hot-foot. ‘Tell my mother to have my clothes ready for me, and I’ll bring you some sweets,’ said I.
Do bhogas an bóthar annsan ’n-a dhiaidh gan mhór-sceinnid mar do bhí an chómhair agus an chonntráil ag teacht treasna orm, do bhí mo chuid leasaithe gan tarrac ar an ngort	I started off after him without much enthusiasm, for all the hindrances were putting me wrong, and I hadn’t carried my manure to the field,
ach ó bhí a raibh insan oileán ag dul ag soláthar chun na Saoire dubhart liom féin gur ’n-a dtreo dob’ fhusa dhom mo thurus a thabhairt agus go mbeinn ag dul im’ aonar ann ar ball.	but since the whole Island was going to get ready for Christmas, I said to myself that I’d find it easier to go in their company, for I should have to go alone if I left it till later.
Ar shroichstint an tighe dhom tháinig scóp an domhain orm mar do chonnac an t-asal gabhtha ag an bhfear aosta.	When I got to the house I was as pleased as anything, for I saw the old man had the ass ready.
“Ca’il an fheamnach thiar?” ar seisean.	‘Where’s the seaweed back there?’ said he.
“An chlais mhór,” arsa mise leis.	‘The big heap,’ I answered.

An uair a fuaireas réidh me féin do bhuaileas amach agus bhí a raibh d'fhearaibh san oileán ar bharra an chalaith, a mbalcaisí nua ortha ar fad,	When I was ready I ran out, and all the men in the Island were on the cliff above the creek, all of them in their new clothes,
cúpla caora age fear, cúpla cliabh éisc age fear, paca olla age duine eile agus gach duine ag tarrac go dtí an bád agus na báid chun gabháil tré Bhágh an Daingin soir agus dul leis an gcé ann.	one man with a sheep or two, another with a basket of fish, a third carrying a sack of wool, and all of them making for the boats to sail them up Dingle Bay and moor them at the quay.
Do bhí an triúr úncailí dhom ag dul 'on bhád go Daingean, agus fear mo dhriféar Cáit, Paid Shéamais.	My three uncles and my sister Kate's husband, Pats Heamish, were going down to the boat for Dingle.
Cé gurbh' iad san mo dhlúth-charaid féin ní rabhas ró shásta agus bheith 'n-a dtreo.	Though they were all good friends of mine, I wasn't too anxious to go in their company.
Fuaireas mo dhóthain cheana do Phaid Shéamais an lá a bhíos 'n-a threo agus, dar ndóigh, óm' úncail Diarmaid lá na muc agus gan mórán achair roimis sin ann.	I'd had enough of Pats Heamish the day I was with him, and of my uncle Diarmid, too, you may be sure, that day with the pigs, and that wasn't so long ago either.
Ar sheasamh ar bharra an chalaith dhom do ghaibh Diarmaid aníos tar éis cliabh éisc a chur go dtí an t-uisce dho.	When I came to a halt on the cliff-top, Diarmid came from below after taking a basket of fish down to the water.
"A' bhfuileann tú a' dul 'on Daingean?" ar seisean liom-sa.	'Are you going to Dingle?' says he to me.
"Bhíos meáidhte air," arsa mise.	'I was thinking of it,' says I.
"Cad tá mar sin ort ná faghfá ullamh tu féin?" ar seisean.	'Why on earth, then, couldn't you get ready?' said he.
"A' bhfuil iasc ná faic agat le breith leat?"	'Have you got any fish or anything else to take with you.'
"Bhí leath-chéad pullóg agam le breith liom ach níl aga agam iad a chur le chéile anois, ná fuil gach nduine agaibh-se ullamh anois," arsa mise.	'I had half a hundred pollock to take, but I haven't the time now to put them together,' says I.
"Gread leat go diair agus faigh ullamh iad agus fanfaidh an bád leat," ar sé.	'Aren't you all ready now?' 'Run off with you now and put them up,' said he. 'The boat will wait for you.'
Fé mar dubhart cheana dob' fhearr Diarmaid ná an chuid eile go léir.	As I've said before, Diarmid was the best of the whole lot.
Níor chuir an chuid eile chugham ná uaim cé go raibh an méid a bhí ag dul innte gaolmhar dom.	The rest hadn't a thing to say to me, though all who were going in the boat were kinsmen of mine.

Do phreabas gan mhoill.	I sprang off at once.
Fuaireas ullamh mo chuid éisc. Dhá théadán do bhí agam.	I put up my fish with two ropes I had.
Thug buachaill eile ceann de sna birt chugham agus do bhí an saothar go léir déanta i leath-uair agam.	Another lad brought one of the bundles down to me, and I had the whole thing done in half an hour.
Do bhí an bád ar snámh agus í ullamh réidh romham.	The boat was afloat, ready and waiting for me.
“Dar Muire!” arsa Diarmaid, “ní rabhais-se i bhfad.” Tógadh isteach na birt agus as go bráth linn go Daingean Uí Chúise.	‘Holy Mary!’ says Diarmid, ‘you didn’t take long.’ They took the bundles aboard and off we sailed for Dingle.
Do bhíodh mná an uair seo se shíor ag an gcé gurbh’ainm dóibh hocstaerí.	In those days there were always women called ‘hucksters’ on the quay.
Ag díol is ag ceannach éisc an cheárd a bhí aca agus iad ag maireachtaint ar an gcéird sin.	Their business was to buy and sell fish, and they made their living out of it.
An uair a bhí gach ní amuich as an mbád agus an bád curtha suas do phreab na mná chugham agus níor ró fhada go raibh an t-iasc ceannaithe aca uaim ar a deich is dachad an leath-chéad pullóg.	When we had cleared everything out of the boat and carried it up, these women rushed at me, and before long they had bought my fish from me for fifty shillings the half-hundred.
“Dar Muire!” arsa Diarmuid, “tá fiacha na dighe agat-sa go luath ó sna mná.”	‘In Mary’s name!’ says Diarmid. ‘You’ve got the price of a drink off the women pretty quick.’
“Tá, a bhuachaill,” arsa bean mhisniúil a bhí ar an gcumann, “agus do-gheobhair-se, leis, deoch. Téanam leat.”	‘He has, my lad,’ said a spirited woman of their company, ‘and you’ll get a drink too. Come on.’
Mar ba mhór é a dhúil ann do ghluais sé i n-éineacht liom-sa agus do chuamair i n-aon tigh amháin.	As he had a great taste for it, he went along with me, and we entered the same house.
Do dhíol na mná amach gach pinginn liom agus nuair a fuaireas an t-airgead do chuireas ceist “cad a bheadh aca?”	The women paid me every penny, and when I had the money, I asked them what they’d have.
“Á, beidh deoch agaibh-se uainn-ne ar dtúis,” arsan bhean so aríst.	‘Oh, you’ll have a drink off us first,’ said the woman again.
Do ghlaoidh sí ar deoch agus do dhíol aiste go tapaidh.	She called for a drink and paid for it on the nail.
Is orm-sa do chuaidh an tarna deoch gan amhras—fear an airgid a dhéanamh, agus do chuaidh an tríú deoch ar Dhiarmaid, mar cheannuigheadar an t-iasc uaidh sin leis.	The second drink was on me, of course, as I was making money, and the third on Diarmid, for the women had bought his fish, too.

Do bhí trí dheoch ólta agam féin agus age Diarmaid annsan agus mar bhí an t-imeacht craiceálta i gcomhnaidhe fé sin ba dhóigh leat air go raibh sé ag ól le ráithe.	Diarmid and I had drunk three drinks by this, and as he always had a slate loose, you’d have sworn he’d been drinking for months.
Do bhuaileamair síos chun na slipe annsin mar a raibh an bád gan feistiú fós.	Off we went down to the slip where the boat was: we hadn’t made it fast yet.
Ní rabhamair ach ann nuair a ghlaoidh m’úncail, Tomás, orm féin teacht i n-éineacht leis go fóil mar go raibh an dá chaora gan díol aige.	We’d hardly got there when my uncle Tom called to me to go with him for a bit. He hadn’t sold his two sheep yet.
“Raghad,” arsa mise.	‘I’ll come,’ said I.
“Dar Muire!” arsa Diarmaid, “tá comh maith agaibh an bád a chur ar sábháilt.	‘Holy Mary!—you may as well secure the boat,’ says Diarmid.
Tá an lá mall agus beidh fear agaibh soir siar go lá aríst agus b’fhéidir gur b’é an t-uisce bhéarfadh leis í.”	‘It’s late in the day and you’ll be all over the town before morning, and maybe the tide will carry her away.’
“T’anam do’n bhFear Mór!” arsa Tomás,	‘Your soul to the Big Fellow!’ says Tom,
“nach breagh nár fhanais féin timcheall a’ bháid nó go raibh do ghnó déanta agat; agus coimeád anois í nó leig uait í, a theallaire!”	‘you took good care not to worry about the boat before you’d done your business; and hold her tight now or let her go for good, you scamp!’
Dubhart cheana insa scríbhinn seo go raibh siolla beag de’n ngaoith ag teacht im’ choinne ó’n lá do chuir an file agus a chuid amhrán siar óm’ chuid móna do bhaint me agus go h-obann ’n-a dhiaidh sin nuair a dhírigh na mná óga orm.	I’ve said already in this book that a gust of the ill wind had always been blowing against me ever since the day the poet and his songs kept me from cutting the turf, and just after that when the girls fell on me.
An uair a thug úncail dom “teallaire” ar an úncail eile dhom b’fhuirist aithint ná beadh an lá san ’n-a shaoire ná ar mo fraec agam, go mór mór ó bhí an deoir leanna caithte ag an bhfear aca ná raibh mór-fhód ó thúis air.	When one of my uncles called the other a scamp, anyone could see that that day would be no holiday for me to range at will, the more so as one of them who had little enough sense at the best of times had a drop taken.
B’fhíor dom mar gan ró mhoill do bhí Tomás buailte i bpoll na cluaise aige le dorn fallsa.	I was right, for in a minute Tom had got a coward’s blow in the ear-hole.

Do thóg an buille sin an laoch Tomás ó n-a bhonnaibh agus do chuir de dhruim na gcaorach ar shlait a dhroma é ach nuair a ghaibh sé a bhuinn arís do dhein sé fé Diarmaid agus mara mbeadh mná an éisc do bheith timcheall san am san do bheadh Diarmaid ar an saoghal eile aige agus mise ’na dhiaidh mar gan dabht do thuitfinn le Diarmaid a shaoradh fé mar thuiteas roimis sin leis i bpoll a’ róin—ach a rádh gur mhaireas.	That blow sent bold Tom off his feet and sent him flying over the sheep on the flat of his back, but, when he got his footing again, he went for Diarmid, and, if the fishwives hadn’t been about, he’d have sent Diarmid into the other world and me after him, for, make no doubt, I’d have died to save Diarmid, as I died—or all but—in the seals’ cave.
An uair a stop an cath sé an chéad rud a dheineas ná na mná do ghlaodhach liom agus braon beag eile do thabhairt dóibh.	When the battle was over, the first thing I did was to call the women in with me and give them another drop.
Bhí Diarmaid rithte i dtigh éigin soir an uair seo agus níor mhór liom san do.	Diarmid had escaped into another house farther on in the town by this, and I was glad enough to see him go.
Do strac na mná mo chuid éadaigh chun go mbeadh deoch agam uatha ach ba lag liom é thógaint uatha thar n-ais insa lá céadna.	The women were dragging at my clothes, pressing another drink on me, but I didn’t want to take two drinks in the one day off them.
Bun eile do bhí agam leis—bhí ’fhios agam ná beadh mo ghaolta ró mhór istigh le chéile ar a’ bhfuadar a bhí fútha agus ná beadh gnó againn ar fad bheith ’ár ngioltáin, go mór mór an aimsir bheannaithe gur thugamair ár dturus mar onóir di.	And I had another reason—I knew by the way they were going that my relations wouldn’t have much sense to spare soon, and that it was just as well we shouldn’t all of us go out of our wits, particularly in this holy season, in honour of which we had come upon that trip.
Ar scarúint leis a’ dtigh sin dom, leis an intinn sin, ar amharc dár thugas insa tsráid go rabhas cad a chífinn ná Tomás agus dhá rangartach búistéara d’iarraidh na gcaorach a bhaint de ar an méid ba mhaith leo féin a thabhairt do.	When I left the public-house with these ideas in my head, at the first glance I threw down the street in which I was, what should I see but my uncle Tom at grips with two skinny butchers who were trying to force his sheep from him for anything they liked to give him.
Do ghéaruigheas go mear ’n-a dtreo agus ar theacht suas leis an úncail dom do bhí gach aon dath sa spéir air.	I hurried up to them, and when I joined my uncle, he had gone all colours under Heaven.
Do ghoin an obair do bhí ar siubhal go mór me agus ní raibh aon aithne ag an dá rógaire orm, ní raibh ’fhios aca ná gurbh ó’n dtuaith me.	This affair hurt me sorely, and the two rascals didn’t recognize me. They thought I was only a lad from the country.

Do bhí téadán nua ar na caoire age Tomás agus do bhí lámh leis gearrtha ag an dtéadán an uair seo aige d'iarraidh gan na caoire scaoileadh leis an mbeirt.	Tom had the sheep tied up with a new rope, and it had cut one of his hands as he struggled to hold back the sheep from going with that pair.
Ní raibh an mí-ádh riamh ar na búistéirí go dtí mise theacht ar an bhfód mar do cheapadar gur dailtín ó'n dtuaith do rith isteach me agus gur 'na bhfabhar féin do bheinn.	It was the worst bit of luck for the butchers when I came on the scene, for they thought that I was some young country rascal poking his nose in, and that I was on their side.
"Bog a' téadán ded' láimh agus tabhair domh-sa é," arsa mise leis.	'Shift the rope out of your hand and give it to me,' said I to Tom.
Do dhein sé amhlaidh go tapaidh.	He did so at once.
"Cosain-se mise agus na caoire anois agus ní foláir má tá mianach do réir cumais ionnat nach mór an nath' agat an dá shlibire diail sin."	'Stand up for me and the sheep now, and, if you've got as much spirit as you have strength, you surely won't make much account of these two damned scarecrows.'
Is dóigh liom gurb' é seo am ba mhó go raibh fearg orm ó thána ar an saoghal ná ó shin anuas.	I was angrier then, I think, than I had been since I came into the world, or have ever been since.
Dob' í an chos do chuir Tomás ag obair ar dtúis agus do léim an slataire búistéara i leath-taoibh.	Tom set to work with his foot first, and the young butcher sprang to one side.
Do bhuail an chic ceann des na caoire agus do dhein stiúda marbh di!	The kick landed on one of the sheep and laid her out stone dead.
Do bhí an scéal 'na thúrlamáboc annsan againn.	We were in a fine hulla-balloo then.
Theich na búistéirí.	The butchers ran off.
Do bhí scian im' póca agus do phreabas agus do tharrigeas a cuid fola.	I had a knife in my pocket, and I rushed to the sheep and let out her blood.
Anois nó riamh ní raibh an t-úncail sásta.	Now, if ever, my uncle wasn't pleased with himself:
Caora leis gan díol, caora leis marbh agus, rud eile, ba mhó aige scilling ná ag an mbeirt eile úncailí púnt.	he had one sheep unsold and another was dead, and, another thing, a shilling meant more to him than a pound to my other two uncles.
Do bhí a chroidhe céasta ach fuair athair na mbúistéirí óga amach cad a dheineadar agus thug sé oiread ar an gcaora mhairbh leis an gcaora bheo.	His heart was wrung; but the father of the young butchers found out what they had done, and he gave the same price for the dead sheep as for the living.

D’fhágas annsan fear na gcaorach agus do bhuaileas soir fén sráid agus do bhuail fear agus beirt liom ag déanamh a ngnótha agus san ’á dhéanamh aca go tiugh tapaidh mar do bhí deabhadh ortha chun dul abhaile arís toisc an lae a bheith breagh.	I left the sheep-dealer there and went off east along the street. I met with a man or two of my companions going about their business, getting through it with all speed, for they were in a hurry to be going home again, the day being fine.
Do bhí Liam gan feiscint fós uaim agus Paid Shéamais, fear mo dhriféar Cáit.	I hadn’t seen Liam yet or Pats Heamish, my sister Kate’s husband.
Do bhuail Liam liom i dtigh leanna, tigh Mhuirisín Bháin.	I found Liam in a public-house—Muirisín Bán’s place.
Cara fíor-Ghaedhealach dúinn dob’ eadh é.	He was a real Irish friend to us.
Dhá phaca olla do bhí age Liam, iad díolta aige agus a leór-dhóthain ólta aige.	Liam had sold two sacks of wool, and had drunk enough and to spare.
“Dird isteach agus bíodh braon de’n stuif seo ’gat,” ar seisean liom-sa.	‘In with you and take a drop of this stuff,’ says he to me.
Lionn dubh do bhí aige féin ’á shlugadh ar nós bó ag ól uisce.	It was porter that he was gulping down as a cow drinks water.
“Cuir gloine biotáile chuige seo,” ar seisean.	‘Serve him with a glass of whisky,’ says he.
“Is dóigh liom nach maith leis an rud dubh so.” Do dhein an fear istigh san.	‘I fancy he’s no taste for this black stuff.’ The man behind the bar did so.
Bhí cúigear eile fear timcheall Liam an uair seo agus iad ag cainnt le ’chéile ’s ag ól.	There were five other men round Liam at this time, all talking together and drinking.
Do chuala breis cainnte lasmuich agus do dhruideas chun a’ dorais féachaint cad a bhí ann.	I heard more talk outside, and I went over to the door to see what was there.
Cad a bhí le feiscint agam ná beirt phóilíní agus fear ag dul go dtí an príosún aca;	What should I see but a couple of peelers taking a man to the jail;
agus ar fhéachaint géar dom cé bheadh ann ná Paid Shéamais.	and when I looked closely at him, I saw that it was Pats Heamish.
Do chasas isteach agus d’innseas mo scéal d’fhear an tsiopa.	I turned round and told the man in the shop what I had seen.
“Níl fagháil amach air, pé scéal é, go dtí n-a deich a chlog anocht,” ar seisean.	‘We can’t get him out anyhow until ten to-night,’ said he.

Gan mhagadh ná bréag bhíos leath-chraiceálta ar chloisint an scéil sin dom —criú an bháid againn-ne imithe gan chrích san am san—fuireann an bháid eile ullamh chun teacht abhaile agus tráthnóna aoibhinn aca chuige.	In all truth, I was nearly beside myself to hear that. Our boat's crew were all in a hopeless mess by this, and the other boat's company ready to go home with a lovely evening for it.
Bheirim buidheachas mór le Dia indiu agus an lá san nár dheineas an rud a bhí beartaithe agam a dhéanamh an uair sin, sé sin suidhe síos agus mo dhóthain d'ól.	I thank God to-day, as I did then, that I didn't do what I had in mind to do, and that is: sit down and drink my fill.
Do thuigeas dá mbeadh san déanta agam nach foláir nó go dtiocfadh an saoghal comh bog orm leis an muinntir a bhí amhlaidh.	I felt that if I did so the world would surely go as easily with me as with the others who were taking that line.
Do bhí cúis agam bheith cráidhte:	I had good cause to be angry:
an bád a bhí i n-éineacht linn imithe abhaile agus criú mo bháid-se agus leaghadh chubhar na h-abhann ortha, triúr dritheár aca craosálta le digh,	the boat that had come out with us gone home, and the crew of my boat was melting like the foam on the river: three of the brothers sodden with drink,
fear aca i bpríosún, beirt eile bhí innti ná feaca i rith an lae ná fós—duine go dtugaimís "Kerry" air—agus slataire óg go raibh gaol aige leis.	one of them in jail, and, as for the two others in the boat, I hadn't seen them all day up to now—the man we called 'Kerry' and the young lad of his kindred.
Thugas m'aghaidh ar ché an chuain agus díreach seadh bhí an bád eile casta amach ó'n slip.	I went down to the quay, and at that very moment the other boat had just put to sea from the slip.
D'fhágadar slán agam-sa agus do leigeas mo bheannacht leo.	They said farewell to me, and I sent my blessing with them.
Do bhí an tráthnóna go h-aoibhinn an uair seo cé ná raibh deagh-chuma ar an spéir.	It was a lovely evening at this time, though the sky didn't look top promising.
Ar chasadh ó'n gcé dhom cé bheadh im' choinne anoir ná "Kerry" agus ualach d'olainn chárdálta thiar ar a dhrom aige.	When I turned back from the quay, whom should I see coming towards me from the town but Kerry, with a load of carded wool on his back.
"Cad as gur thugais an olann san?" arsa mise.	'Where have you brought that wool from?' said I.
"Anoir ó Mhuileann an Tuairgín," ar seisean.	'From the carding mill,' said he.
D'innseas do go raibh an bád eile imithe abhaile.	I told him that the other boat had gone home.
"Tá, an eadh?" ar seisean.	'It has, has it?' said he.

“Má tá, ’mhuise, ní bhainfidh sí an tigh amach.	‘And sure, if it has, it won’t get there.
Is dócha go bhfuil do chuid nithe ar fad curtha le chéile agat-sa.”	I suppose you’ve got all your stuff put together?’
“Níl ná luach réil ceannaithe agam.”	‘I haven’t; and I haven’t bought sixpennyworth.’
“Is maith an t-am fós é; is fada as so go dtí n-a deich a chlog.”	‘Well, there’s plenty of time yet. It’s long enough till ten o’clock.’
“D’réir deáraimh níl aon náire baint leat-sa ach oiread leis a’ gcuid eile aca,” arsa mise leis.	‘It looks as though you had no more shame than the rest of them,’ I said to him.
“An bád eile dulta abhaile agus sinn-ne annso agus b’fhéidir seachtain ó indiu sara mbeadh sé ’ár gcumas é fhágaint.”	‘The other boat has gone home, and here we are still, and maybe it’ll be a week from to-day before we can leave Dingle.’
“Beam-na age baile comh luath leo san,” ar seisean.	‘We shall be at home as soon as they are,’ said he.
“Gluais annso isteach go mbeidh braon againn agus beam ag cur gach ní le n-a chéile annsan agus beidh siad ullamh againn chun seoladh siar tar éis an chéad Aifrinn amáireach.” Ar chlos na cainnte sin dom tháinig atharú mór ar m’aigne.	‘Go in here and we’ll have a drink, and we’ll start packing up then and have everything ship-shape for starting back after the first Mass to-morrow.’ When I heard that speech, my mind changed,
Fáth agam leis—an chainnt seo d’fhuaimeant do chlos ó’n bhfear so agus teist an stráille gan éifeacht ag an gcuid eile de chriú an bháid air, agus iad féin ar gealtaighe insan am san.	and with good reason— to hear such good sense from this man whom all the rest of the crew considered a useless ne’er-do-well, while they themselves were all crazy by this.
Do chuamair isteach.	We went in.
Dheineamair rudaí a cheannach ann, triúr againn, agus nuair a bhíomair réidh thug fear an tighe deoch uaidh féin dúinn.	We bought some goods, three of us, and, when we’d done, the shopkeeper stood us a drink.
Bhuaileamair soir annsan agus cé bheadh ár gcoinne anoir ná fear an phríosúin, Paid Shéamais.	We went up the town then, and whom should we meet coming towards us but the prisoner, Pats Heamish.
“Dia ’s Muire dhíbh,” ar seisean.	‘God and Mary to you,’ says he.
D’fhreagair Kerry an beannachadh.	Kerry returned the greeting.
Bhí a chainnt ag leathadh fós ar Phaid.	Pats’s speech was still wandering.
Muirisín Bán d’fhuascail é.	Muirisín Bán had got him out.
Do bhí na trí réicí gan feiscint fós uaim.	I hadn’t seen the three rakes yet.

D’fhágas annsan an triúr eile agus níor stadas nó gur bhaineas amach tigh ár gcarad, sé sin Muirisín Bán, mar ar ghnáth leo bheith.	I left the three others there, and never stopped till I reached the house of our friend Muirisín Bán, where they generally spent their time.
Do bhí an triúr ann agus do scoiltfeadh gach siolla do leigidís as a mbéal ceann práis.	The three were there, and every syllable they let out of them would have split a head of brass.
Do bhí oiread san de chonach dighe ortha gurbh’ olc a dheineadar me aithint nó gur labhras.	They were so dizzy with the drink that they hardly knew me till I spoke.
“Nach tu san,” arsa Diarmaid craiceálta.	‘Isn’t that you?’ says cracked Diarmid.
“Táim ann,” arsa mise leis.	‘I’m here,’ said I to him.
“A’ bhfuil aon chrích fós ort ach mar fhágas cheana thu?”	‘Are you in any better way now than when I left you a bit ago?’
“Tá, a bhuachaill!	‘I am, my boy,’ said he;
Nach maith a’ chrích an bolg a bheith lán,” ar seisean.	‘isn’t it a good way to be in to have a full belly?
“A’ bhfeacaís Kerry agus an slataire eile ó mhaidean?”	Have you seen Kerry and the other lad since morning?’
“Do chonnac agus ní deárthach leat-sa é,” arsa mise.	‘I have, and he’s not like you,’ said I.
“Dhé, dar ’anam ’on diabhal, níor dheárthach liom-sa riamh an spadalach!”	‘Ah! devil take him; the lout never was like me.’
“A’ bhfuil criú an bháid eile ullamh fós?” arsa Tomás.	‘Is the crew of the other boat ready yet?’ says Tom.
“Is giorra do leath-slí chun a’ tighe anois iad,” arsa mise leis.	‘They’re nearly half-way home by now,’ I answered.
Ar chloisint na cainnte sin do Dhiarmaid cuireann sé a cheann ’on doras, féachann sé anáirde ar an spéir agus ar na réilthíní ar feadh tamaill agus casann isteach.	When Diarmid heard this, he put his head out at the door, looked up at the sky and the stars for a bit, and then came in again.
“Dar Muire, ’mhuise! ’óigfhir,” ar seisean, “is bád í sin ná bainfidh a calath féin amach ar a’ slí go bhfuil a’ spéir ag dul trí ’chéile anáirde.”	‘In the name of the Virgin, young lad,’ says he, ‘that’s a boat that’ll never come to harbour, to judge by the wild look of the sky up there.’

Ar chloisint an scéil sin dom ó dhá údar fairrge, dar liom, d’fhágas an tigh go rabhadar amach agus do chromas ar bheith ag siubhal na dtighthe liom gur mhaith liom coróin agus leath-choróin d’fhágaint ionnta mar bíonn súil na siopadóirí anáirde timcheall na saoire i gcomhnaidhe chun scillinge dh’fhágaint aca.	When I heard this from two men whom I knew to be good judges of the sea, I left the house where they were and started to visit the shops, where I wanted to spend a crown or a half-crown, for the shopkeepers are always wide awake at Christmas time to get a shilling or two.
Níor stadas go bhfuaireas me féin ullamh ionnta.	I never stopped till I had finished with them.
Go maithidh Dia dhom é, is chuige thugas an ruail sin—mara mbeadh an mhaidean a bhí chughainn go breagh—go ngeobhainn siar de bhóthar agus go bhfágfainn annsan i dteannta chéile lucht na dighe mar do bhí ’fhios agam nach go bog a chuirfidís le ’chéile faid a bheadh aon rud sa phóca.	God forgive me! I went that round with the intention, if the next morning shouldn’t prove fine, of going back by road and leaving the drinkers in their own company, for I was well aware that so long as they had a penny in their pockets they’d be long enough about packing up.
Do bhíos gan greim ó fhágas mo thigh féin an mhaidean san agus gach duine eile aca mar me.	I hadn’t had a bite since I left the house in the morning, nor had any of them.
Do bhaineas tigh bidh amach. Do chaitheas béile ann.	I found a house where I could get some food, and had a meal.
Nuair a bhuaileas amach arís do bhí na soillse ar lasadh agus chuas ar thuairisc mo cháirde.	When I came out again, the lamps were being lighted, and I went to look for my friends.
Bhíodar go léir bailithe i dteannta ’chéile sa tigh céadna—an triúr úncailí, Paid Shéamais, Kerry agus an slataire.	They were all gathered together in the same house—the three uncles, Pats Heamish, Kerry, and the lad.
Do bhí máilín bán ar oscailt ag gach nduine aca agus fear an tsiopa strupálta ag tómhas té, siúicre, agus gach ní eile bhí ag teastáil uatha.	Every one of them had a white bag open, and the shopman was stripped, weighing out tea, sugar, and everything else they wanted.
Do líonadar na málaí. Cloch phlúir, cloch go leith agus dhá chloich age fear.	They filled the bags up—one man with a stone of flour, another with a stone and a half, and a third with two stones.
Lón beag a bhíodh ag teacht an uair úd agus thógadar so gach a raibh uatha sa tigh sin.	In those days we only took in a small store, and they bought all they wanted in this house.
Annsan do bhuaileamair amach go tigh an ósta.	Then we went out to the lodging-house.
Fear aca do chaith greim agus beirt nár dhein.	One of them took food for two who didn’t.

Sé Kerry agus an slataire do bhí ar aon leabaidh liom-sa agus ní rabhamair ach sínte an t-am gur shéid an oidhche clagarnach agus gaoth.	Kerry and the lad shared a bed with me, and we had only just lain down when the night blew up to wind and heavy rain.
“A’ gcloiseann tú air seo, a bhuachaill?” arsa Kerry;	‘Do you hear that, my boy?’ said Kerry.
“an dóigh leat an fada siar an bád san am so?”	‘How far on do you think the boat is by now?’
“Timcheall Cuan Fionntrágha,” arsa mise.	‘Somewhere near Ventry Harbour,’ said I.
“Má tá san bainte amach aca ní ceart dóibh gearán.” I bhfaid ’s i ngéire do bhí an oidhche ag dul agus cé nár leigeas orm leo-san é do bhí scannradh i dtaobh an bháid a bhí imithe orm.	‘If they’re as far as that, they needn’t grumble,’ said he. As the night went on, it grew wilder, and, though I didn’t let on, I was terrified for the boat which had left me.
Níorbh’ iongantas san dom mar do bhí a thuille dem’ ghaolta innti; agus rud eile, mara mbeadh aon ghaol liom innti is minic a ghoillfeadh comharsain mhaithe ar dhuine.	And no wonder, for some others of my kin were in her, and, besides, even if I had no relations on board, a man is often worried about good neighbours.
Níor ró fhada go raibh an tigh ’á shuathadh insa tslí nár thuit néal ar an triúr againn gur gheal sé anoir ar maidin agus ar a bheith chun eolais, le gileacht, do’n lá tháinig sánas air agus do chuaidh an ghaoth chun na talmhan insa phoinnte díreach de’n chompás go mbeadh cóir seoil againn ó ché an Daingin go calath an Bhlascaeid.	Before long the house was trembling, so that none of the three of us got a wink of sleep till the light grew in the east in the morning. When the day was light enough to see anything, there was a lull in the wind, and it blew towards the land from the very point of the compass that we wanted to sail, straight from Dingle Quay to the Blasket Harbour.
Do chaitheas amach as an leabaidh me féin agus chuas de’n ráib sin amach ar an sráid.	I flung myself out of bed and ran out at once into the street.
D’fhéachas ins na cheithre h-árdaibh.	I looked towards the four quarters of the sky.
Bhí an spéir ’n-a sort tar éis an tórmaigh sin a chur di ar nós díreach na ndrúncaeirí a bhí istigh i dtigh an ósta nár bhraith síon na h-oidhche ná fós an lá ag teacht.	The sky was quiet now that it had got rid of its gathered fury, exactly like the drunkards who lay there in the lodging-house and had taken no notice of the wildness of the night or of the coming day either.

Do phreabas isteach arís agus do chuas mar a raibh mo leabaidh mar bhí leath mo chuid éadaigh fós ann agus fiú amháin gan me dulta ar mo ghlúine ag tabhairt buidheachais le Dia do chuir síon na h-oidhche tharm agus a thug solus an lae bheannaithe go breagh dhúinn.	I ran in again and went to the place where I had slept, for half my clothes were still there, and I hadn’t so much as gone down on my knees to thank God, who had saved me from the night’s storm and had given us the blessed light of day so fair again.
“Tá an lá go breagh,” arsa mise le Kerry.	‘It’s a fine day,’ said I to Kerry.
Do bhí muinntir an tighe ag múscailt láithreach, cuid aca le bheith ag an chéad Aifreann.	The people of the house were astir at once, some of them meaning to go to first Mass.
Is é Kerry agus an slataire an chéad bheirt a bhuail anuas chugham agus dubhairt sé liomsa an chuid eile a mhúscailt.	Kerry and the lad were the first two to come down, and he told me to wake up the rest.
Dubhart leis pé duine a raghadh ’á múscailt nach me féin é, nár bhe’ liom a bhfeaca indé dhíobh agus gan a bheith ag caitheamh an lae indiu ar an gcuma gcéadna.	I told him that, whoever went to call them, it wouldn’t be me. I had seen all I wanted of them yesterday, and didn’t mean to spend to-day in the same manner.
Ar an gcainnt do bheirt againn le chéile cé gheobhadh an staighre anuas ach Paid Shéamais.	As the pair of us were conversing, who should come down the stairs but Pats Heamish.
“Dia dhíbh, a bhuachaillí,” ar seisean.	‘Morning, boys,’ says he.
Fear an tighe d’fhreagair é.	The man of the house it was who returned his greeting.
“Connus tá an lá?” arsa Paid.	‘How’s the day?’ says Pats.
“Cóir abhaile, ’bhuachaill!” arsa fear an tighe.	‘A fair wind home, my lads,’ says the man of the house.
Do chas Paid anáirde arís ag glaodhach ar an gcuid eile agus ní ró fhada go rabhamair le n-a chéile.	Pats turned back upstairs again to call up the rest and before long we were all gathered together.
Thug Diarmaid órdú do bhean an tighe gach aon rud a bheith ullamh aici ar an mbórd le linn teacht ó’n Aifreann dúinn, go mbeadh na seolta ’á árdú fé’n “gCollach Dubh” comh luath agus bheadh an biadh caithte.	Diarmid ordered the woman of the house to have everything ready on the table for us when we returned from Mass. We should be hoisting sail on the Black Boar as soon as we had eaten.
Do bhí gach aenne ag bailiú chun an Aifrinn agus an uair a bhí sé ráidhte do chaitheamair ár gcuid bídh agus do bhuaileamair amach.	The congregation was gathering for Mass, and, as soon as it was over, we ate our food and went out.

Thugamair gach ní siar chun an chalaith, buaileadh síos an bád agus buaileadh gach ní ar bórd.	We took all our things down to the harbour, ran the boat down, and threw everything aboard.
Tugadh a deire do thír agus a tosach do mhuir, buaileadh anáirde na seolta agus cóir go slachtmhar siar linn.	We turned her stern to land and her prow to sea. Up went the sails, and we set out for the west with a fair following wind.
Níor bhain sé a lán aimsire den “Chollach Dubh” Cuan Fionntrágha do bhaint amach.	It took the Black Boar no time to make Ventry Harbour.
Ar ghabháil treasna an chuain sin súil d’ár thug fear idir sinn ’s an talamh—“Tá bád eile chughainn amach,” ar seisean.	As we were crossing the harbour mouth, one of the crew glanced at the sea between us and the land. ‘There’s a boat coming out to us,’ he said.
Thugas féin géar-amharc uirthi agus d’aithnigheas na seolta go tapaidh.	I looked closely at her and recognized her sails at once.
“Sin í an bád d’fhág an Daingean araer,” arsa mise.	‘That’s the boat that left Dingle last night,’ said I.
Do crothadh suas chun na gaoithe an “Collach Dubh” nó gur tháinig sí ar comh-uisce linn agus dob’ í bhí ann go díreach.	We brought the Black Boar into the wind till the other came up level with us, and sure enough she it was.
D’innseadar dúinn mar thuit amach dóibh agus nárbh’ fhiú coróin a raibh d’earraí innti mar gur ghaibh an fhairrge mhór lastuas díobh agus mara mbeadh go raibh an cuan sroichte aca roimis an scríb ná feicfí aon duine aca go deo arís.	They told us all that had happened to them, and that all the goods in her weren’t worth a crown, for the great sea had swept over them, and if it hadn’t been that they had reached harbour before the storm came, not a man of them would ever have been seen again.
Do scaoileamair an dá bhád le ’chéile fé na cheithre cinn de sheolta agus cóir ghlan againn gur shroicheamair calath an Bhlascaeid.	We let the boats run side by side under their four sails, and we had a fair wind till we reached the harbour in the Blasket.
Do bhí gach bean, leanbh agus páiste annsan romhainn.	Every woman, child, and babe was there waiting for us.
Tógadh abhaile na maingisíní ar fad agus do bhí scéal an bhaile mhóir annsan ar siubhal againn ar feadh cúpla lá.	The merchandise was all taken home, and we were telling tales of the town for a day or two.
Do bhí cúig buidéal biotáile agam, ceann ó’n bhfear so, ceann ó’n bhfear úd, ceann a dheineas a cheannach.	I had five bottles of whisky with me—one from this man, another from that, and one that I had bought myself.
Níor dheacair dom san an uair úd.	That was easily done in those days.
Leath-choróin an buidéal a bhí air.	Half a crown a bottle was the price.

Bhí rísíní, coinnle agus a lán milseán piocaithe age muinntir an dá bháid ó'n nDaingean leo.	The crews of the two boats had brought raisins, candles, and lots of sweet things from Dingle with them.
Do bhí teine mhaith an bhliain chéadna ann agus prátaí, leis, agus a n-annlan éisc.	There was plenty of turf for fire that year, and potatoes, too, and fish to eat with them.
Do dheineas tagairt cheana do'n chuimhne bhí agam ar an am ná raibh ach aon oighean amháin san oileán so.	I have already mentioned that I remembered the time when there was only one pot-oven in this Island.
Do bhí trí nó ceathair de cheannaibh an bhliain seo atáim a rádh ann agus má bhí ní rabhadar díomhaoin.	There were three or four in this year I am speaking of, and, if there were, they had plenty to do.
Lár-na-mháireach do bhí oighean age m' mháthair aca agus í ag obair go tiugh mar ná raibh ach seachtain idir sinn agus Oidhche Nodlag agus bhí ceithre bullóga le déanamh aici i dtómas an tighe.	Next morning my mother had one of these pot-ovens hard at work, for it was only a week to Christmas Eve, and she had four loaves to make for the household.
Ní raibh ach na bullóga déanta againn an t-am gur bhuail an t-úncail isteach, sé sin Diarmaid.	We had only just finished cooking these loaves when in came uncle Diarmid.
Turus a bhí tabhartha 'on dtráigh aige.	He had just been visiting the strand.
"M'anam ó'n diabhal, go bhfuil mo bhalcaisí ag tuitim díom gan greim ná bolgam a dhul im' chorp ó fhágas an Daingean," ar seisean.	'My soul from the devil, my duds are falling off me, for I've had neither bite nor drop in my belly since I left Dingle,' says he.
Tháinig truagh agam do agus do chuas go dtí bosca do bhí agam agus thugas buidéal liom agus cupa agus do shíneas chuige.	I was sorry for him, and I went to a box I had and brought a bottle and a cup and handed him a drink.
Do shluig siar é gan a anál a tharrac.	He tossed it off without drawing breath.
"Muise go gcuiridh Dia rud éigin chugham go ndéanfad é chúiteamh leat," arsa Diarmaid.	'Wisha, God send me something to repay you with!' says Diarmid.
"Croch braon uisce," arsa mise lem' mháthair, "agus dein braon té dho agus tabhair cannta do'n bhullóig do.	'Put a drop of water on the fire,' said I to my mother, 'and make him a cup of tea and give him a hunk of the loaf.
Do dhein sé roilleán do féin le digh sa bhaile mhór."	He made himself dizzy with drink in the town.'
"Ó, i gcúntais Dé leigidh dom féin," arsa Diarmaid "táim ar mhuin na muice age 'n gcupa san."	'O, for God's sake, let me be,' says Diarmid. 'That cup has put me on the pig's back.'

Cé gur minic roime sin do bhí greann ar bhraon dighe agus ar an muinntir d'óladh é dob' é seo an braon ba mhó do bhain sult riamh asam-sa ná ó shin anuas.	Though a drop of drink had often before made much merriment, I had more fun out of that drop that I've ever had since.
Do ghaibh an braon trés gach féith leis de gheit mar do bhí an creatlach cuirp do bhí aige insan am so comh seang le h-eascú a bheadh i bpota ó Luan go Luan.	The drink ran through every vein of him in a rush, for his skinny frame was as thin then as a conger that would have spent a week from Monday to Monday in a lobsterpot.
Ní bheinn-se ró bhuidheach dem' mhargadh dábur i dtúis lae a thabharfainn an cupa dho mar go mbeadh gnó an lae sin ó dhéanamh agam gan amhras agus ní orm-sa amháin ach ar gach nduine a bheadh i gcumas é chlos ná a fheiscint.	I shouldn't have been so pleased with my bargain if it had been early in the day when I gave him the cup, for I should certainly have lost my day's work, and not I only, but everybody else who was in a position to see or hear him.
Ní raibh faic sa scéal ach ná dubhairt aenne go raibh sé i ngádh é cheangal.	It came pretty near to people declaring that he needed a strait waistcoat.
Ar chur mo chinn thar doras dom féin cad a bheadh lasmuich dho ná garsún le Diarmaid agus é ag pusaoil ghuil.	I put my head out in the doorway, and who should be out there but one of Diarmid's boys, snivelling.
"Cad tá ort, a Sheáinín?" arsa mise leis.	'What's wrong with you, Shaneen?' said I.
"Mo dhaid atá bhuam," arsa Seáinín.	'I want my dad,' says he.
"Ó! tair isteach, a bhuachaill.	'O, come in, my lad.
Tá sé annso istigh agus é Márta a trí agus é ag faire ar phósadh aríst.	He's in here at the top of his form, thinking of marrying again.
Is amhlaidh atá sé ag faire ar imeacht ód' mháthair ar fad.	He's thinking of deserting your mother altogether.
Is dócha go bhfuil sí ad' chur-sa 'n-a dhiaidh."	I suppose she's sent you to look for him?'
Is chuige dubhart an méid sin leis an ngarsún chun go mbainfinn an ghruaim de, mar dob' é an té go bhfeaca air riamh í ba mhó ba thruagh liom.	I spoke thus to the boy to cheer him up a bit, for he was the most pitiable object I'd ever seen.
Thugas an garsún os a choinne amach ar láimh liom.	I took the lad by the hand and led him up to Diarmid.
"An leat an garsún so?" arsa mise leis an réic.	'Is this boy yours?' I said to the rake.
D'fhéach sé air.	He looked at him.
"Is liom agus ní liom," ar seisean.	'Yes and no,' said he.
"Táimíd comh dall agus bhíomair riamh," arsa mise arís leis.	'We know no more than we did before,' I said to him.

“Dhera, a dhuine, ná ficeann tú nach liom-sa chuaidh sé.	‘Yerra, my friend, don’t you see that he doesn’t take after me.
Ní h-í an tseithe reamhar bhuidhe sin a bheadh air dábur liom-sa a raghadh sé i n-ionad dul leis an amalóig bhuidhe do mháthair do.”	He wouldn’t have that tough swarthy hide if he’d taken after me instead of that swarthy simpleton of a mother of his.’
“Is dóigh liom,” arsa mo mháthair leis, “nár chuaidh aon duine ’ca leat féin ach leis an máthair iad uile.”	‘I fancy,’ said my mother, ‘that none of them take after you. They’re all like their mother.’
“Ná an diabhach duine dabúr liom a bhfuil ar an mbaile aca!” arsa Diarmaid an tseóidh.	‘Devil a one of them all in this village!’ says Diarmid the joker.
Phreabas im’ shuidhe agus thugas stiall de bhullóig do’n ngarsún agus dubhart leis dul abhaile, go bhfanfadh a athair annso tamall eile de’n oidhche.	I jumped up and gave the boy a slice of the loaf, and told him to run home. His father would spend a bit more of the night with us.
Ní raibh ach an garsún curtha agam uaim san am gur bhuail bean an doras isteach agus cé bheadh ann ach mo dhrifiúr Cáit.	I’d no sooner got rid of the boy than a woman came in through the door, and who should it be but my sister Kate.
Do bhain san ana-gheit as mo mháthair mar do cheap sí gur rud éigin a bhí ar dhuine de sna páistí mar nár ghnáth léi seo teacht ach go fánach.	That gave my mother a great start, for she thought that there must be something wrong with one of the children, for she was only a very rare visitor with us.
“Do sheol rud éigin tusa chughainn comh déanach so,” arsa mise léi.	‘Something’s brought you here to us so late as this,’ said I to her.
“Paid Shéamais ná braitheann ró mhaith.	‘It’s Pats Heamish who’s not feeling very well.
Ó dh’fhág sé an Daingean fós tá sé gan aon ghreim a dhul ar a chroidhe, agus lán na spíonóige do bhiotáile thug me,” ar sise.	Since he left Dingle he’s not had a bite to eat, and it’s for a spoonful of whisky I’ve come,’ says she.
“Nár thug sé féin aon deóir leis ’n-a bhóthar?” arsa mo mháthair.	‘Didn’t he bring a drop with him on his way back home?’ said my mother.
“Níor thug ná faic eile ’mhuis,” ar sise.	‘Wisha, not he, nor anything else,’ says she.
“Cad a thabharfadh sé sin leis?” arsa Diarmaid ‘craic,’ “duine bhí gan aon taimilt i nDaingean Uí Chúise ó fhág sé an tigh gur bhain sé amach arís é.”	‘What should that fellow bring with him?’ says Diarmid the cracked. ‘He hadn’t a blink of sense in Dingle from the time he left home till he got back again.’
“Is dóigh le fear na buile gurbh’ é féin fear na céille,” arsa mise.	‘Madmen always plume themselves on their sense,’ said I.

Do bhí deabhadh ar Cháit.	Kate was in a hurry.
Chuas go dtí an buidéal.	I went to the bottle.
Ní raibh aici sin ach tuairim plaoisc uibh d’árus ar eagla go gcuirfeadh sí mise ó’n dtigh le n-a n-iomarca iarraidh.	She had only brought a cup about the size of an eggshell for fear she would drive me out of the house by asking too much.
Fuaireas buidéal cnagaire agus do líonas é.	I fetched a quarter-pint bottle and filled it up.
Do bhuail sí uaim an doras amach go buidheach beannachtach.	She left me and hurried out of the door, full of thanks and blessings.
Do chasas arís ar Dhiarmaid leis an mbuidéal leath-fholamh.	I turned back again to Diarmid with the half-empty bottle.
“Ó, scoltadh an bhurdáin go ndeinidh sé orm má bhlaisim é!” ar seisean; “fuaireas mo dhóthain do i n-éineacht.”	‘O, may it split me like a salmon if I taste it!’ said he. ‘I got enough in the one drink.’
Do chuireas gloine i lámh m’athar agus dubhart leis í choimeád dom.	I put a glass in my father’s hand, and told him to hold it for me.
Timcheall leath-ghloine do leig sé innti.	I poured about half a glass into it.
Do bhlais mo mháthair é agus is sin a raibh ann.	My mother did no more than just taste it.
Do líonas an gloine chugham féin—an chéad bhlaiseadh ó fhágas an Daingean.	Then I filled up the glass for myself—the first taste since I left Dingle.
Do líonas thar n-ais an gloine agus shíneas chun fear an tseoidh í.	I filled the glass again, and handed it to the joker.
“Ó!” ar seisean, “tar éis na móide.”	‘O,’ said he, ‘after swearing that oath!’
“Dhera, dar ndóigh níl aon bhun leis a’ mburdán san, ’amadáin,” arsa mise, “ach nath atá i mbéal na ndaoine.”	‘Yerra, there’s no meaning in that salmon, you fool,’ said I. ‘It’s only an expression people use.’
“Mhuise, dar Muire! is dócha é,” ar seisean, agus do scaoil siar í.	‘Wisha, by the Virgin, I fancy you’re right,’ says he, and tossed it off.
D’fhan sé againn nó go raibh sé i n-aimsir chodlata go h-árd.	He stayed with us till it was high time for bed.
Ní raibh ’fhios age m’ mháthair gur chuas-sa sa chúntúirt leis i bpoll an róin go dtí an gloine dhéanach so agus is é an chéad rud a dhein sí dul ar a glúine agus buidheachas a bhreith le Dia a thug saor an bheirt againn.	My mother had never heard of the risk I ran for him in the seal cave until he drank this last glass, and the first thing she did when she heard was to go down on her knees and offer up thanks to God, who had preserved the pair of us.
Níor chuir m’athair an tsuim sin ar fad sa scéal.	But my father didn’t attach all that importance to the thing.

An uair a bhí an biadh caithte againn do bhuaileas féin amach agus do chuas ar thuairisc Phaid Shéamais.	When we'd had our meal, I went out to inquire after Pats Heamish.
Dubhart liom féin go mbeadh pas beag eile grinn agam air sin leis.	I said to myself that I'd have a bit of fun with him, too.
Ní raibh sé i bhfad ó'n dteine agus casóg caithte aniar ar a shlinneáin, a phíp 'n-a bhéal aige agus gan innti ach an luath.	He wasn't far from the fire, and he had his coat thrown over his shoulders and his pipe in his mouth, though there was nothing but ashes in it.
Chuireas ceist air an raibh sé ag dul i bhfeabhas.	I asked him if he was on the mend.
"Táim, agus ní bheadh aon mhaith go deo orm mara mbeadh an braon úd."	'I am, and I'd never have been any good again but for that drop.'
"Ba dhóigh liom ná fuil faic sa phíp agat."	'I fancy there's nothing in your pipe.'
"Níl ná é agam le cur innti, 'mhuise, a Thomáis Criomhthain, a bhuachaill," arsa Paid.	'There isn't—and I've nothing to put in it either, Tom Crohan, my boy,' said Pats.
"Tá ana-mhilleán agam ar dhroch-ghloine bhiotáile dh'ólas an lá chuamair 'on Daingean."	'I'm suffering very much from a glass of bad whisky I drank the day we went to Dingle.'
"Is dócha go raibh a thuille thiar 'n-a theannta 'gat."	'I guess you had others inside you along with it.'
"Ó! bhí chúig ghloine ólta agam an uair a cuireadh isteach 'on phríosún me," arsa Paid.	'O, I had five glasses drunk when they ran me in,' said Pats.
D'fhágas annsan Paid an diailbhuidhe (ní fearra dhom ainm a thabharfad air);	I left him there then, Pats, the devil's own (that's the best name I can give him);
tar éis teacht abhaile dho ó Dhaingean Uí Chúise gan faic chun a pháistí ag teacht abhaile dho ach an déirc, agus seachrán ar a shláinte 'n-a theannta san agus gan é de chuma air go mbeadh sé 'n-a fhear mhaith amáireach ná umanathar.	he'd come back home from Dingle without a scrap for his children but what they could beg; his health was knocked sideways, too, and, from the look of him, he wasn't likely to be well to-morrow or the day after that.
Ar theacht go dtí m' thigh féin dom do bhí mo phíobaire fós romham, gan staonadh ar a ghuth, gan ciach cainnte air, gan tuirse siubhail air, gan teip teangan ná ceal goile an uair seo, is dóigh liom.	When I got back home I found my trumpeter still going full blast with no check on his flow of speech, no hoarseness in his talk, no weariness in his movements, his tongue never stumbling, and his appetite still unimpaired, so it seemed.

Do bhí mo mháthair síos suas an t-úrlár ag feistiú an teinteáin le h-aghaidh dul a chodladh an uair sin.	My mother was ranging up and down the floor, setting the hearth to rights in preparation for bed.
“Dar Muire!” arsa Diarmuid léi, “ba chirte dhuit seibinneach mná óige do thabhairt chun do mhic ná bheith síos suas go deo mar sin tu féin.”	‘By the Virgin!’ said he to her, ‘you’d do better to get some bouncing girl for your son than be going up and down for ever like that for yourself.’
“Ní mise atá ’á gcoimeád uaidh,” ar sise.	‘Well, it isn’t me that’s keeping them from him,’ says she.
“B’fhearr liom go mbeadh sí ar maidin aige.	‘I’d rather he got one by morning.
Ach is dócha nach comh bog san iad d’fhagháil,” ar sise arís.	But I fancy they’re not so easy got as all that.’ ‘Yerra, your soul from the devil!
“Dhera th’anam ó’n ndiabhal, ná fuil cúigear ban thiar san Inis ag caitheamh na spur ’n-a dhiaidh seo nach fios dóibh ciaca ’ca go sméidfar uirthi chun gluaiseacht!”	aren’t there five women back in the Inish plying their spurs after him, and not a one of them knows which of them he’ll give the wink to to take the road with him!’
agus tar éis na píopaireacht go léir feadh na h-oidhche do bhí a ghuth an uair seo comh beo-ghlan, comh h-aibidh le fear ar árdán gurbh’ é an chéad abairt aige é.	And after all his trumpeting the whole night long, his voice was just as clear, just as lively as that of a man on a platform beginning on his first sentence.
Do bhí amhras caithte agam féin ar an réic, nuair a chonnac chugham go luath insa tráthnóna é, ná fágfadh sé an tigh go gcuirfeadh sé ar bun an sórt so mar do bhí luadaráil ar fuaidh an bhaile i rith na bliana roime sin cé phósfadh agus cé ná pósfadh.	I’d suspicioned what the rascal was up to, when I saw him coming to the house early in the evening, and guessed that he wouldn’t leave the house till he’d started something of this kind, for there had been a lot of talk in the village all the year before about who’d marry and who wouldn’t.
Rud eile, do bhí saghas feasa agam ó aimsir na muc roime sin go raibh sé féin agus bean aosta na h-Inise ag cur an tsaoghail tré n-a chéile mar gheall ar an scéal agus gan amhras do gheall sé dhi go gcuirfeadh sé féin an scéal ar bun.	Besides, I’d had a sort of idea ever since that time with the pigs earlier in the year that he and the old woman of the Inish were putting their heads together about the business, and probably he’d made her a promise that he would open up the affair.
Is mise ná raibh mí-bhuidheach dá chuid allagair san am so, go mór mór dábur dhóigh liom go raghadh an scéal chun cinn;	So far as I was concerned, I wasn’t ungrateful to him for his jabber just then, particularly if I had any reason to think that anything would come of it;
mar, chun na fírinne ’rádh, is ann a bhí mo chrann féin le n-a linn sin.	for to speak the truth, that’s where I myself would have made my choice at that time.

“Ach,” arsa mo mháthair ag déanamh athnuachtaint ar an gcainnt, “tá sé seo óg go leór fós agus fós eile.”	‘Agh!’ says my mother, taking up the talk again, ‘he’s full young yet and for some time to come.’
“A’ bhfuil sé a lán aoise anois?” arsan réic.	‘Is he of age now?’ says the rake.
“Dhá bhliain is fiche trí lá roim Nodlaig seo déanamh orainn,” ar sise.	‘Twenty-two three days before this coming Christmas,’ says she.
“Dhera, ’bhean bheag, cad a bhíos-sa ach fiche bliain lom, an uair a shroicheas an cheirthlín bhuidhe sin thoir agam agus níor mhaith a’ s’nuachar í,” ar seisean.	‘Yerra, little woman, what was I but barely twenty when I got that swarthy lump of mine over there, and she wasn’t much of a match,’ says he.
“Is dócha,” arsa mise ’á fhreagairt, “gurbh’ fhearr í ná tu féin.	‘I imagine,’ I said, in answer to him, ‘that she was a better one than yourself.
Is tusa an fear fuar ar bheith as baile dhuit agus is fada gur thugais aon ní cóir abhaile chun na mná boichte agus tu féin ’á chaitheamh go h-aindis.”	It’s you that’s the comfortless husband. Though you’ve been away from home, it’s a long while since you brought back anything worth while to your poor wife, and you made a miserable waste of your money.’
“Dhera mo thruagh thu, ’amadáin! Ní bhím-se comh caithteach agus bhím bagarthach,” arsa Diarmaid craiceálta.	‘Yerra! alas for you, you fool! I’m far more of a boaster than a waster,’ says cracked Diarmid.
“Buail bhuam amach i n-ainm Dé agus na Maighdine Muire!” arsa mise leis,	‘Clear off out of my sight in the name of God and the Virgin Mary!’ said I to him.
“nó a’ bhfuil aon éileamh ar do bhothán féin agat ná ar dhul a chodladh dhuit nó a’ bhfuil aon eagla ort go mbeidh an cheirtlín bhuidhe imithe uait?”	‘Or don’t you think at all of your hovel or of going to bed, or are you at all afraid that the swarthy lump will go off and leave you?’
Do chuir sé drannadh gáire as. “Ó!” ar seisean, “is beag a’ baoghal!” Preabaim amach le bosca go raibh dorn prátaí ann chun an asail.	He grinned, and ‘O!’ says he, ‘not much fear of that!’ I ran out with a box in which was a handful of potatoes for the ass.
Chaitheas punann, leis, chun na bó agus gamhain a bhí ann.	I threw down a sheaf of oats, too, for the cow and a calf that we had.
Dubhairt m’athair liom san do dhéanamh.	My father told me to do this.
Gnó m’athar féin na neithe sin ach gur chuir píopaireacht an fhir istigh siar ó n-a dhéanamh an oidhche sin é.	This was his job, but the trumpeting of the fellow in the house had prevented him doing it that night.

Ar chasadh isteach dom do bhí sé fós 'n-a sheasamh i lár an tighe agus é ag deimhniú do'n bheirt aosta go raghadh cabhair na mná óige go maith dhóibh agus comh fada agus a thuig sé féin ná raibh aon droch-mhianach i n-inghean so na h-Inise.	When I came back again, he was still standing in the middle of the house, demonstrating to the old couple that the young woman's help would be a great advantage to them, and that, so far as he could see, this girl from the Inish had excellent stuff in her.
Cé go raibh gotha simplidhe air ag cur na cainnte as do bhí cuid de gach comhairle le bheith 'n-a fhabhar féin.	Though he spoke his speech like a simpleton, some part of his advice was calculated for his own profit.
Do bheadh an tigh go léir aige, dar ndóigh.	He'd have the whole house to himself, you see.
B'í a dhrifiúr féin bean aosta an tighe agus í seo anois go mbeadh sé féin tar éis í sholáthar ní 'n-a choinne bheadh sí, ní foláir.	The old woman of the house was his own sister, and this girl wouldn't be his enemy when he himself had got her for us, of course.
Is minic roimis sin, agus fós, a chuir duine gotha simplidhe air féin ar mhaithe leis féin agus ba mhór é m'amhras go raibh cuid de rógaireacht bheag mar sin ag baint le Diarmaid san am san.	Often enough in the past, and still to-day, a man has affected the simpleton for his own ends, and I had a strong suspicion that there was a spice of that sort of trickery in Diarmid that day.
B'éigean dom breith ar ghualainn air agus é sheoladh an doras amach.	I had to take him by the shoulder and run him out through the door.
Do chas sé isteach arís agus dubhairt sé:	He turned back again into the house and said:
"Tá moltachán mór le marbhú agam Oidhche Nodlag agus do gheobhair-se leath bhuam"; agus do bhuail sé an doras amach agus do bhí sé i n-am codlata go maith an uair sin.	'I mean to kill a big wether on Christmas Eve, and you shall have half of it.' Out he went through the door, and it was high time for bed by that.
XV — NODLAIG GHRINN.	15 — A Merry Christmas.
"Sin spóla agat, a bhean bheag," Oidhche Nodlag, braon an tseoidh agus na h-amhráin, an báire comórtais, Diarmaid gearrtha, an dara báire, Tomás leointe, ceol go h-éirghe lae.	'THERE'S A JOINT FOR YOU, LITTLE WOMAN' · CHRISTMAS EVE: A JOLLY DRINK AND SINGING · THE HURLEY MATCH · DIARMID WOUNDED · THE SECOND GAME · TOM IS HURT · MUSIC TILL DAWN
Maidean Oidhche Nodlag. "Is dócha," arsa mise lem' mháthair, "gur fearra dhom dul ag triall ar chaora, beag mór a bhfuil ann aca."	It was the morning of Christmas Eve. 'I fancy that I may as well go and get a sheep,' said I to my mother.

“Ná téiri,” ar sise, “leig do Dhiarmaid na gaoithe.	‘Don’t go,’ says she. ‘Give windy Diarmid his chance.
Beidh ’fhios againn an mbeidh sé do réir a chuid píopaireachta.	We shall find out whether he comes up to his trumpeting.
Má mharbhuigheann sé an chaora mhór úd beidh dóthain an dá thighe innti ach tá eagla orm ná beidh sé do réir a ghothaí.”	If he kills that big sheep there’ll be enough for the two houses in her, but I’m afraid he won’t made good his swaggering.’
Ba lugha an mhuinghin a bhí aici as ná bhí agam-sa go mór.	She had far less confidence in him than I had.
Do bhí dóchas agam-sa, dá ndéanfadh sé an chaora mhór a threascairt, go ndéanfadh sé maith d’á fhocal.	I expected that he’d keep his promise, if he did lay the big sheep low.
Búistéir déanta dob’ eadh é mar do bhíodh ana-thigh age sna dritheáracha so nuair a bhíodar i n-aon tigh amháin.	He was a finished butcher, for those brothers had a big household when they kept house together.
Agus ba mhinic a sháidh an t-áilteóir seo scian i gceann maith d’á gcuid caorach agus gan aenne ’á rádh leis.	And often enough had the joker put a knife in a fine sheep of their flock without anybody telling him to.
Turus dár thugas amach déanach tráthnóna féachaint an bhfeicfinn na ba ag gabháil anuas cad a chífinn ná an réic ag teacht fé’n dtigh agus leath na caorach móire thiar air.	I strolled out late in the evening to look if the cows were coming down from the hill, and what should I see but the rascal coming to the house with half the big sheep on his back.
Do scoilt Diarmaid an chaora mhór comh lom díreach sin go raibh leath a’ chinn ceangailte de leath an chuirp aige.	Diarmid had split the sheep so cleanly in two that half the head was still sticking to half the body.
An uair a chuaidh isteach do scaoil uaidh an t-ualach.	When he went in, he threw off his load.
“Sin spóla agat, a bhean bheag, i gcomhair an Lae Bheannaithe,” ar seisean.	‘There’s a joint for you, little woman, for the Holy Day,’ says he.
“Go mbeiri’ bliain ó indiu fé mhaise agus fé áthas ort, agus orainn go léir,” ar sise.	‘May this day a year hence find you and us all in prosperity and joy,’ said she.
Le n-a linn sin seadh bhuaileas isteach.	Just at that moment in I came.
Thugas súil ar an dtabharthas.	I looked at the present.
“Dhera, mo ghraidhin do ghéaga, a shean-úncail!” arsa mise “Is agat atá an focal pé duine eile go bhfuil sé aige.”	‘Yerra, a blessing on your arms, good old uncle!’ said I. ‘You’re a man of your word if anybody is.’
“Ná dubhart libh go ndéanfainn a’ méid sin.	‘Didn’t I tell you that I’d do it?’ said he.
Dar ndóigh mara mbeadh tusa agus congnamh Dé ní bheinn im’ beathaidh chun í mharbhú.	‘Sure, if it hadn’t been for you and the help of God, I shouldn’t have been alive to kill it.

Is mar onóir do Dhia do mharbhuigheas í agus chun í roinnt leat-sa.	It’s in honour of God that I killed it, and to share it with you.
Ní scarfaidh cuimhne pholl a’ róin sin liom go deo,” ar seisean.	I shall never forget the seals’ cave!’
Do chasas uaidh agus do-chuas go dtí m’ bhosca, thógas amach buidéal de’n cheithre cinn a bhí fós ann agus thána ’n-a láthair.	I turned away from him and went to the box. I took out one of the four bottles that remained there, and came up to him.
“Seadh, tá braon do so tuillte agat indiu nó riamh, a Dhiarmaid.”	‘There, you’ve earned this drink to-day if you ever did, Diarmid.’
“A Mhuire, ’Mháthair! cá bhfuairis é ar fad?” ar seisean.	‘Mary Mother! wherever did you get it all?’ says he.
“Nár bhuail aon bhuidéal ó sna daoine muinnteartha thu féin?”	‘Didn’t you get a bottle from your friends yourself?’
“An diabhal é ach aon cheann amháin ó Mhuirisín Bhán, an seana-chara,” ar seisean.	‘Devil a one except one my old friend Muirisín Bán gave me.’
Seadh, do líonas gloine go leith chuige mar dob’ é sin an tómhas a bhí insan árus a bhí im’ láimh.	Well, I filled him a glass and a half, for that was the full of the vessel I held in my hand.
“A Rí na n-Aingeal! ná fuil ’fhios agat ná fuil mo sheana-chreatalach i gcumas an méid sin d’ól do gheit tar éis fuirse an lae.”	‘O, King of the Angels! don’t you know that my old skeleton can’t take in all that at one gulp after the day’s toil?’
“Braon beag na Nodlag an braon so.”	‘This is the little Christmas drink.’
Bheir sé ar an ngloine agus ní ró fhada go raibh a raibh innti i n-áit a choimeád é; agus dubhairt láithreach,	He seized the glass, and before long all its contents were in a place that kept them safe, and he said directly:
“Tá súil le Dia againn go mbeidh Nodlaig mhaith againn agus Inid ’na dhiaidh,” ar seisean, ag preabadh ’n-a sheasamh agus ag bualadh an doras amach.	‘I hope with God that we shall have a good Christmas and a good Shrove to follow.’ Then he jumped up and ran out through the door.
Do phreabas féin ’n-a dhiaidh agus do chasas isteach é.	I ran after him and brought him in again.
“Dhera! nach ort atá an deabhadh,” arsa mise.	‘Yerra, aren’t you in a hurry?’ said I.
“Ó!” ar seisean, “ní mar a chéile an oidhche anocht agus aon oidhche eile agus níl sé ceart agam faillighe a thabhairt im’ ghramaisc bheag féin Oidhche Bheannaithe Dé.”	‘O!’ says he, ‘to-night isn’t like other nights, and it isn’t right for me to fail my own little crowd on God’s Blessed Eve.’

Do cheapas riamh ná raibh sé comh deaghmhóideach agus bhí sé san am san mar garbh-ghlórach ba ghnáthach leis bheith i gcomhnaidhe agus ana-mhinic gur síos ba ghnáth leis dul ag lorg cabhartha aon uair a thagadh paiseón air.	I'd always thought that he wasn't so devout as he showed himself that day, for he was always a rough-tongued chap, and it was his constant habit to go seeking help from hell whenever he was in a rage.
Do mhéaduigh na cainnteanna san mo ghradam do fara mar bhí.	His expressions that day increased the respect I had for him.
I gcionn tamaill d'imigh sé.	After a bit he went off.
An uair a bhí am na soillse lasadh "Oidhche Bheannaithe Dé," dá raghfá thoir theas ar an mbaile, mar is ann atá aghaidh gach dorais agus fuinneóige, agus gach sórt soluis lasta an oidhche sin, ba dhóigh leat gur sciathán d'áit éigin naomhtha é agus an lanntán go bhfuil sé i lár na fairrge móire.	When the time for lighting up came on 'God's Blessed Eve', if you were coming towards the village from the south-east—for that's the direction in which every door and window faces—and every kind of light is ablaze that night, you would imagine it a wing of some heavenly mansion, though it is set in the middle of the great sea.
Do chloisfá fuaim ins gach tigh an oidhche seo mar, beag mór é an braon a thagann, coimeádtar i dtómas na h-oidhche sin é.	You would hear a noise in every house that night, for, however much or little drink comes to the Island, it is put aside for Christmas Eve.
B'fhéidir go mbeadh amhrán age sean-duine nár mhuscail a ghuth le bliain roime sin.	Maybe an old man would be singing who'd never lifted his voice for a year.
I dtaobh seana-mhná dho, bíd sin go minic ag duanaireacht.	As for the old women, they're always lilting away.
Níorbh' fhearr liom-sa féin an oidhche go léir do chaitheamh age baile ná bualadh amach tamall.	I felt that I would rather go out a bit than spend the whole evening at home.
Is é áit go rabhas chun m'aghaidh a thabhairt ná go dtí Paid Shéamais tamall mar ní raibh sé ró-shláintiúil fós.	The place I meant to go to was Pats Heamish's house for a bit, for he wasn't too well yet.
Do bhí fhios agam ná raibh aon deoir aige agus do bhuaileas chugham leath-phiúnt.	I knew that he hadn't got a drop of drink, so I got a half-pint.
Do bhí fáilte agus fiche romham.	There was a score or so of welcomes waiting for me.
Fear go mbainfá ana-chaitheamh aimsire as dob eadh é ach dob' é ná raibh sásta toisc ná raibh aon bhraon i gcomhair na Nodlag aige.	He was a man you could get a great deal of sport out of, but he was anything but happy, as he hadn't got a drop for Christmas.

An méid a thug sé ó'n nDaingean leis bhí sé diúgaithe aige toisc é dhul chun seachráin 'na shláinte de dhruim ragairne.	He'd drunk up all that he'd brought with him from Dingle, as his health had gone to pieces after the carouse.
Shíneas an leath-phiúnt chuige.	I handed him the half-pint.
"Diúg é sin," arsa mise leis, "mar caithfir amhrán a rádh."	'Drink that down,' said I to him, 'for you've got to sing a song.'
"Beir gan amhrán," arsa Cáit, "má théigheann an leath-phiúnt siar aige."	'You'll get no song,' says Kate, 'if he once gets the half-pint down.'
"Déarfad amhrán, leis," arsa Tomás.	'I'll sing a song, too,' says Tom.
Cnagaire d'ól sé agus ní amhrán adubhairt sé ach seacht gcinn.	He drank a tot and sang, not one song, but seven of them.
Lá Nodlag agus aimsir na Nodlag, bhíodh comórtas báire ar siubhal agus an baile go léir ceangailte isteach insa chluiche báire sin.	On Christmas Day and during the Christmas season we used to have hurley matches, and the whole village used to be mixed up in the game.
Bhíodh beirt beartaithe, fear ó'n dtaobh 'na dhá maor.	Two men were chosen, one from each side, for captains.
Bhíodh gach 'ra fear aca san 'á ghlaodhach nó go mbíodh a mbíodh ar an dtráigh roinnte aca le chéile.	Each of them would call up man by man in turn until all who were on the strand were distributed in the two sides.
Camáin agus liathróid do bhíodh againn.	We had hurleys and a ball.
Ar an dTráigh Bháin a bhíodh an báire gan stoca, ná bróg amach go muineál aon uair a théigheadh an liathróid 'on fhairrge.	The game was played on the White Strand without shoes or stockings, and we went in up to our necks whenever the ball went into the sea.
Ar feadh dhá lá dhéag na Nodlag ní bhíodh sé i gcumas aon fhir san Oileán an bhó a bhagairt chun cnuic le tinneas droma agus tinneas cnámh, cos dhubh age beirt, fear eile ar leath-chois go ceann mí.	Throughout the twelve days of Christmas time there wasn't a man able to drive his cow to the hill for the stiffness in his back and his bones; a pair or so would have a bruised foot, and another would be limping on one leg for a month.
An Lá Nodlag úd do bhí Diarmaid agus Tomás, mo dhá úncail, i gcoinne a chéile.	That Christmas Day my two uncles, Diarmid and Tom, were on opposite sides.
Is ar thaobh Dhiarmada do bhíos féin agus is ann dob' fhearr liom a bheith mar dá ráineochadh liom bheith 'n-a choinne ní fhéadfainn mo leath-dícheall a dhéanamh, dá mbeinn i ngoireacht do.	I was on Diarmid's side, and that's where I preferred to be, for, if I had chanced to be against him, I couldn't have put out half my strength if I had been anywhere near him.

Do chuireamair trí bháire ortha i ndiaidh a chéile agus do bhí an dá thaobh ar buile—iad san d'iarraidh go mbeadh báire éigin aca féin 'e bharr an lae agus an taobh eile ag maoidheamh.	We won three games from them, one after another, and the two sides were raging—they struggling to win one game, anyhow, in the day and the other side swaggering.
Ag déanamh ar an slí dhúinn chun teacht abhaile— "Mo náire é!" arsa Diarmaid, "níor leigeamair aon bháire ó mhaidean libh!"	When we were approaching the cliff path on our way home, 'O, shame on you!' says uncle Diarmid, 'we didn't let you win a single game since morning.'
Ar chaitheamh na cainnte seo do Dhiarmaid do bhí a dhritheáir Tomás roimis suas insa tslí.	When Diarmid made that remark, his brother Tom was going up the path, just in front of him.
Do chas sé anuas agus do thóg an deárna agus do bhuail i bpoll na cluaise é agus do chuir síos ar an dtráigh in' fhuairthnín marbh é, nach mór.	He turned down, and, raising his fist, gave him a blow in the ear-hole that sent him down on to the strand a cold corpse or nearly.
"Dar ndóigh, a dhiabhailín, ní tusa dhein an saothar san," arsa Tomás. Ní raibh an tuitim árd ach bhí an áit anacair.	'Sure, you little devil, it wasn't you that did it.' He hadn't far to fall, but it was rough ground.
Do stop a chainnt air mar baineadh de ar fad í agus do bhí uair a chluig ann sara raibh aon smitig aige agus a raibh ar an dtráigh timcheall air ach an té do bhuail é. Do bhí san imithe abhaile.	He lost his speech, for it was knocked clean out of him, and it was an hour before he could talk, with all the others about him on the strand, all except the man who hit him—he'd gone home.
Ní fada go raibh an fiteán glóir ag neartú aige agus nuair a bhí ní raibh sí ar fónamh mar gurbh é an chéad rud adubhairt sé:	Before long his feeble voice began to strengthen, and when it came back he made no good use of it, for the first thing he said was:
"Mo chorp agus m'anam, gur mise an sagart udhachta a bheidh air siúd!" Do cuireadh ar a bhonnaibh é agus ba ghairid go raibh sé ag teacht chuige féin.	'On my body and soul, I swear I'll be the priest at that fellow's deathbed!' They set him on his feet, and he wasn't long in coming to himself.
Ní raibh air ach cúpla scrabhadh ar an mhalainn.	He only had a scratch or two on his cheek.
Do bhuaileamair abhaile agus dob' ar éigean a bhíomair ábalta ar é dhéanamh tar éis tuirse an lae.	We went off home, and it was as much as we could do, we were so tired after the day.
Níor mhór é ár ngnó tar éis bháire mór Lae Nodlag ach gach nduine bhí ann scoth-bhacach go maith.	We didn't do much after the great match on Christmas Day, but everyone was pretty well lamed;

Tinneas na gcos agus na gcnámh ortha; ach do bhí seachtain suainis againn go Lá Caille.	their feet and their bones were sore, but we had a week's rest till New Year's Day.
An duine go raibh a chamán briste air bhí sé ag soláthar a mhalairt.	Those whose hurleys were broken looked out new ones.
Ní mór na camáin a bhí ar an dtráigh ná gur ó Pharóiste Fionntrágha a tháinig sé,	Very nearly all the hurleys on the strand came from Ventry parish.
comáin aitinn go mbíodh cor cam ionnta agus liathróid déanta de shnáithín stoca agus í fuaighte le snáithín cnáibe.	They were made of furze stems that had a crook in them, and the ball was made of stocking wool, sewn with a hempen thread.
Is minic a bhuaileadh sí ins na rúitíní slataire fir agus bhíodh a chos ó úsáid an lá san aige.	Often it would h,it some tall fellow on the ankle, and he'd have no more use of his foot for that day.
Pé maith a bhí ionnam-sa ní raibh mo chomán ar dtuathal.	Whether I was strong or not, I didn't use my hurley clumsily.
Ráinig dom bheith ar leath-imeall sa chluiche Lá Caille, thairrigíos lem' acmhainn ar an liathróid agus cé ráineochadh fé n-a brághaid ach m'úncail Tomás, agus cá mbuailfeadh an liathróid é ná i bplaitín na glún agus do chuir an plaitín as ionad.	I happened to be on the outer edge of the game on New Year's Day, and I swiped the ball as hard as I could, and who should be in its way but my uncle Tom, and where should the ball hit him but on the kneecap. It put his knee-cap out of joint.
"Mo ghraidhin do ghéaga," arsa Diarmaid, an chéad ghuth do chuala.	'Good for your arm,' says Diarmid, the first voice I heard.
Do cheap Diarmaid ná raibh an dritheáir comh h-aindis ach nuair a chonnaic sé go raibh do laguigh ar a ghreann agus ar a phíopaireacht.	Diarmid thought that his brother was not so badly hurt, but, when he saw that he was, the merry note of his trumpeting dropped a bit.
B'éigean m'úncail bocht a thabhairt abhaile le teannta daoine agus ní i gan fhios do Dhiarmaid a chuaidh sé abhaile.	People had to support my uncle home, and Diarmid saw to it that he got there.
Ag déanamh ar an dtigh dom féin, cé bheadh im' dhiaidh insa chasán ná Diarmaid agus ní thabharfá dhá phinginn air tar éis fuirse an lae.	As I was returning to my house, who should follow me along the path but Diarmid, and you wouldn't have paid twopence for him after the tiring day.
Do stadas gur tháinig sé suas liom.	I waited till he came up with me.
"Tá beagán gnótha agam go fóil díot," arsa mise leis.	'I've got a bit of a job still for you,' said I to him.

Ba chuma leis cad é an gnó, do ghluais sé i n-éineacht liom.	He didn’t care what the job was, but went along with me.
Thairrig mo mháthair cos Thomáis chuige;	My mother mentioned Tom’s leg to him.
nár mhór an buille fuair sí agus go mbeadh sé gan aon tairbhe insa mbliain seo;	Hadn’t it got a bad knock, she said, and it would be useless all this year:
gur droch-áit plaitín na glún, agus gur mó ceann aca ná téigheann ’na cheart go deo.	the knee-cap’s a bad place, and very often it doesn’t ever go back at all.
“Déanfaidh sé bacach maith!” arsa Diarmaid.	‘He’ll make a fine cripple!’ says Diarmid.
“An b’ é sin do thruagh dho?” ar sise.	‘Is that all the sympathy you have for him?’ said my mother.
“Níl ach seachtain ó scaoil sé féin mo chuid fola-sa ar bheagán chúise,” arsa Diarmaid.	‘It’s only a week since he shed my blood for little provocation,’ said Diarmid.
“Tagadh sé chuige féin—ach go bhfuil truagh agam do sna páistí,” ar seisean.	‘Let him come to himself—though I’m sorry for the children.’
Nuair a bhí an méid sin ráidhte aca do chuas go dtí an bosca agus thugas liom píopaire buidéil a bhí gan oscailt fós.	After they’d said this much I went to the box and fetched a good big bottle that was still unopened.
Cheap Diarmaid nuair a chonnaic sé é gurbh’ ó Fhlaithis Dé anuas a thuit sé.	When Diarmid saw it, he thought that it had fallen from Heaven.
Thugas gloine dho agus níor thug druim láimhe léi, mar ná raibh leath-scéal aige chuige, agus an uair a bhí sí thiar aige insan áit go raibh gádh léi, dubhairt sé:	I gave him a glass, and he didn’t refuse it, for he had no excuse to, and when it was down in the place that stood in need of it, he said:
“M’anam ó’n fial! go mbeinn le cur indiu mara mbeadh pé rud a phrioc tu agus oiread a thabhairt leat do, ó’s dócha gurb é Dia é.”	‘My soul from the devil! sure I should have been ready for burial this day if it hadn’t been for whatever moved you to bring so much of it with you: I fancy it must have been Providence itself.’
“Ach is ’n-a bhronntanas a fuaireas an chuid ba mhó dho, a Dhiarmaid.”	‘Agh! I got most of it as a gift, Diarmid,’ said I.
“Ach, dar th’anam ’on diabhal! ná rabhas-sa ag tabhairt earraí uatha sara rugadh tu agus nach beag a shíneadar chugham,” ar seisean.	‘Your soul from the devil! wasn’t I buying their goods before you were born, and they gave me little enough of it,’ says he.

“Is dócha gurb amhlaidh a bhraithid siad ag dul chun deiridh thu agus nárbh’ aon mhaith dóibh a bheith ad bhreabadh chun aon ní d’fhagháil dod’ bharr!”	‘I expect they see that you’re failing, and that it wouldn’t be of any advantage to them to bribe you to get anything out of you!’
“Nár thuga’ Dia aon ní dhóibh siúd, an scata rógairí!” ar seisean.	‘May God give them nothing, the pack of rascals!’ said he.
Nuair a bhí m’úncail ar mo thóil agam—agus do bhí súd agus an fiteán glóir múscailte ag an mbraon ann—dubhart go dtabharfainn turus ar Phaid Shéamais.	When I had my uncle as I wanted him—and that was when the drink had called to life his feeble voice—I said that I would pay a visit to Pats Heamish.
Cé ná raibh sé réidh fós leis an ngalar a fuair sé sa Daingean do bhí sé i dtiomáint an bháire gach lá;	Though he wasn’t yet free of the sickness he got in Dingle, he was in the hurley game every day;
agus níor mhaith ann é an Nodlaig sin—rud ná raibh le rádh go dtí san leis.	and he wasn’t much good at it that Christmas—a thing you could never have said of him before that.
Do dheineas machtnamh nárbh’ fhada le dul cnagaire agus go mbeadh a luach de sheódh agam ar Phaid. Do bhuaileas chugham é agus do bhaineas amach an tigh.	I reflected that a noggin of whisky wouldn’t last long, and that I should get its value in fun out of Pats, so I took it with me and went to the house.
Dob’ annsa liom roinnt le Paid, mar dá mbeadh sé aige do bheadh mo chuid agam-sa dhe gan amhras.	I was willing to share with Pats, for, if he’d had it, I should certainly have had my share of it.
Do bhíos tamall istigh agus dubhart sa deire;	After I’d been there for a while I said at last:
“Níl scéal ná duain insan tigh seo anocht agus nár cheart rud éigin a bheith ar siubhal oidhche chinn bliana?”	‘There’s neither song nor story in this house to-night, and oughtn’t there to be some sort of goings on on New Year’s Eve?’
“Níl fear a’ tighe ró mhisniúil fós,” arsa Cáit.	‘The man of the house isn’t feeling too well yet,’ said Kate.
“Is dócha go bhfuil ceal a choda féin air,” arsa mise.	‘I expect he feels the lack of his rights,’ said I.
“Dá mbeadh rud éigin a bhogfadh a chroidhe aige b’fhéidir go mbeadh racaireacht éigin ar siubhal.”	‘If he had something to lighten his heart, maybe there’d be some sport or other going.’
“An diabhal an magadh san, a Thomáis Criomhthain,” arsa Paid,	‘Devil a lie in that, Tomás Crohan,’ said Pats,
“pé freangaí eile atá ’ár gcnámha.” Thugas seáp fé’n gcupa do bhí ar crochadh ar an dresser agus thugas liom é.	‘whatever pains we have in our bones besides.’ I ran to the cup that was hanging up on the dresser and brought it with me.
Chuireas lán béil ann agus thugas do.	I poured a mouthful into it and gave it to him.

Níor ghádh bheith ’á thathant air agus níor mhór an aga go raibh “Báb na gCraobh” ar siubhal aige agus níor stad sé ó cheann go ceann eile.	There was no need to press it on him, and before long he was singing ‘Báb na gCraobh’, and he went on from one song to another.
Níor ró fhada gur chuala glór na mbróg ag teacht agus cheapas gurbh’ é m’athair é ag glaodhach chun bidh orm, ach an uair a chuir sé a cheann isteach cé bheadh ann ná Diarmaid.	Soon I heard the noise of boots approaching, and I thought it was my father coming to call me in to a meal, but when he stuck his head in, who should it be but Diarmid.
“Tá do chuid bídh ullamh,” ar seisean liom-sa.	‘Your meal’s ready,’ said he to me.
Bhí garsún leis féin i n-éineacht leis a tháinig ag glaodhach air ach ní raibh ró-fhonn abhaile ar Dhiarmaid ach is amhlaidh a shuidh sé síos ar stól do bhí ann ná raibh fé ach trí cosa.	He had one of his boys with him who had come to summon him home, but Diarmid didn’t want to go home at all, and what he did was to sit down on a stool with only three legs.
“Mhuise is dócha,” ar seisean le Paid, “ná bheadh aon rann den ‘Súisín Bán’ agat? Is fad’ ó chuala é.”	‘Wisha!’ says he, ‘I suppose you don’t know a verse of the “Súisín Bán”? It’s a long time since I heard it.’
“Dhera, léan ar do lár!” arsa mise leis, “ní foláir nach leis an amhrán san fhanfair-se agus garsún ag glaodhach chun prátaí ort uair a chluig ó shin.”	‘Yerra, sorrow on your heart!’ said I to him. ‘Surely you won’t stay to listen to that song when a boy has called you for your potatoes an hour ago.’
“Tása ’ge Dia, má deir sé é go bhfanfad agus le ceann eile ’n-a dhiaidh, agus go ngealfaidh sé anoir amáireach!” arsan craiceálaidhe.	‘God knows, if he sings it, I’ll stay, and for another one after that, and till the light comes out of the east to-morrow,’ said the lunatic.
“Is cuma dhuit-se ach téiri’ féin chun do chuid bídh.”	‘What is it to you? All you’ve got to do is to be off to your meal.’
Ó’n uair nár dhein san rud orm-sa do dheineas-sa rud air sin agus bhuaileas amach agus d’fhágas annsan iad agus gan cíos, cás ná cathú ar aenne de bheirt aca.	Though he hadn’t done what I said, I did what he said, and went out and left them there with not a thing in the wide world troubling the pair of them.
Ar dhul abhaile dhom bhí na prátaí lag-fhuar go maith romham.	When I got home, my potatoes were pretty well stone-cold.
“Is mairg duit nár fhan tamall eile ann,” arsa mo mháthair, “nó ar ghlaoidh an réic ort?”	‘It’s a pity you didn’t stay a while longer,’ said my mother, ‘or did the rake give you a call?’
“Do dhein ach is túisce an chú ná an teachtaire,” arsa mise. “Tá sé féin fós ann.”	‘He did, and the hound’s outrun the messenger,’ said I. ‘He’s there still.’
“A Mhuire, nach é an fear fuar é!” ar sise.	‘Mary Virgin! isn’t he the useless man,’ said she.

Nuair a bhí mo chuid ithte agam do chrom an bheach ar bheith am’ priocadh arís chun tigh a’ tseoidh a bhaint amach.	When I had eaten my meal, the bee began to sting me again to go to the house where the fun was.
Do dheineas machtnamh ná tiocfadh an oidhche sin go ceann bliana arís.	I reflected that that night wouldn’t come again till the end of another year.
As an machtnamh san d’innseas dom’ mháthair é—go rabhas ag dul go dtí tigh Phaid Shéamais arís agus má bheinn déanach ag teacht gan aon tsuim a chur ann.	Thinking so, I told my mother that I was going to Pats Heamish’s house, and if I should be late in returning, not to worry over it.
“N’fheadar,” arsa mise leis an mbeirt aosta. “a’ dtabharfainn liom braon go ti’ Cháit?” ’Á mbraith a bhíos féachaint cad a cheapfaidís de’n scéal.	‘I wonder,’ said I to the old couple, ‘whether I’d better take a drop with me to Kate’s house?’ I was just trying it on with them to see what they’d make of it.
M’athair ba mheasa liom a labhairt mar ní bheadh san ag cannrán go deo ach le duine do bheadh i bhfad as an slí.	I’d rather hear what my father had to say, for he’d never grumble at anybody unless he was doing something outrageous.
“Is minic do h-óladh cuid mhaith ameasc na namhad agus, dar ndóigh, ní haon namhaid duit tigh di dhriféar;	‘Often has a man had a good drink in an enemy’s house, and sure your own sister’s house is not the house of an enemy:
agus má tá t’úncail leis ann nach sibh féin sibh féin.” Bhuaileas an doras amach.	and if your uncle is there, too, isn’t it all in the family?’ I went out at the door.
Ní bheinn sásta mo chroidhe féin a bheith leis gan toil na beirte aosta.	I shouldn’t have been at ease with my heart in it if the old couple weren’t willing.
Do bhí clos ar fhear an tseoidh agam i bhfad ó’n dtigh.	I could hear the jester a long way from the house.
“Mhuise, Dé do bheatha-sa, pé scéal é!” ar seisean.	‘Wisha! welcome here anyhow!’ said he.
“Nár chuais abhaile fós?” arsa mise.	‘Haven’t you gone home yet?’ said I.
“Ná an diabhal é!” ar seisean.	‘Devil a step!’ said he.
“Tá na daoine muinnteartha flúirseach, moladh le Dia, ar fuaid an bhaile.	‘I have plenty of friends, God be thanked for it, all over the village.
Deinim mo thigh féin do n-a lán aca.	I make myself at home in lots of the houses.
Tá mo chuid bidh caithte annso agam, a bhuachaill, agus mo chuid dighe ’n-a theannta.”	I’ve had my food here, my lad, and drink to go with it.’
“Raibh aon amhrán ó shin agaibh?”	‘Have you had any singing since?’

“Bhí chúig cinn; agus beidh a thuille ó’n uair gur casadh tusa aríst chughainn.	‘Yes, five songs: and now we’ll have some more since you’ve come to us again.
Oidhche d’ár saoghal iseadh í. Ní fios cé mhairfidh ar a teacht aríst.” Scaoileas scíobas amach chucha.	This is a night of our life, and we don’t know who’ll be alive when it returns again.’ I poured out a dram for them.
Rug Diarmaid ar an árus agus do chuir gotha ceoil air féin agus do ghaibh:	Diarmid seized the cup and made to sing, and this was his song:
“Nach ró-bhreagh an t-oideas dochtúra An stuif seo ’s a’ lionn do bheith saor, Mar tógann sé tuirse ’gus brón dínn Is deineann sé súgach a’ saoghal;	‘’Tis the best of the doctor’s prescriptions If whisky and porter are cheap, For it cures us of all our afflictions And puts all men’s sorrows to sleep.
An chailleach a bhíonn bliain insa chúinne Is í caithte sa tsúsa le péin: Nuair ólann sí lán a’ leath-phiúint di Go raideann sí ’n súsa san aer.” Níor chrothadh lámh go dtí é age n-a raibh istigh—agus seacht crothadh nuair a bhí an bhéarsa críochnaithe aige.	And the old woman, wheezing and groaning, A-bed for a year in despair, When she sups her half-pint, stops her moaning, And kicks the bedclothes in the air.’ All of us in the house shook his hand, seven times over, as no hand had ever been shaken before, when he’d finished the verse.
“Abair-se amhrán, a Phaid,” arsa mise leis an bhfear eile.	‘You sing a song, Pats,’ I said to the other man.
Dubhairt sé “Éamonn Mágáine” agus do thaithin sé go mór liom mar go raibh guth maith aige, sé sin nuair a glanfaí a scórnach leis an rud cóir.	He sang ‘Eamonn Mágáine’, and it delighted me, for he had a fine voice—that is to say, when he’d cleared his throat with the right stuff.
“Cosa buidhe árda dearga,” adubhairt an réic.	Then the rake sang ‘Cosa buidhe árda dearga’.
Do phreab sé ’n-a sheasamh agus ar seisean: “Mhuise, beannacht Dé le h-anaman do mharbh agus abair ‘An Chuilt’ dom.	He sprang to his feet, and ‘Wisha,’ said he, ‘God’s blessing on the souls of your dead, sing me “The Quilt”.
Níor chuala riamh as a chéile í ó leig an file Ó Duinnshléibhe as a bhéal í.” Ní mór an tathant d’iarras cé gur shuaidh “An Chuilt” go maith me. hOcht ranna déag: sin a ndubhart.	I’ve never heard the whole of it together since the poet Dunlevy let it out of his lips.’ I didn’t require much pressing, though ‘The Quilt’ tried me hard. I sang eighteen verses of it.
“A Rí na Glóire, moladh go deo Leis!	‘O, King of Glory! eternal praise be to Him!
conus a chuir sé le chéile í?” arsa Diarmaid.	How on earth did he put it all together?’ said Diarmid.
Mar sin dúinn nó gur gheal an lá anoir orm.	So we went on till the day lightened over us from the east.
Do bhí an lá ag breacadh an uair a scaramair le chéile.	The day was breaking when we parted from one another.

“Iarraim ar Dhia agus nár bhuailidh maisle ná máchail sibh go ceann bliana,” arsa Diarmaid, ag tabhairt aghaidh ar a thigh féin soir; mise siar.	‘I pray God that no blot or blame may befall you till the year’s end,’ said Diarmid, facing eastwards to his own house. My way led west.
Do chuas a chodladh agus do bhí aimsir dinnéir ann le linn me mhúscailt.	I went to bed, and it was dinner time when I woke again.
Tháinig an tráthnóna san glas láidir agus dubhairt m’athair liom féinig:	The afternoon came on cold and stormy, and my father said to me:
“Is fearra dhuit bualadh suas i gcoinne na mba ó’n uair ná fuil aon ealadha eile agat,” ar seisean. Do bhuaileas mo chasóg treasna ar mo ghualainn agus do bhuaileas an cnoc amach.	‘You’d better go up for the cows, since you’ve nothing else to do.’ I threw my coat over my shoulders and started up the hill.
Ar shroichstint an lanntáin dom go raibh na ba ann do bhí daoine romham ann agus ameasc na ndaoine do bhí an file agus maide ’n-a láimh aige, mar do bhí bó an uair seo aige ná raibh a leithéid ar aonach, bó chíordhubh shlachtmhar do líonadh trí fircíní gach bliain go mbíodh sí ar a ceart.	When I reached the place where the cows were, there were others before me there, and among them was the poet, with a stick in his hand, for he had a cow in those days whose like was never seen at a fair: a handsome, jet-black cow, that filled three firkins of butter every year that she was in good trim.
Colann bhreagh ’na teannta aige.	He had a fine heifer, too.
“Seadh,” arsa mise liom féin, “ní chuirfidh an file gnó an lae indiu amú orm fé mar do chuir an lá cheana do bhuail sé liom, a lá do chuir sé as bhaint na móna me.”	‘Well,’ says I to myself, ‘the poet shan’t waste my day to-day as he did that day he met me, when he kept me from cutting the turf.’
Níor bhuaileamair le chéile sa chnoc ó shin go dtí so.	We hadn’t run across one another on the hill since then till now.
“A’ bhfuil ao’ phioc d’Amhrán an Asail agat?” ar seisean liom-sa.	‘Have you got any of the “Song of the Ass"’? said he to me.
“Tá cuid agam di agus cuid bhuam,” arsa mise.	‘Part of it I’ve got, and part not,’ said I.
“A’ bhfuil aon pháipéar id’ phóca?	‘Have you got any paper in your pocket?
Má tá, tairrig chughat é agus do pheann.	If you have, out with it, and your pencil, too.
Gach ar dheineas d’amhráin bhéarfad ’on uaigh iad mara bpriocfair-se suas iad,” ar seisean. Níor thaithin a ghlór ró mhaith liom mar nár mhaith liom suidhe le h-ais túrtóige tráthnóna fuar glas;	I shall carry all the songs I ever made to the grave with me if you don’t pick them up.’ I wasn’t too pleased with what he said, for I didn’t want to sit down by a tussock on a cold and chilly evening.

ach níor ró fhada an mhoill ar an bhfile rann a dhéanamh dom féin ná raghadh ró mhaith dhom.	But it wouldn't take the poet long to compose a verse on me that wouldn't do me any good!
Do chaith a raibh ann dínn cois maolchlaidhe sinn féin agus do chrom mo bhuachaill ar an amhrán a mhúscailt.	So all of us there threw ourselves down by a low fence, and my fine fellow started to sing his song.
Geallaim-se dhuit, a chara na n-árann, san am go raibh dosaon rann breac síos agam-sa tráthnóna millte fuar gurbh' fhearr liom ná beadh an file ar an saoghal so fós mar pé duine gur tháinig gnóthaí an fhile bog air nár mhise é agus sara raibh an bhreacarnach déanta ar an bpáipéar go raibh dubh na hoidhche ann.	I promise you, friend of my heart, that by the time I had a dozen verses written down that bitter, cold evening I wished heartily that the poet was dead, for, whoever found his ways easy to deal with, it wasn't me, and before I had the poem scribbled down on my paper it was black night.
B'eo leis gach nduine againn ag baint na dtighthe amach.	Off we all started to go home.
Do bhí na ba age baile romhainn.	The cows had got there before us!
"Dhera!" arsa mo mháthair, "cad a choimeád chomh fada sibh i ndiaidh na mba a leithéid d'oidhche fhuar láidir?" D'innseas an fhírinne dhi.	'Yerra,' says my mother, 'whatever kept you so long after the cows, a cold, stormy evening like this?' I told her the truth.
"Mhuise, ní mór don bhfile féin a bhfuil de chéill aige agus bheith i mullach cnuic go dtí anois," ar sise. "Tá do chuid bidh fuar anois ort."	'Well, the poet himself needed all the sense he has to stay out on a hill-top till now,' says she. 'Your food's cold now.'
Do chlabas siar dosaon práta do bhí lag-fhuar go maith ach go raibh braon de bhainne the agus iasc te agam leo agus annsan do bhuaileas amach dom féin arís.	I gulped down a dozen potatoes that were pretty cold, only that I had a drop of warm milk and some hot fish with them, and then I ran out again.
Do bhí tigh áirithe ar an mbaile go mbíodh na h-óga go léir bailithe ann, idir bhuachaillí is chailíní, go meán oidhche.	There was a special house in the village that the young folk, boys and girls, used to gather in and stay till midnight.
Chun sórt tuairisce thabhairt ar a' dtigh sin dom agus ar na h-ógaibh a bhíodh i dtreo a chéile ann, is laochas liom le rádh nár thuit aon rud riamh mí-cheart amach eatartha le seacht mbliana agus trí fichid dom.	To give some account of that house and the young people that used to gather together in it, I am proud to be able to say that nothing wrong ever happened among them for the sixty-seven years that I've known it.
Do chaitheamair an oidhche ag rangcás le chéile go raibh sé siar san oidhche go maith.	We spent the night sporting together till it was very late.

Thánga abhaile agus do chuas a chodladh.	Then I came home and went to bed.
XVI — AN INID, 1878.	16 — Shrovetide, 1878.
Cleamhnaistí agus póstaí agus cóisirí, i gcás idir dhá chomhairle, cleamhnais, mé pósta, an cúram, an obair, an chlann agus an mí-ádh.	MATCHES AND WEDDING FEASTS · A QUANDARY · MY MARRIAGE · RESPONSIBILITY · WORK · CHILDREN AND TROUBLE
Inid ghearra do bhí an bhliain sin ann (1878) agus níor mhór cur chun gnótha cleamhnais níos túisce ins na h-oileánaibh ná ar an mín-tír, dar ndóigh.	Shrove came early that year (1878), and the Islanders had to set about making their matches sooner than the mainlanders, you see.
Leis sin do sheol lánamha amach as go luath.	So one pair set out quickly.
Is dócha ná raibh an spré ag cur mórán moille ortha mar ná raibh a leithéid eatartha.	I don’t think the matter of the dowry held them back very long, for there wasn’t any on either side.
An uair a chuaidh an dream so comh fada le tigh an tsagairt, agus an t-am chun a bpósta ann, ní raibh an cailín le fagháil, beo ná marbh, cé gur mhó duine do bhí ’á lorg.	When this party got as far as the priest’s house, and it was time for the marriage to begin, the girl couldn’t be found anywhere, dead or alive, though there was a crowd hunting for her.
Fear ó Dhúnchaoin a ghaibh ó thuaidh ag dul ar phósadh eile, d’innis dóibh go raibh sí ’n-a choinne siar.	A man from Dunquin who’d come to Ballyferriter for another marriage told them that he had met her on her way back.
Do cuireadh capall agus marcach insa tsiubhal chun teacht suas léi ach ar theacht chun Dúnchaoin do, bhí sí seolta go dtí an Blascaod i mbád a bhí ag dul ag iascach.	They sent a man on horseback to catch up with her, but, when he got to Dunquin, she had set sail for the Blasket in a boat that was going out fishing.
Níorbh’ fhada do bhí sí age baile san am gur sheol sí amach arís le fear dob’ annsa léi ná an chéad fhear.	She hadn’t been home many days when she started out again with a man she preferred to the first one.
Níor mhór ar fad a lean iad toisc go raibh beagán aitis insa chúrsa aca.	Very few people accompanied them, for they thought it rather an odd proceeding.
Níor lean aenne an cailín.	The girl had no one with her.
Cé gur bheirt fhear iad ná raibh rogha na díogh ortha thar n-a chéile féach gur dhein an cailín rogha mór do dhuine aca.	Though there wasn’t a pin to choose between the two men, it’s plain the girl had some good reason for preferring one to the other.
An buachaill gur thug sí a cúl do níor leig sé a mhaidí ar lár.	The boy she’d jilted didn’t leave his oars idle.

Go baile mór Thráighlí a chuaidh sé ag soláthar mná—inghean bhaintrighe ó Dhúnchaoin a bhí i n-aimsir ann.	He went as far as Tralee for a wife—the daughter of a Dunquin widow who was in service there.
An baile céadna i nDúnchaoin go mbíodh staidéar ar an mbuachaill sin is ann a bhíodh sé orm-sa mar do bhí duine muinnteartha liom ann agus beirt.	I used to put up at the same farm-house in Dunquin as this young fellow, for I had one or two relations there.
Is amhlaidh a rug an aimsir amuich orainn an babhta san tar éis pósadh an tseoidh seo thuas;	It happened that bad weather kept us out there after this comic wedding I've just mentioned.
mar bhíos-sa air, agus me gairid i ngaol leis an gcailín, leis, agus is agam ná raibh an milleán uirthi i dtaobh an ruda a dhein sí;	For I had gone to the marriage, and I was a near relation of the girl's, too, though I didn't quarrel with her for doing what she did.
mar beatha duine a thoil, agus is smut de é.	
Sara ráinig linn-ne dul abhaile do bhí maighre Thráighlí i nDúnchaoin.	Before we got a chance to go home, the beauty from Tralee was in Dunquin.
Ar maidin amáireach do bhuail an t-óigfhear gur imigh an bhean uaidh an doras go rabhas.	Next morning the young fellow who'd been jilted came in at the door of the house where I was.
"Is dócha," ar seisean, "go mbeadh leisce ort dul ar an mBuailtín i n-éineacht liom." Annsúd a bhí an sagart.	'I suppose,' he said, 'that you wouldn't care to go to Ballyferriter with me.' That's where the priest lived.
"Cad é an fáth go bhfuil dabhat agat ann?" arsa mise.	'Why do you think I wouldn't?' said I.
"Ó thu bheith cheana ann go geairid; agus rud eile, ó'n uair nár shroicheas féin agus do bhean mhuinnteartha a chéile," ar seisean.	'O, because you've only just been there; and, besides, your relative and I didn't make a job of it together.'
"Nach cuma dhuit má shroicheann an tarna bean chughat," arsa mise.	'What's that to you so long as you get another wife?' said I.
"Am baiste, mhuise, b'fhéidir go bhfuil an ceart agat! agus níl sí agam fós," ar seisean.	'Wisha, on my baptism, maybe you're right! But I haven't got her yet,' said he.
Ar shroichstint an Bhuailtín dúinn do bhí a lán daoine bailithe ann, fear an tarta, fear na gcleas, fear an ghrinn.	When we got to Ballyferriter there was a great crowd there—men with a thirst, thimble-riggers, and merrymakers.
An t-am go raibh beirt an Bhlascaeid le pósadh do lean a ndream féin iad.	When the Blasket couple came up for their marriage, their own company came with them.

Sin é an uair a fuaireas aithne ar an óg-mhnaoi agus, geallaim-se dhuit, dábur ó phríomh-chathair Éireann í nár náireach do'n gcathair í.	That's the time I made the acquaintance of the girl, and I give you my word, if she'd come from Dublin itself, she wouldn't have shamed the city.
Tar éis an tséipéil tigh an tábhairne an tigh eile a baineadh amach, áit go raibh cnagarnach óil agus rinnce, amhráin agus gach cleas eile do bhain le caitheamh aimsire.	The first place we went to after the chapel was the public-house, where there was a great uproar of drinking and dancing and singing, and every other sport that serves to pass the time.
An uair a bhí sé ag déanamh ar a deich do bhí na daoine ag scaipeadh.	When it was getting on for ten o'clock the people were beginning to scatter.
Chífeá fear idir bheirt fhear ag imeacht agus an bhean a bhain leis 'n-a dhiaidh aniar agus gan í sin 'n-a tost.	You would see a man going off supported between two others, and the woman that belonged to him following behind with a lot to say.
Aon lá amháin iseadh tháinig an dá chóisire isteach.	The two wedding parties came back home the same day.
Do bhí dóthain an Oileáin de gach ní aca; agus do bhí rangcás agus greann agus caitheamh aimsire insa dá thigh age muinntir an bhaile go léir.	They had enough provisions of every sort with them for the whole Island, and all the people of the village revelled and made merry in the two houses.
N'fheadar an ndubharthas oiread amhrán Gaedhealach ar aon dá phósadh riamh leis an dá phósadh so.	I doubt whether so many Irish songs were ever sung at any two weddings as at those two.
Níor stad guth go h-eadartha lár-na-mháireach insa dá thigh ach go ndubhairt cailín Thráighlí ceann nó dhó as Béarla.	Voices were never still till high noon on the morrow in the two houses. Only the girl from Tralee sang a song or two in English.
Do bhí athair a céile ag rinnce ar bhórd agus dob' éigean gallúnach a chur fé'n mbórd do mar do bhí cuid mhaith ag rinnce roimis air.	Her father-in-law danced on a table, and they had to smear it with soap for him, as a lot of people had been dancing on it before him.
Rinnceóir iongantach dob' eadh é; ach do bhí braon caithte aige agus níor mhór an gheáitseáil a bhí déanta aige an t-am gur baineadh dá bhonnaibh é ach má 'seadh do ghaibh sé a bhuinn ar an úrlár agus do chríochnuigh an step comh deas agus do chonnac riamh é.	He was a marvellous dancer, but he'd had a drop to drink, and he hadn't been capering long when he upset, but, all the same, he recovered his stand on the floor and finished the step as prettily as I've ever seen it done.

Is nós insa Bhlascaod riamh agus fós é pé rud a chuireann cuid aca ar bun go mbíonn an chuid eile go léir d'iarraidh an rud céadna do dhéanamh.	It's still the custom in the Blasket—as it always has been—that, if any of them start on anything, all the rest are eager to follow.
Bliain do phósfadh a mbeadh ann agus seacht mbliana 'n-a dhiaidh sin ná pósfadh aenne ann.	Some years the whole Island gets married, and for seven years after that, there won't be a single wedding.
Ag tagairt do'n bhliain seo ar siubhal agam atáim—mar nár fhan cailín ná buachaill gan pósadh ann sara raibh an Inid amuich.	I refer to this year of which I'm talking—for not a single boy or girl was unmarried by the time Shrove was over.
Tar éis mo thuruis dom féin ceann de sna h-oidhcheannta, agus smut maith de'n oidhche caithte, cé bhraithfinn istigh romham ná Diarmaid na gaoithe agus do bhí fuaim aige 'n-a ghuth má bhí riamh agus é ag déanamh leibhéil do'n mbeirt aosta cad é an ciotaighe dhéanfadh sé dhóibh a bheith bliain eile gan cabhair ná congnamh, "agus b'fhéidir dhá bhliain," ar seisean.	One night after I'd been out—and it was pretty late on in the night, too —whom should I find in the house when I came in but windy Diarmid, and his voice was going as loud as ever I'd heard it; he was getting at the old couple, explaining what an unhandy thing it'd be for them if they spent another year without a soul to help them—'and maybe two years,' says he;
"Agus tá tuairisc agam-sa chughaibh ó'n gcailín is fearr do bhris an t-arán riamh, agus is fearr agus is breaghtha ar gach cuma." Níor leigeadar an scéal ar lár tar éis mise do dhul isteach agus do coimeádadh ar siubhal i bhfad é nó go raibh gach duine do bhí istigh sásta glan, adéarfá;	'and I've got a proposal for you from the best girl that ever broke bread, the finest and the handsomest girl every way.' They didn't break off the talk after I came in, and we kept it up till you'd have thought that everybody in the house was in complete agreement;
cé go raibh scrúdú eile le bheith fós ar an scéal, mar ná raibh an chomhairle go léir láithreach.	though the whole affair was to be gone into again, for all the advisers were not present.
Pé aca san é do bhuail Diarmaid amach agus ní bhrisfeadh sé ubh fiaidh fé n-a chosa.	Be that as it may, Diarmid went out, and he could have trodden on a shell-less egg without breaking it.
Dar leis go raibh an séala ar an ngnó.	He fancied that the bargain was sealed.
Mo dhriofúr Máire do bhí i Meirice agus tagaithe abhaile agus pósta thar n-ais, do chualaidh sí go raibh Diarmaid, réic, 'ár dtigh-ne agus cleamhnas ar bun aige ann agus do ghluais sí féachaint arbh' fhíor é.	My sister Maura, who had been in America and who had come back home and married again, heard that Diarmid the rake had been in our house with a match on his hands, and she came to see if there was any truth in the story.

Do h-innseadh di mar bhí, ach ba bheag uirthi an scéal agus do bhreac sí amach do’n mbeirt aosta cad é an oibliogáid a leanfadh an té ná pósfadh duine béal-dorais ach a cheanglochadh le dream eile bhí i bhfad ó bhaile agus ná beadh cabhair ná congnamh le fagháil uatha lá an ghádhtair.	We told her how things stood, and she didn’t like the idea at all; she made it plain to the old couple what a responsibility anyone was taking on himself if he didn’t marry near home, but made an alliance with a family that lived a long way off and wouldn’t be in a position to lend a hand on a rainy day.
Do bhí cailín maith deigh-eolais beartaithe aici féin go raibh a muinntir ar an mbaile chun cabhair a thabhairt dúinn an uair ba ghádh é agus do chrom sí ar bheith ag léiriú mar seo dhúinn, fé mar bheadh bean ag léigheamh na Liodán, nó gur dhein sí comh mín le cat sinn, tré n-a chéile.	She had herself marked down an excellent, knowledgeable girl, whose people lived in the village, so that they could lend us a hand when we needed it, and she went on to explain the whole affair to us, like a woman reciting a litany, till she had the whole lot of us as tame as a cat.
An chéad fhear do bhí pósta aici féin do bhí leanúnachas mór ar an dtreibh sin aici do shíor agus inghean dritheár do dob’ eadh an cailín seo bhí beartaithe aici dhúinn-ne go raibh an moladh go léir aici uirthi agus níor mholadh fallsa aici é.	She’d always had a great hankering after her first husband’s people, and his brother’s daughter it was that she’d marked down for us. The girl she had such high praise for—and she deserved it—
Drifiúr do’n Rí, atá ar an mBlascaod anois, í ach ná raibh an teideal rí aige an uair sin ná i bhfad ’n-a dhiaidh.	was a sister to the man who is the King of the Blasket to-day—though he hadn’t got the title of King in those days or for long after.
Tá mo dhrifiúr Máire, a dhein an cleamhnas, curtha ó mhí na Nodlag 1923 agus í i n-aois a ceithre fichid an uair sin.	My sister Maura, who made the match, has been in the grave since December 1923. She was eighty when she died.
Gur i bhFlaithis Dé d’á h-anam.	May her soul inherit Heaven!
Seachtain ó’n lá san do bhí beirt againn pósta—Tomás Ó Criomhthain agus Máire Ní Chatháin—sa tseachtain deirinneach d’Inid, 1878.	A week from that day we were married—Tomás Crohan and Maura Keane—in the last week of Shrove in the year 1878.
Níor lá go dtí é ar an mBuailtín.	There never was a day like it in Ballyferriter.
Bhí cheithre tigh ann agus bhí tamall ins gach tigh aca go raibh an lá mall go maith.	There were four public-houses there, and we spent some time in all of them until it was very late in the day.
Do bhí an tsráid-bhaile lán de dhaoine mar do bhí a lán de phóstaí eile ann.	The town was packed with people, for there were a lot of other couples being married.

Do bhí cúig bheidhleadóirí ann, fear ins gach tigh ag mealladh dreama chuige féin agus bhí fear eile aca ná raibh i n-aon tigh ach i gcorp na sráide agus níorbh’ é an fear ba mheasa aca bhí díolta é mar ba lasmuich do bhí an sluagh.	There were five fiddlers there, one in each bar, attracting people to himself, while another of them was not in any of the houses but out in the middle of the street, and he made more than the rest, for most of the people were in the street.
B’éigean dúinn scarúint leis an mBuailtín sa deire insan am ba mhó go raibh greann ann; ach ó ba rud go raibh an fhairrge mhór romhainn-ne agus cuid mhaith againn le tabhairt isteach b’éigean dúinn gluaiseacht.	We had to leave Ballyferriter at last, just when the fun was at its height, but since the great sea was before us, and there were a lot of us to take across, we had to go.
Do lean mórán ó’n áit amuich sinn isteach—daoine muinnteartha.	Many of the mainlanders went in with us—relations of ours.
Do bhí amhráin flúirseach, agus rinnce ar siubhal agus gach uile ghreann, fuighleach dighe agus bídh go h-eadartha amáireach.	There was singing in plenty, dancing, and all sorts of amusement, and food and drink enough and to spare, till high noon on the morrow.
Do bhailibh muinntir na tíorach leo.	Then the mainlanders cleared off.
Dubhairt daoine go raibh cúig bliana déag roime sin ó phós oiread aon bhliain amháin.	It was said that there hadn’t been so many marriages for fifteen years.
Do bhí obair agus gnó ar siubhal an chuid eile de’n mbliain.	The rest of the year was given to hard work.
Bliain mhór éisc dob’ eadh í.	It was a great year for fish.
Ní raibh mairciréil ná gleamaigh ar siubhal ach iasc do bhí ’á mharbhú insa lá le báid mhóra agus saighne ins gach bád aca agus feirmeóirí na tuaithe ’á gceannach uatha.	They weren’t catching mackerel or lobsters, but other fish which they went after in the day-time in big boats with a seine net in each boat, and the farmers of the countryside bought the catch from them.
Do bhínn-se ag cleachtadh na scoile gach tráth go mbíodh a leithéid le fagháil againn nó go rabhas ocht mbliana déag.	I had been frequenting school—whenever we could get one—until I was eighteen.
Ní raibh mór-ghnó sa bhaile dhíom ar feadh an achair sin mar do bhí dritheáir liom sa tigh agus é pósta.	They had no great need of me at home for all that time, as I had a married brother in the house.
Cailleadh a bhean san agus d’fhan beirt gharsún ’n-a diaidh.	His wife died and left two children.
Do ghaibh mo mháthair leo nó go rabhadar chun reatha.	My mother looked after them till they could go by themselves.
Do chuaidh an dritheáir go Meirice.	My brother went to America.

B'éigean domh-sa, annsan, an scoil a thréigeant mar ní raibh aenne eile insa tigh ach m'athair.	Then I had to leave school, for there was only my father at home.
Trí bliana mar sin do bhíos ó scoil an uair a phósas. Bliain is fiche d'aois do bhíos.	I had left school for three years when I married, at the age of twenty-two.
Ní mór de chúram an tsaoghail do bhí orm go dtí san ach rug sé orm ó'n lá san amach.	Till that day I had known little of the world's responsibilities, but from that time on they came upon me.
Tháinig atharú an uair sin ar gach ní a bhain liom.	Everything I had to do with changed from that day.
Is mór an rud pósadh i saoghal duine.	Marriage makes a great change in a man's life.
Athruigheann a mheon agus a thuiscint i dtaobh a lán rudaí agus thar gach ní eile cuireann sé faobhar chun an tsaoghail air.	His disposition and his view of all sorts of things alters, and, above all, it whets his appetite to be up and doing in life.
A ndubhairt siúd, do cheapainn-se gur ó Neamh do bhíodh an bheatha ag teacht chugham roime sin.	As the phrase goes, I used to fancy, up till then, that food was sent from Heaven to us.
Do luigheas isteach go dian chun gnótha.	I set to work with keenness.
B'eo go dtí an tráigh me chun leasaithe a dhéanamh chun breis phrátaí a chur do mhuca.	Away I went to the strand to get seaweed for manure so that we could have more potatoes to rear pigs on.
Bhíodh cúpla bó againn.	We had two cows at this time.
Ar ghealadh an lae—caitheamh díom anuas, gan luid ach drárs, raca chun feamnaighe bhailiú agam, me amach go muineál sa bhfairrge;	At daybreak, stripped of everything but my drawers, with a rake to gather the weed, out I'd go up to my neck in the sea;
í chur ar bharra na h-aille annsan, í tharrac, í leathadh;	then I had to carry it up to the top of the cliff, carry it to the field and spread it.
gan té ná siuicre ach bainne, arán is iasc.	I had no tea or sugar in those days, only milk, bread, and fish.
Ba chomh-luath insa tráigh me nó insa chnoc, seal eile chun fairrge, seal ag marbhú róinte, seal i mbád mór saighne.	I would be as early on hill as on strand—now off to sea, now hunting seals, another time out in the big boat with a seine net.
A am féin ar gach gnó aca so.	Each of these jobs had its own time.
Do bhí na róinte cúntúrthach go maith.	The seal chase was pretty dangerous.

Bhíodh na daoine ag rith le n-a chéile go dtí iad am áirithe de'n bhliain;	At a certain period of the year men would race one another to them.
lá an tarraic mhóir i bPoll na Baise; gan sa pholl san ach slí duine ar faobhar d'iarraidh snáimh do dhéanamh ann; i scoilteán mara d'iarraidh róinte móra do mharbhú istigh agus iad a thabhairt amach thríd an scoilt sin.	On one of these days there would be a heavy swell in Poll na Baise, and a man could only make his way into that cave by turning on his side and trying to swim in, or one must go into a sea-cleft and make a shift to kill the huge seals and fetch them out through that narrow opening.
Ba dhóbair, lá, gurbh ann do bheadh deire mo shaoghail, fé mar innseas cheana, nuair a bhí m'úncail 'á bhádh' agus an téad briste air.	I've told already how one day I nearly lost my life when the rope had broken and my uncle was drowning.
Ó phósas do bhínn ar mo dhícheall mar sin d'iarraidh soláthar chun an tighe agus d'iarraidh mo chuid de gach ní bhíodh ag imeacht a bheith agam.	Since the day of my marriage I was always trying my best to provide for my household and get my share of everything that was going.
Bhí m'athair i bhfad 'n-a chongnamh maith dom amuich is istigh.	For a long time to come my father was a great help to me in the house and out.
Do saoluigheadh deichniúr clainne dhúinn ach níor lean an rath iad san, go bhfóiridh Dia orainn!	Ten children were born to us, but they had no good fortune, God help us!
An chéad duine riamh a baisteadh dom bhí sé a seacht nó a hocht de bhlianaibh nuair a thuit sé le faill agus marbhuigheadh é.	The very first of them that we christened was only seven or eight years old when he fell over the cliff and was killed.
As san amach níor thapúla duine orainn ná dinn.	From that time on they went as quickly as they came.
D'imigh beirt leis an mbruitínigh agus ní raibh galar d'á dtagadh ná beireadh duine éigin uaim.	Two died of measles, and every epidemic that came carried off one or other of them.
Bádh Domhnall d'iarraidh an bhean-uasal a thabhairt slán leis ar an dTráigh Bháin.	Donal was drowned trying to save the lady off the White Strand.
Do bhí buachaill breagh eile agam, ag tarrac chugham.	I had another fine lad helping me.
Ní ró fhada bhí an t-am gur tógadh uaim é.	Before long I lost him, too.
Do ghoill buairt na neithe sin go léir ar an máthair bhoicht agus tógadh uaim í.	All these things were a sore trouble to the poor mother, and she, too, was taken from me.

Ní rabhas dall ar fad go dtí san.	I was never blinded altogether till then.
Nár dhallaidh Dia sinn.	May God spare us the light of our eyes!
Bhí naoidhneán beag ’n-a diaidh—ach go raibh cailín beag fásta suas a thug aire dhi—ní raibh sí ach fásta suas san am gur glaodhadh uirthi chomh maith leo.	She left a little babe, only I had a little girl grown up to take care of her; but she, too, was only just grown up when she heard the call like the rest.
An cailín a thóg í sin do phós sí sa Dún Mór.	The girl who had brought her up married in Dunmore.
Cailleadh í sin, leis, agus d’fhág seisear leanbh ’n-a diaidh.	She died, too, leaving seven children.
Buachaill amháin atá fanta faram annso sa bhaile.	I have only one boy left at home with me now.
Buachaill eile i Meirice.	There is another in America.
Sin é crích d’imigh ar mo chlainn-se.	Such was the fate of my children.
Beannacht Dé leo—a bhfuil san uaigh aca—agus leis an mnaoi bhoicht gur bhris a misneach d’á ndeascaibh.	May God’s blessing be with them—those of them that are in the grave—and with the poor woman whose heart broke for them.
XVII — AN OBAIR AGUS AN SEACHRÁN.	17 — Work and Wandering.
Saighneóireacht, “corraí na Scealg,” báid agus naomhóga agus árthaighe umair, turus ag díol éisc go Cathair Saidhbhín, “Come along, Blashket man!” turus eile go Dairbhre d’iarraidh báid.	WORK AND WANDERING · WITH THE SEINE NET · THE YOUNG GANNETS ON THE SKELLIG · BOATS AND CANOES AND TANK SHIPS · A TRIP TO CAHIRSIVEEN SELLING FISH · ‘COME ALONG, BLASHKET MAN!’ · ANOTHER TRIP TO VALENCIA ISLAND TO FETCH A BOAT
Insan am so do bhí seacht mbáid saighne i nDúnchaoin agus dhá bhád bhreaghtha mhóra insa Bhlascaod agus cé go raibh an treibh amuich agus an dream istigh lán-ghairid d’á chéile i ngaol agus i gcleamhnas do bhídís i n-earraid le n-a chéile de shíor timcheall an éisc.	There were seven seine boats in Dunquin in those days and two fine big boats in the Blasket, and, though the mainland tribe and the Island people were close of kin and much intermarried, they were always at odds over the fishing.
Do bhí na báid go léir, istigh agus amuich, i n-Inis Tuaisceart, lá.	One day the boats from the two places were all gathered at Inishtooshkert.
Do bhí iasc ag ráithíocht go flúirseach ann.	The fish were shoaling in great numbers.
Sé an dlí bhí idir lucht na mbád: cor ar chor do bheith age gach dhá bád i gcomhnaidhe ar a gceart.	The custom was that each pair of boats had the right to shoot the nets in turn.

Do chaitheadh dhá bhád i gcomhnaidhe a bheith ceangailte as an saighne gach uair a cuirfí amach é, bád ’á chur agus bád eile ’á choimeád as an ndainnséar.	Two boats had to attend to the seine net every time it was shot, one boat paying it out and the other keeping it out of danger.
Má bhíodh iasc sa líon bhíodh sé mall ’á chur ’on bhád agus thugadh an t-iasc agus an taoide an saighne ar an gcloich.	If there was fish in the net, it was a slow business to get it into the boat, as the weight of the fish and the run of the tide were always carrying it on to the rocks.
Do chuireamair an cor ar an iasc agus cé go raibh an taoide ag dul le buile do dhein an dá bhád againn beartaidheacht comh tapaidh sin go raibh an líon ó bhaoghal sara raibh aon teacht aige ar an gcloich agus oiread éisc ann agus a líon ceann de sna báid.	We had shot the net round the shoal, and, though the tide was running wildly, our two boats handled the net so smartly that it was out of danger before it had a chance to run on the rocks, and there was enough fish in it to fill one of the boats.
Níor fhág san smiug age dream Dhúnchaoin agus do bhagair an captaen a bhí ar ár mbád-ne ortha a gcor a chur nó go gcuirfeadh sé féin gan mhoill é an uair do bheadh an saighne réidh.	That left the Dunquin people nothing to say, and the captain of our boat signed to them to shoot their net, or he would shoot his at once as soon as the seine was cleared.
Níos túisce ná bheadh an tarna cor age bád an Oileáin do chuir bád ó Dhúnchaoin a saighne féin amach agus ní ró fhada do bhí sé amuich an t-am go raibh sruth na taoide ’á gcur ar an gcloich;	Rather than let the Island boat have its second shot, the Dunquin boat put its net out, and it hadn’t been out long when the run of the tide began to carry it on to the rocks:
géaráin agus stocáin fé n-a mbrághaid agus taoide láidir rabharta ann.	there were crags and sharp points of rock waiting for it, and a strong spring tide was running.
Ní ró fhada gur scaoil an bád a bhí ceangailte aiste uaithe í agus as go bráth léi féin agus an saighne tríd an mbealach ó thuaidh.	Before long the boat which had the end of the net let it go, and off they went, both boat and seine net, through the channel northwards.
Níor lean aon bhád eile de bháid Dhúnchaoin í mar ní leigfeadh eagla dhóibh é, mar nárbh aon dóichín an bealach céadna insan am san.	None of the other Dunquin boats followed her, for they were afraid to—that same channel wasn’t a thing to play with at that moment.

“Mo chorp agus m’anam!” arsa captaen ár mbáid-ne, “go bhfuil bád a’ Choma caillte, agus cuiridh na maidí i bhfearas,” ar seisean, le bád an Oileáin, “go ragham ag fóirithint uirthi.”	‘On my soul and body!’ cried our captain, ‘sure the boat from Coomeenole is lost. Get ready your oars,’ said he to the Island boat, ‘and we’ll go to her assistance.’
Do dheineadar san go tapaidh agus b’eo leis an dá bhád againn tríd an mbealach ó thuaidh agus é ag réabadh insa spéir le tarrac.	They trimmed their oars at once, and away went the two boats through the sound to the north, and the swell was storming the sky.
Ní raibh an dá bhád againn dhá nóimit ag gabháil tríd agus ar dhul i radharc an bháid eile dhúinn ní raibh sí báithte—ach sin a raibh ann.	The boats were through the passage in two minutes, and when we came in sight of the other boat she hadn’t gone under yet—but that was all there was to it:
Do bhí sí lán de’n bhfairrge agus iad d’iarraidh í shaoradh ó shúncáil ’á taoscadh.	she was full of water, and they were bailing hard to keep her from sinking.
Do bhí an saighne insa bhfairrge fós mar ná h-iomchrochadh an bád é.	The seine net was still in the water, for the boat couldn’t carry it.
Dubhairt ár gcaptaen-ne linn-ne an saighne a thabhairt isteach ’nár mbád féin nó go mbeadh an bád eile taoscaithe agus í chur innti annsan. Sin mar bhí.	Our captain told us to take the net into our own boat until the other boat had been bailed out, and then to put it aboard her.
Cuireadh innti é an uair a bhí sí tirm.	When she was dry we put the net aboard.
Do bhí lán báid d’iasc insa dá bhád againn-ne.	We had a boatful of fish in the two boats.
Dob’ éigeant dúinn-ne téad a chur as bád Dhúnchaoin agus an dá bhád againn ’á tarrac thríd an mbealach ó dheas mar ar ghaibh sí ó thuaidh.	We had to tie the Dunquin boat to us with a rope, and then the two boats must tow her through the passage southwards, which she had been carried through northwards.
Do thiomain agus do thiomáin ár gcaptaen-ne muinntir Dhúnchaoin i dtaobh an bháid a leigeant uatha agus thug sé an tiomáint chéadna do’n bhád a shaor sé do chuir saighne amach.	Our captain cursed the Dunquin people again and again for deserting the boat, and he cursed the boat he had saved as well for shooting their net.
Pé lá riamh do rith aon tsaothar mór oibre liom do dhéanamh níor mhór gur rith sé riamh liom ag baint mhóna, go mór mhór an fhaid do mhair an file agus é ábalta ar dhul chun cnuic.	If I ever got a big job of work done any day, it wasn’t the days when I was cutting turf, particularly so long as the poet lived, and was able to go on the hill.

Do bhí sé suarach críona go leor agus é ag aodhaireacht na bó duibhe ann.	He was pitifully old at this time when he was herding the black cow on the mountain.
Agus me i dtosach mo ghreise, lá, ar an dtaobh theas de'n Oileán, grian agus teas agus aoibhneas ann, tamall bainte agam—agus níor mhór é— an t-am gur chuala an guth ar an dtaobh thuas díom.	One day, when I was just getting down to my work on the south side of the Island—a warm day of sun and pleasantness —I'd been cutting for a bit, but not for long, when I heard a voice above me.
Is maith d'aithnigheas í agus go maithidh Dia dhom é! ní raibh mór-lorg agam ar an té do bhí ann; agus níor le gráin air é ach mar chuireadh sé díomhaoin gach lá me.	I recognized it all right, and, may God forgive me, I'd no great hankering after its owner, not that I disliked him, but because he always turned my days into idle ones.
"Dhera, stad tamall, tá an lá fada," arsan file agus é an uair so ó'n dtaobh adtuaidh de'n gcnoc an uair do bhraith sé mise.	'Yerra, stop a bit, the day's long,' said the poet, who was coming from the north side of the hill at the moment when he spotted me.
"A' bhficeann tú na clocha úd theas?" ar seisean.	'Do you see those rocks to the south?' said he.
"Sin iad na 'Sceallaga.'	'Those are the Skelligs.
Thug m'athair-se lá catha ionnta san."	My father spent a day fighting in them once.'
"Conus a thuit san amach?" arsa mise;	'How did that come about?' said I.
ach má bhíos aineolasach le linn na ceiste do chur dom ní rabhas mar sin 'n-a dhiaidh sin, mar nár mhór an t-imníomh a bhí ar an bhfile gan san d'innsint dom agus a bholg anáirde le gréin aige.	And if I lacked knowledge when I put the question, I didn't lack it long, for the poet was eager to tell the tale, lying there with his belly turned up to the sun:
"Corraí is ainm dos na gearrcaigh a bhíonn age sna gainnéid agus an uair a bhíd siad aibidh is saill iad go léir agus is ar an gcloich is lugha aca san a bheireann na gainnéid ar fad agus níl aon radharc ach a mbíonn de sna h-éin óga ann.	'The young of the gannet are called "corraí", and, when they are in season, they are all fat. All the gannets hatch on the smallest of the Skelligs, and you never saw anything like the crowds of young birds there.
Bhíodh bád agus dáréag fear innte ag faire na cloiche, í amuich ó'n maighistir talmhan agus iad díolta go maith.	A boat with a crew of twelve men used to be guarding the rock, well paid by the man who owned it.

“Insan am san do sheol bád mór ó Dhúnchaoin insan oidhche agus hochtar fear a bhí innti agus m’ athair-se ortha, agus níor stadadar nó gur bhaineadar amach an chloch ar ghealadh an lae.	This time a boat set sail from Dunquin at night with eight men in her, my father among them, and they never rested till they got to the rock at day-break.
Do phreabadar anáirde agus do chromadar ar bheith ag bailiú go dtí an bád go tiugh;	They sprang up it and fell to gathering the birds into the boat at full speed;
agus níor dheacair dóibh a n-ualach a bhailiú mar do bhí gach éan óg aca san comh trom le gé reamhar.	and it was easy to collect a load of them, for every single one of those young birds was as heavy as a fat goose.
“Annsan do chuir an captaen stop leo agus dubhairt go raibh an bád lán a dóthain agus teacht isteach ’on bhád go mbeidís ag ciorrú na slí abhaile.	‘The captain stopped them then, saying that the boat was full enough and that they must go aboard and be making the best of their way home.
Do dheineadar san gan mhoill agus dob’ eo leo ag fágáilt na cloiche agus a mbád mór lán de shaill aca agus scóp ortha chun bóthair abhaile.	So they did at once, and away they went, leaving the rock with their big boat full of fat birds, and they were in fine spirits for the journey home.
“Agus iad ag casadh de dhruim poinnte de’n chloich chun scaoileadh amach fé’n mbágh, cad a bheadh ’n-a gcoinne ná an faireachán báid agus n’fheacadar féin a chéile go dtí san.	‘As they were turning the point of the rock to strike out into the bay, what should they see coming to meet them but the guard boat; they hadn’t seen one another till that moment.
“Ropann an faireachán isteach ’n-a gcliathán láithreach agus deirid leo iad-san do chaitheamh isteach ’n-a mbád féin gan mhoill agus ná saorfadh san iad mar go gcaithfidís féin agus a mbád dul leo, tógtha;	The guard boat ran up along their gunwale at once, and they commanded them to throw the birds into their own boat in a jiffy; and even that wouldn’t get them off, for they must go with them as prisoners, and their boat, too;
agus mara raghadh an siollán fé n-a muineál nár cheart dóibh gearán.	and, if they didn’t find a rope round their necks, they would have no reason to complain!
“Ach ní raibh fearaibh Dhúnchaoin ag caitheamh na n-éan isteach chúcha agus ó’n uair ná rabhadar do phreab fear ó’n bhfaireachán isteach ar bórd innti agus do cheangail sé téad ’na tosach agus do chromadar ar bheith ’á tarrac go tiugh agus go láidir idir bhád, fearaibh agus éanlaithe chun iad a thabhairt i dtír.	‘But the Dunquin men didn’t throw the birds in to them, and so one of the guards jumped on board and tied a rope to the stern and they began to tow them swiftly and strongly, them and their boat and their birds, towards the land.

“Timcheall ceathramha mhíle bhí an gníomh san ar bun san am gur phreab fear i mbád na n-éan ’n-a sheasamh agus thug an tuagh do’n dtéid do bhí ar shniminne a bháid féin chun tosaigh agus do chuir san an faireachán chun buile feirge.	‘They had gone on so for about a quarter of a mile when a man in the bird boat suddenly jumped up and laid an axe to the rope that was tied to the stern of his boat, and that put the guards in a wild rage.
Do chasadar thar n-ais ar bhád na n-éan agus dob’ eo innti isteach cuid aca agus b’eo ag tuargaint a chéile iad le maidí agus tuaighte agus gach gléiseanna eile do bhí le fagháil sa bhád nó gur bhaineadar fuil mhairt as a chéile.	They turned on the other boat, and some of them sprang on board and they fell to hitting at one another with oars and hatchets, and any weapon they could find in the boat, till they bled one another like a slaughtered ox.
“Do bhris bád na n-éan an cath ortha, cé gur dáréag i n-aghaidh hochtair a bhí ann.	‘The bird boat won the fight, though it was twelve to eight.
Do chuir an t-ochtar ó Dhúnchaoin an criú eile gan a bheith ábalta ar ghéag ná ar chos leo a chorruighe.	The eight Dunquin men knocked the other crew about till they couldn’t stir hand or foot.
Do phreabadar innti isteach agus do líonadar na poill isna h-ádhbhair agus do thairrigeadar tamall amach insa bhágh iad chun iad a scaoileadh leis an muir, idir chorp agus bhád, chun go mbeadh deire leo.	They sprang into the boat and plugged the rowlock holes, and towed them out some distance into the bay, intending to leave them at the sea’s mercy, boat and all, so as to finish them altogether.
“Do bhí mac baintrighe insa bhád faire nár thóg cos ná lámh leis chun a dtroid.	There was a widow’s son in the guard boat who had never lifted hand or foot in the fight.
‘Sé an náire dhíbh mise do scaoileadh chun báis nár chuir aon chur ’steach oraibh,’ ar seisean.	‘ “It’s a shameful thing to send me to my death when I never interfered with you,’ said he.
“Dubhairt captaen an bháid eile leis:	‘The captain of the other boat said to him:
‘Dá gcuirfaí an seol fé’n mbád duit an dóigh leat a’ mbainfá do thalamh féin amach fé’n seol?’ Dubhairt sé go mbainfeadh.	“If we set the sail for you, do you think you could get home to shore with it?” He said he could.
Do chuaidh beirt isteach innti agus do chuireadar an seol i bhfearas do agus do thug aghaidh ar a thalamh féin léi.	Two men went on board and set the sail to rights for him, and he faced her towards his own landing-place.
Do bhain bád Dhúnchaoin a calath féin amach goirtithe, gearrtha, laitithe agus an bád lán do chorraí saille aca, agus gan iad istigh leo féin.	‘The Dunquin boat got back to its own harbour, its crew cut and gashed and mangled, their boat full of fat young gannets and they themselves not too easy in their minds.’

“Agus,” arsa mise leis an bhfile, “a’ bhfuil aon chúntas agat ar bhád Uibh Ráthaigh?”	‘And,’ said I to the poet, ‘have you any tale to tell of the Iveragh boat?’
“Tá, an fear gur cuireadh an seol anáirde dho do bhain sé an talamh amach.	‘I have. The man they hoisted the sail for got her to shore.
Bhí beirt marbh agus cuireadh an chuid eile ’on óispidéal.	Two of them were dead, and the rest were sent into hospital.
Do chuaidh an tseilg chun fuaire ó shin agus ní raibh faire ar an gcloich ó shin ná níl aon duine ’á n-ithe súd, chuige, insa lá atá indiu ann,” arsan file.	After that they were less keen on that sort of chase and the guard was taken off the rock, and those birds are no longer eaten in these days.’
Is breagh bog do chuir sé an méid sin cainnte dhe gan duadh, gan deabhadh.	He told this long tale fine and easy, without effort or haste.
Annsan adubhairt, “B’fhéidir go mb’fhearra dhúinn portach beag eile do bhaint; is gearr go mbeidh sé i n-aimsir dinnéir,” agus phreab ’n-a sheasamh agus bhuail uaim suas.	Then he said: ‘Maybe we may as well do a little more cutting in the bog, it isn’t long till dinner time.’ And he sprang up and cleared off from me up the hill.
Ar phreabadh im’ sheasamh dom féin ’n-a dhiaidh, nuair a chonnac mar a raibh an ghrian do bhíos mí-chéadfhach go maith—an chuid dob’ fhearr de’n lá meilte agus fós gan trí ualach an asail de mhóin bainte agam.	When I myself jumped up after he had gone and saw where the sun had got to, I was in a very bad temper—the best part of the day was spent and I hadn’t yet cut three ass-loads of turf.
Ca’il an saothar mór do bhí agam le déanamh agus me ag gluaiseacht ó’n dtigh ar maidin?	Where was all the work I had promised myself I would do when I left the house in the morning?
Machtnamh eile do rith im’ aigne:	And another thought ran through my mind:
an amhlaidh a bhíos féin ceapaithe ag an bhfile chun mo chuid aimsire a chur amú orm seachas aon duine eile do bhí san oileán; mar ná feicinn ag déanamh mór-ghnáth ar aenne eile é ach orm féin amháin.	was I myself fated beyond all the people in the Island to have all my time wasted by the poet?—for I never saw him frequenting any of the others, but only me.
D’athruigh na smaointe ana-mhór me insa tslí gur cheapas dom féin, an chéad uair eile a thiocfadh sé treasna orm ná labharfainn focal leis agus annsan go gcaithfeadh sé imeacht uaim.	These thoughts made a great change in me, so that I determined the very next time he should run into me that I wouldn’t speak a word to him, and then he’d have to leave me.

Ach machtnamh dob’ eadh é nár dheineas a chóimhlíonadh agus is maith liom san.	But that is a plan that I never carried into action, and I’m glad of it.
San am san de’n tsaoghal ní raibh aon naomhóg annso, ná aon fhearas a bhí ag oiriúint di, ach báid mhóra go mbíodh hochtar fear ’á leanúint do shíor.	At that time there wasn’t a single canoe here or any of the gear to suit them, only big boats that were always managed by a crew of eight.
Saighne mór trom ins gach bád aca, clocha ceangailte d’á bhonn do dhéanfadh é shúncáil agus cuirc ar an dtéid uachtair chun an t-uachtar a choimeád ar barra.	Each boat carried a big, heavy seine net, with stones tied to the bottom of the net to sink it, and corks on the upper rope to keep the top of the net on the surface.
Bhíodh báid bheaga leis ann a bhíodh age daoine críona agus age slatairí óga ag iascach doraithe, agus bhídís lán de’n tsaghas sin éisc go minic.	There were little boats, too, used by old men and young lads for line fishing, and they would often be full of the sort of fish that is caught that way.
Dubhairt duine lá éigin go raibh beirt ó’n oileán a chuaidh ar an aonach ’on Daingean agus ar bheith ar meisce dhóibh gur cheannuigheadar naomhóg ó dhuine éigin.	Somebody said one day that two of the Islanders had gone to a fair in Dingle, and that they had bought a canoe from a man when they were drunk.
Ní fada go bhfeacathas ag teacht í agus do deineadh iongantas an domhain di.	Before long we saw her coming, and we marvelled at her.
Do chrom na mná, gurbh’ iad a bhfearaibh a bhí innti, ar ologón go fada, bog, binn an uair a chonnacadar an chleiteóg bháid go rabhadar innti.	The women whose husbands were in her began a long, soft, musical lament when they saw the quill of a boat that they were in.
Ach do ghaibh beirt de bhuachaillí óga chúcha agus ar siad leo	But two of the young lads went up to them and said:
—“Dhera, ná caillidh bhur gciall; ná déanfaidh beirt againn-ne an gnó comh maith dhíbh má báithtar féin iad!”	‘Yerra, keep your senses, couldn’t two of us do the job for you just as well even if they are drowned?’
Níor mhallachtaí go dtí mar fuair an bheirt bhuachaillí ó’n mbeirt bhan ochlánach, mar do cheapadar gur le neamh-thruagh dóibh do bhíodar.	I never heard such a cursing as the two lads got from the two keening women, for they thought that it was for lack of sympathy they mocked them.
Níorbh’ fhada ó’n mbeirt bhan do bhíos féin san am gcéadna agus is maith an gáire do dheineas fé chomhrádh na mbuachaillí.	I was near the women at this moment, and I had a good laugh at the boys’ joke.

Nach ullamh a bhíodar láithreach chun gabháil leis an mbeirt bhan dubrónach comh luath agus a bheadh an bheirt a bhí aca scartha leo!	Isn't it ready they were to take up with the two wailing women the very moment their husbands should have left them?
Cúpla lá n-a dhiaidh sin thugas turus chun cnuic ag triall ar ualach móna agus cad a chífinn ná an naomhóg fém' bun síos agus í lán de rudaí éigin istigh innti agus é 'á chaitheamh i bhfairrge, dar liom.	A day or two after this I went up the hill to fetch a load of turf, and what should I see but this very canoe, I thought, down below me, full of some objects which they were throwing into the sea.
Ach do chomáineas liom agus thugas an t-ualach móna liom.	But I drove on and brought down the load of turf.
Níorbh' í naomhóg na beirte bhí ann mar bhí sí sin ar chalath an oileáin.	But it wasn't the canoe the two men had brought at all, for that one was in the Island creek.
D'fhan an scéal mar sin go tráthnóna nó gur bhuail an naomhóg an Gob andeas, ceathrar fear innti, agus do bhuaileadar suas ar chalath an Oileáin í agus chromadar ar bheith ag lorg lóistín.	Nothing more happened till the evening, when the canoe came round the Gob from the south with four men in her, who carried her up the Island quay and began to inquire for lodgings.
Do bhí beagán bidh agus annlain aca i mála bán.	They had a few potatoes and 'kitchen' with them in a white bag.
Fuaireadar tigh lóistín.	They found a house to put up in.
Ó Dhaingean Uí Chúise dob eadh iad agus aithne mhaith ortha, dar ndóigh.	They were from Dingle, and, of course, we knew them well.
Is i dtigh Phaid Shéamais do stadadar agus do bhí a gcuid bídh féin aca agus gan le tabhairt aca ach seachtain gach turus mar do bhíodh ortha dul abhaile leis an seilg.	They stayed in Pats Heamish's house, and they had brought their own food with them, intending only to spend a week at a time, as they had to go home with the catch.
Potaí chun beirthe ar ghleamaigh na neithe úd a chonnac-sa 'á chaitheamh 'on fhairrge.	The things I had seen them throwing into the sea were pots to catch lobsters.
Do bhí muinntir an Bhlascaeid san am san comh dall ar an saghas san fearais iascaigh le cléirigh bainnc.	The Blasket people were as strange to that sort of fishing tackle as any bank clerk at that time.
Níor ró fhada de'n mbliain go raibh cheithre naomhóga ó'n nDaingean ag iascach ghliomach sa Bhlascaod ar an sórt so slí.	Not much of the year had gone before there were four Dingle canoes fishing lobsters round the Blasket after this fashion.

Thug muinntir an Daingin luach na gcéadta púnt de ghleamaigh ó chósta an Oileáin tiar sara raibh aon chur amach againn féin ar aon scilling a bhaint asta.	The Dingle fishermen took hundreds of pounds worth of lobsters from the waters round the Island before we had any notion how to make a shilling out of them.
Do bhíodh púnt an dosaon ortha agus, rud eile dob’ fhearr ná san, níor dheacair an dosaon d’fhagháil.	They fetched a pound the dozen, and, to make the story better, the dozen was easy got.
Sa am gur chuaidh na daoine amach ortha do chuir an bheirt seo go raibh an naomhóg ceannaithe aca potaí innti.	When the people found out how it was done the two who had bought the canoe put pots into her.
Thógadar isteach slataire eile.	They took another lad in with them.
Thugadar san bliain ag iascach gan aon cheann eile ó’n áit seo ach í, agus dheineadar púint.	They fished for a year—the only boat from the Island—and made money.
Sa mbliain a bhí chughainn dob’ eo le gach criú le chéile ag soláthar naomhóg agus níorbh fhuirist iad d’fhagháil mar ná raibh ’á ndéanamh ach beagán.	Next year off went the crews, racing one another to get canoes, and they were difficult to come by, for very few were being built.
Do bhí ó n-a hocht go deich de phúntaibh ar gach ceann nua aca.	Every new one cost from eight to ten pounds.
Dob’ eo liom féin ag soláthar comh maith le duine eile agus Paid Shéamais i n-éineacht liom.	I went off like the rest to get one, and Pats Heamish went with me.
Thugamair fear maith eile linn.	We took another good fellow with us.
Do bhuail an naomhóg liom-sa go sonaoideach, déanta nua, age fear muinnteardha dhom agus thugamair linn í ar hocht púint.	I found a canoe easily enough, just built, in the hands of a relation of mine, and for eight pounds we brought it away with us.
B’éigean dúinn imeacht arís ag soláthar slat chun na bpotaí a dhéanamh agus do lean fuirse maith sinn an t-am go rabhadar ag iascach againn.	We had to go out again after withes to make the pots with, and we had had plenty of trouble by the time they were catching fish for us.
Do bhreacamair an saosúr leo agus an aimsir bhreagh, agus do bhí deich bpúint ag an bhfear againn tar éis díol as an naomhóig.	We rubbed through the season and the fine weather with them, and we had ten pounds apiece after paying for the canoe.

Daoine insa Daingean a bhíodh ’á gceannach an uair sin agus a thuille againn a chuireadh amach ’ár dtómas féin iad.	Merchants from Dingle used to buy the lobsters from us in those days, and others of us used to send them to market on our own.
Seilg deas dob’ eadh iad mar do bhí an meath dulta ar an iascach saighne san am san.	They made an excellent fishery, for the seine fishing had failed by this.
San am go raibh dosaon de naomhóga ag iascach ghliomach san oileán so ba chlos do dhream i Sasanna é agus do chuir cualacht aca bád umair ag friotháilt ar an áit—sin bád nó árthach go mbíonn slí ag an bhfairrge bheith isteach agus amach i gcuid d’á cabhail chun na gleamaigh a choimeád ’n-a mbeathaidh ann.	When there were a dozen canoes fishing lobsters in this Island, people in England got to hear about it, and a company there sent a tank boat to serve the place. A tank boat is a boat or vessel which has a device to allow the sea to flow in and out in part of the hull to preserve the lobsters alive there.
Do bhíos féin agus Paid Shéamais tugtha go maith dhóibh moch, déanach.	Pats Heamish and I applied ourselves to the lobster fishing early and late.
Do bhíodh deich scillinge an dosaon ’á thabhairt ortha tamall maith de’n bhliain agus nuair a théighidís chun tirceacht do bhíodh scilling an ceann aca ’á thabhairt ortha.	They fetched ten shillings a dozen for a good part of the year, and when they grew scarce the price was a shilling apiece.
Do lean mar sin cúpla bliain nó trí agus do sheol cualacht eile i Sasanna bád eile go dtí an Blascaod agus scilling bhreise insa dosaon le fagháil uatha.	It went on like this for two or three years, and another company in England dispatched another ship to the Blasket which offered a shilling extra a dozen for them.
Dob’ é an fear nua an fear, dar ndóigh, mór mhór nuair a thug sé an bhreis leis.	The new man was the man for us, you may be sure, particularly as he raised the price.
Do chuaidh leath na naomhóg go dtí gach treibh aca d’fhonn iad a choimeád ag gluaiseacht.	Half the canoes went to one and half to the other, so as to keep them going.
Do bhí gleamaigh le fagháil go flúirseach san am úd.	Lobsters were plentiful in those days.
Níor mhór na blianta bhí caithte san am gur ghlaoidh báid ó’n bhFrainnc agus scilling ar gach breac i rith na bliana le tabhairt uatha aca.	In a few years’ time boats from France began to call, offering a shilling a fish all through the year.

Sin mar bhíodar ag gluaiseacht nó go raibh an cúigiú cualacht ag séideadh na h-adhairce ar chósta an Bhlascaeid ag soláthar ghliomach.	So they went on till there were five companies blowing their horns off the Blasket coast in quest of lobsters.
Chaitheamair beagán blianta mar sin agus gan aon cheal scillinge ar na h-iascairí agus an bád ag teacht go bun an tighe chughainn agus an t-ór buidhe ar bórd chun díol as an seilg, d'á throime mar bheadh sé.	A few years went by like this, and the fishers didn't want for shillings, as the boats came to our very threshold with yellow gold on board to pay for the catch, however big the haul might be.
Le linn na gcúmplacht san do bheith ag cur na mbád úd chughainn iseadh bhí tosnú ar an gcainnt ar fuaid na hÉireann ar Rialtas Dúthchais d'fhagháil, nó Hóm Rúil mar tugtar air i dteangain éigin eile.	Just at the time that these companies were sending their boats to us, the talk was beginning throughout Ireland about self-government, or Home Rule, as it is called in another language.
Is minic adubhart féin leis na h-iascairí go raibh Hóm Rúil tagaithe i gan fhios do mhuinntir na hÉireann agus gur sa Bhlascaod a bhí tosnaithe aici comh fada agus bhí ór buidhe Shasanna agus na Frainnce ag teacht ag ceannach ár gcuid éisc go bun an tighe chughainn agus sinn beag beann ar aenne.	I often told the fishermen that Home Rule had come to the Irish without their knowing it, and that the first beginning of it had been made in the Blasket now that the yellow gold of England and France was coming to our thresholds to purchase our fish, and we didn't give a curse for anybody.
Níl aon fhios cad d'fhág na longa úd d'ór agus d'airgead ar chósta Chiarraighe insan am úd agus ceannathóirí eile insa chuid eile de'n bhliain ag ceannach mairciréal agus longa gail aca 'á thiomáint úr ins gach áit.	Nobody knows how much gold and silver those ships left along the Kerry coast in those days; while in the rest of the year there were other merchants to buy mackerel and steamships were chartered by them to carry them fresh all over the world.
Do bhuail cúig nó sé de chéadtaibh mairciréal Bhealtaine liom féin oidhche insa Mhárta agus thugamair go dtí cé an Daingin iad.	One night in March I got five or six hundred May mackerel and brought them to the Dingle quay.
Fuaireamair cheithre púint an céad ortha.	We got four pounds a hundred for them.
An fhaid a bhí na longa san ag teacht ar an gcósta ní raibh ceal púint ar aon duine bocht ann.	So long as those ships were coming to the coast, no poor man wanted for a pound.
Do bhí na gleamaigh gach saosúr le fagháil.	Lobsters were to be caught every season.

Do bhíodh iasc méirneála le fagháil insan oidhche tamall de gach bliain agus do dheinimís ana-lámh ortha mar do bhí na báid mhóra agus na fearaistí i bhfad againn tar éis na saighní do theip.	Shoals of fish swimming on the surface were to be caught at night in part of every year, and we did very well with them, for we had the big boats and all the tackle after the seine fishery had failed.
Do bhí bliain aca san gur dheineamair ana-lámh ar iascach na h-oidhche agus an uair do bhí sé leasaithe againn—cnocáin mhaithe dhe—ní raibh aon ghlaodhach i nDaingean Uí Chúise air.	One of these years we had had a great haul overnight, and when we had cured the fish—great heaps of it—there was no sale for it in Dingle.
Do ghaibh tuairisc thríd an dtír go raibh ana-cheannaidheacht ar iasc i gCathair Uibh Ráthaigh mar go raibh iasc tearc ann.	A report ran through the countryside that there was a great demand for fish in Cahirsiveen, for it was scarce there.
Annsan bhí criú an bháid againn-ne ag sporaidheacht ar a chéile gurbh’ olc an dream sinn ná líonfadh isteach ár mbád de, na seolta thabhairt di agus í scaoileadh treasna ó dheas trí Bhágh an Daingin agus gurb ann ba ghiorra do bheimís ag díol ár gcuid éisc.	Then the crew of our boat began to stir one another up, arguing that we were a poor lot if we didn’t load up our boat with it, set her sails, and be off with her southwards through Dingle Bay, for it was there we should sell our fish soonest.
Ar maidin Dé Luain do bhí chughainn do líonamair isteach an “Collach Dubh” de mhairciréil bhuidhe, iasc ná raibh mór ná garbh.	Next Monday in the morning we filled up the Black Boar with salted mackerel—of fish that wasn’t very large or coarse.
Do bhí cóir ó dheas againn, lán na seolta de ghaoith adtuaidh, nó gur shroicheamair tigh an tsoluis atá i mbéal chuain Dhairbhre agus as san nó gur shroicheamair suas Cathair Saidhbhín.	We had a fair wind blowing to the south to fill our sails till we reached the lighthouse in the mouth of Valencia harbour, and from there on to Cahirsiveen.
Ar shroichstint cé na Cathrach dúinn do bhí a lán ag teacht fé ár ndéin.	When we reached the quay there, a crowd came to meet us.
Do theastuigh uainn tuairisc do chur an raibh aon cheannathóirí éisc insan áit agus do bhí freagra le fagháil go raibh;	We wanted to find out if there were any buyers of fish in the place, and we were told that there were;
agus do bhí cuid aca ar an bhfód.	some of them were on the spot.

Do chrom fear aca ar bheith ag ceannach an éisc ach ba bheag é a thairiscint de bhreis ar mar cheapamair.	One of them started to offer for the fish, but the price he offered was less than our expectations.
Do ghaibh fear eile an tslip anuas agus do chuir míle fáilte romhainn, gotha agus imeacht an duine uasail air.	Another man came down the slip and welcomed us heartily. He had the manners and the way of a gentleman.
Thug sé amach as an mbád sinn agus thug deoch dúinn agus do cheannuigh a raibh d’iasc sa bhád ar choróin an céad, agus thug leis chun lóistín go tigh a athar sinn i gceart-lár na Cathrach.	He called us out of the boat and gave us a drink and bought all the fish in the boat for a crown the hundred, and brought us to his father’s house in the middle of the town for a lodging.
Do chaitheamair biadh ann agus annsan do chuireamair ar láimh an t-iasc go dtí an bhfear a cheannuigh é agus an uair a bhíomair réidh le chéile agus sinn díolta aige, thug sé deoch agus deoch eile dhúinn agus ní thógfadh sé faic uainn.	We had some food there, and then we handed over the fish to the man who had bought it, and when we had finished with one another and he had paid us, he stood us one drink after another and wouldn’t take anything from us.
Do bhaineamair tigh an ósta amach aríst agus do chuireamair i gcead fhir an tighe an mbeadh aga againn geádh a thabhairt fé’n sráid.	We found our lodgings again, and we asked the host by his leave would we have time to take a stroll through the town.
Dubhairt sé go raibh breis agus uair a’ chluig agus gurbh’ ’in é ár ndóthain.	He said that there was more than an hour and we should have plenty of time.
B’eo le triúr againn i n-éineacht, mar do bhí an chuid eile ’gainn do bhí sa bád scoth-aosta agus níor theastuigh turusóireacht uatha.	Off went three of us in company, for the rest in the boat were well on in years and had no taste for sightseeing.
Do chuamair isteach i siopa breagh ólacháin agus d’fhéachamair timcheall ann.	We went into a fine shop where drink was to be had and looked round us there.
I gceann tamaill do bhuaileamair amach agus do bhíomair ag siubhal na sráide síos, suas dúinn féin.	After a bit we came out and spent some time amusing ourselves by walking up and down the street.
An uair ba mhithid do gach nduine bheith ag dul mar ar cheart dóibh é do chasamair ar thigh an lóistín agus timcheall leath-slí go dtí é ar chúinne sráide do bhuail triúr ban linn, an triúr ban dob’ acmhainnighe, ba threise agus ba bhreaghtha deilbh agus déanamh d’á bhfeacaidh triúr againn riamh.	When it was time for everybody to be going to his own place, we returned to our lodgings, and about half-way there, at a street corner, three women came up to us, the three most upstanding, the strongest and the handsomest women for shape and build that any of the three of us had ever seen.

Do bhí duine againn go raibh a cheann liath, agus níor le h-aois é, agus do labhair na mná leis.	One of us had a grey head—though not from age—and the women spoke to him.
Béarla cruaidh do chuireadar air ar dtúis agus do bhí beagán de Bhéarla briste ag an bhfear liath ach ní thuigfeadh ar fónamh aon chuid de.	They spoke to him in difficult English at first, and he knew a little broken English, but he couldn’t understand very much of it properly.
An fear eile bhí orainn ní thuigfeadh san Béarla, briste ná slán.	The other man with us couldn’t understand English at all, whether broken or perfect.
Do bhí an bhean fhionna-ruadh, do bhí ag cainnt glan sé troighthe, scoth gruaige uirthi agus í go rábach.	The red-headed woman who was speaking to us was a good six feet high. She had a shock of hair, and was a fine woman.
Bean éisc dob’ eadh í agus thug sí tuairim aithne gur de’n chéird chéadna sinn-ne agus bhí sí ag brúghadh muinnteardhais orainn.	She was a fishwife and guessed that we followed the same trade, and she was forcing her acquaintance on us.
Ní ró fhada gur chuala: “Come along, Blashket man, won’t ’ou have a dhrink?” ag an mnaoi ’á rádh leis an bhfear liath.	Before long I heard her say to the grey-haired man: ‘Come along, Blashket man, won’t you have a drink?’
“I bhóint nait, Meám,” arsan fear liath bocht, mar nár thuig an scéal sa lán-chruinn,	‘I woint nat, mam,’ says the poor, grey-haired man, for he didn’t grasp what was happening very well,
agus de gheit do chas sé chun teichte agus le linn casadh dho chuir sí crúca i ndrom a bhest agus thug léi ó mhullach talamh an píosa san.	and in a flash he turned to bolt, and, as he turned, she gripped him by the back-piece of his vest and tore away that piece from top to bottom.
Do lean an bhean ruadh go béal dorais tighe an lóistín sinn chun drom a bheiste thabhairt do’n bhfear liath, agus bhí luas anáile ar bheirt againn-ne d’iarraidh coimeád suas leis an sciúird siubhail a bhí fé ár nduine ag imeacht uaithe.	The red-haired woman followed us to the threshold of our lodgings to return the back-piece of his vest to the grey-haired man, and the two of us were short of breath trying to keep up with our friend’s wild rush as he fled from her.
Do chodluigheamair go maith an oidhche sin agus an uair a bhí solus an lae againn, agus ár gcuid bidh caithte, do bhuaileamair amach.	We slept well that night, and when we saw the light of day and had eaten something, we went out again.
Do bhí an fear liath gan aon bhest agus do cheannuigh sé bhest nua agus do cheannuigh drom nua do’n gceann stracaithe.	The grey-haired man had no vest, but he bought a new one, and a back-piece for the one that was torn.

Do bhí gach nduine ag ceannach rudaí suaithinseacha ar fuaid na Cathrach insa tslí nár thug aon duine de chriú an bháid leath-phingne go dtí an Blascaod d'fhiacha na mairciréal mbeag.	We all bought novelties all over the city so that not a man of the boat's crew brought back to the Blasket a ha'penny of the price of the small mackerel.
An uair a bhí ár ngiúirléidí go léir bailithe le chéile b'eo linn ag baint an bhaile amach.	When we had all our traps gathered together, off we went on the homeward way.
Nuair a bhuaileamair an baile b'éigean dúinn cur síos ar gach aon scéal dóibh; agus, mar is gnáth riamh, do bhí fear toirmisc 'nár measc agus níor mhór do scéal na bheiste tharrac anuas.	When we got home we had to tell everything, and, as always happens, there was a scandalmonger in our company, and he felt bound to bring up the tale of the vest.
Do chuir sé croiceann ar an scéal dóibh agus ní mór ná gur thairrig sé fuath idir an bhfear liath agus a bhean, agus ní slán a chuaidh an chuid eile againn ach oiread.	He improved the tale for them, and he came near to setting the grey-haired man and his wife by the ears; and the rest of us didn't get off with whole skins either.
Pé rud a bheadh ar earraí i nUibh Ráthach as súd amach ní raibh mór-fhonn ar mhná an oileáin go ceann i bhfad na fearaibh a leigeant ag díol aon ní ann.	Whatever price could be got for goods in Iveragh from that time on, the women of the Island were anything but keen to let their men go there to sell anything for some time to come.
Is mór an toirmeasc a dheineann cainnt dhíomaoin uaireannta.	Idle talk sometimes causes great scandal.
Tamall fada 'n-a dhiaidh sin iseadh thugamair an chéad turus eile go h-Uibh Ráthach.	It was not till long after that that we paid our next visit to Iveragh.
Oidhche stoirme tháinig agus maidean lár-na-mháireach do bhí ceann de sna báid mhóra fuadaithe chun siubhail.	A night of storm came, and the next morning one of the big boats had been swept away.
B'í bád a bhí imithe ná ár mbád-ne.	It was our boat that had gone.
B'eo liútar-éatar ar fuaid an bhaile.	There was a hue-and-cry all over the village.
Ba mhór an díobháil dúinn é mar ba bhád breagh nua fós í; agus am de gach bliain go mbíodh seilg mhaith againn 'á dhéanamh léi.	This was a heavy loss to us, for she was still a fine, new boat, and for some part of each year we used to make good catches in her.
Bhí sí imithe gan tuairisc uainn.	And now she was gone without a trace!
Lá de sna laethe do bhí mo thurus féin ar Dhaingean Uí Chúise.	One day I had gone into Dingle.
Lá Sathairn dob' eadh é.	It was a Saturday.

An uair sin bhíodh báid stróinséartha thar lear ag lorg mairciréal Bhealtaine ar fuaid an chósta so agus bhídís ar fad stadaithe insna cuanta ó Shatharn go Luan.	In those days foreign boats used to come overseas looking for May mackerel along these coasts, and their habit was to moor in the harbours from Saturday to Monday.
Do bhíodar i gcuan an Daingin an lá san.	They were in the Dingle harbour that day.
Ar dhul isteach i dtigh dom seadh chuala buachaill as ceann aca ’á rádh le fear an tighe go bhfuair bád aca, ar maidin an lae sin, bád breagh raice timcheall na Scealg agus gan maisle ná máchaill uirthi agus gur cuireadh isteach ar ché na Coise í i nDairbhre, fé chúram an tsagairt a bhí san oileán, chun í chur i dtreo an dreama gur leo í.	I went into a house, and there I heard a boy from one of these boats telling the man of the house that one of them had found a fine boat adrift that morning near the Skelligs completely undamaged, and that they had taken her in to the quay at Valencia and left her in charge of the priest of that island so that he could hand her over to her owners.
“B’fhéidir,” arsa fear an tsiopa liom-sa, “gurb’ í sin bhúr mbád-ne.”	‘Maybe it’s your boat,’ said the shopman to me.
“B’fhéidir é,” arsa mise leis.	‘Maybe,’ said I to him.
Thugamair comharthaí do’n bhfear óg agus thug sé sin comharthaí dhúinn ar an mbád, agus dheineamar amach gurbh í an “Collach Dubh” a bhí ann.	We described the boat to the youth, and he described it to us, and we made out that it really was the Black Boar.
Dubhart le fear an tighe an deoch dob’ fhearr a bhí istigh a chur amach go dtí an stróinséir fir a thug an scéal maith chugham.	I told the host to serve the best drink in the house to the foreigner who had brought me this good news.
Is amhlaidh a chuir an stróinséir scearta gáire as.	And the foreigner burst out laughing.
“Ní foláir nach é an fear go bhfuil a bháidín imithe leis an muir a thabharfadh deoch dúinn-ne go bhfuil ár mbád againn, agus rud tuillte againn tar éis na seachtaine.	‘Surely it isn’t the man who’s lost his little boat that ought to stand a drink to us who still have our boat and have done well this week!
Téigheadh an deoch so orm-sa,” ar seisean; agus ní bheadh sé sásta le n-a mhalairt.	That drink is on me,’ said he, and wouldn’t hear a word against it.
Nuair a bhuaileas amach do bhuail fear ó Dhúnchaoin liom agus a chapall gabhtha aige chun dul abhaile agus fuaireas marcaidheacht go Dúnchaoin uaidh, me féin agus na giúirléidí do bhí bailithe agam sa bhaile mór.	When I went out I met a man from Dunquin with his horse and cart ready to go home, and I got a lift from him for myself and all the stuff I’d collected in the town.

Ba mhaith uaidh sin agus ba mhór é mo bhuidheachas air.	That was a kindness on his part, and I was very grateful to him for it.
D’fhanas an oidhche sin ’n-a theannta i nDúnchaoin agus ar maidin an Domhnaigh bhí báid an oileáin amuich chun Aifrinn.	I stayed with him in Dunquin that night, and on Sunday morning the Island boats were out to Mass.
Mo dhoigh! nuair a chualadar go raibh an bád eile sábhálta ar an ngóilín thall i nDairbhre do bhí áthas agus iongantas ortha.	I tell you when they heard that the boat was safe and sound across in Valencia they were surprised and delighted.
Ar maidin Dé Luain do ghluaiseamair leis an mbád eile ó dheas hochtar againn innti chun go mbeadh ceathrar ins gach bád ag teacht.	On Monday morning we went south with the other boat, eight of us, so that both boats should have a crew of four on the return journey.
Ar shroichstint na h-áite theas dúinn do bhaineamair amach cé na Coise atá i nOileán Dairbhre agus do bhí an bád ann go slán romhainn.	When we got across we made our way to the quay in Valencia Island, and there the boat was perfectly sound.
Tháinig fear leis an Rí chughainn, duine de lucht faire an chuain, agus do chuir ceist orainn ar linn-ne í.	One of the King’s men came up to us, a coastguard, and put questions to us to find out if it was our boat.
Dubhramair leis gur linn agus d’fhiafruigheamair de an raibh sí réidh againn chun breith linn;	We said that it was, and asked him if she was ready for us to take away with us;
má bhí go mbuailfimís chughainn í ó bhí an tráthnóna breagh againn chun gabháil ó thuaidh;	if she was, we would take her at once, for the afternoon was fine for the passage north,
go raibh an chabhair lag againn chun an dá bhád mhóra a bhreith linn dá mbeadh aon ghairbhthean ar an bhfairrge ’ár gcoinne.	and, if the sea should be at all rough against us, we had not enough men to take the two big boats.
Dubhairt sé linn nach aige féin a bhí aon teideal ar an mbád ach go raibh ’á haodhaireacht;	He said that he had no right over the boat, but was only looking after her;
gurb é sagart paróiste an oileáin gur caitheadh suas air í, agus go gcaithfimís é sin ’fheiscint.	that she had been entrusted to the parish priest of the island and that we must see him.
Ní raibh an Sagart Paróiste sa bhaile chuige agus toisc gur mar sin do bhí an scéal b’éigean dúinn lóistín a thógaint i gCathair Saidhbhín an oidhche sin.	The parish priest wasn’t at home at all, and since this was the case, we had to take lodgings in Cahirsiveen that night.

An tigh céadna go rabhamair roimis sin ann do bhaineamair amach.	We found the house in which we had been before.
Do chuir beirt aosta an tighe fáilte rómhainn.	The old couple in the house made us welcome.
Barra na cluaise bhaint díom, ó lasadh soillse, nár mhór an tsráideóireacht a dheineamair insa Chathair an oidhche sin.	Believe me, or take the tip of the ear off me, that we didn’t go strolling much about the town after the lights were lit that night.
An uair fháisceamair suas sinn féin ar maidin is é an deoch an chéad rud a chuaidh ar ár gcroidhe;	When we had made ourselves ship-shape in the morning, a drink was the first thing to warm our hearts;
an biadh ’n-a dhiaidh agus sinn ag tógaint gach ní comh breagh, comh bog agus gur ag calath an Bhlascaeid a bheimís.	the next thing was a meal, and we took things as lightly and easily as though we were in the Blasket Harbour.
“Bhur n-anam agus bhur gcorp!” arsan captaen.	”Pon your souls and bodies!’ says the captain.
“A’ bhfuil aon imníomh oraibh ach mar sin?	‘Is it that you are without a care in the world on you?
Cathain a bheidh dhá stúmpa báid ar chalath an Oileáin agaibh?” Fear an toirmisc do fhreagair é gan amhras agus dubhairt:	When shall we have this old hulk of a boat in harbour in the Island?’ It was a mischief-maker, no doubt, who gave him his answer and said:
“Lá d’ár saoghal iseadh é agus ár lá deireannach insa Chathair seo b’fhéidir,” ar seisean.	‘This is one of the days of our life, and maybe the last day we shall spend in this town of Cahir.’
Do bhí an fhírinne aige mar nár chuaidh aenne d’á raibh ann an lá san ’on Chathair riamh ó shin.	
Nuair a thánamair go Dairbhre is amhlaidh a bhí an sagart ag feitheamh linn-ne i n-ionad sinn-ne bheith ag feitheamh leis an sagart.	When we came to Valencia the parish priest was waiting for us, instead of our having to wait for the priest.
Do bheannuigheamair d’á chéile agus cheistigh sé i dtaobh an bháid sinn agus annsan thug dúinn í le breith abhaile.	We greeted one another, and he questioned us about the boat, and then handed her over to us to take home.
Ní bheimís sásta gluaiseacht annsan gan tigh na dighe bhaint amach go n-ólfaimís deoch an dorais, ach b’shiúd é an deoch fada leadránach.	We couldn’t be satisfied then without finding a bar to drink deoch-a-dorish1 in, and that was a long and lagging drink.

Fear na gcros fé ndeara ar dtúis é ach thairrig fear eile deoch 'n-a dhiaidh, agus fear eile agus fear eile, agus sé a fhaid ar a ghiorracht é gur fhanamair ann go h-oidhche.	The mischief-maker was the first cause of it, but another man stood a drink after him, and then another and another, and, to make a long story short, we stayed there till night.
Do bhí Bágh an Daingin orainn a chur dínn agus sinn ró lag do'n dá bhád mhóra fé bhun córach do bheith againn agus ní raibh sí sin ann.	There was Dingle Bay to be crossed, and we were not strong enough for the two big boats unless we had a following wind, and that we hadn't got.
Fear a bhí ábalta ar a ghnó a dhéanamh agus beirt ná raibh.	For one that was in a condition to do his job, there were two that weren't.
Fé dheire do thoiligheamair fuireach go maidean agus tosach an lae a bheith againn, pé scéal é.	At last we agreed to wait till the morning and the early part of the day anyhow.
Thug fear an tighe slí dhúinn agus ba mhaith linn sinn.	The host made room for us, and that suited us well.
Do bhí Saoire le bheith lár-na-mháireach ann.	The next day was a feast day.
Timcheall a deich a chlog do bheadh an t-Aifreann ann agus do bheadh lá fada againn as san amach.	There would be Mass at ten o'clock, and we should have the long day before us after that.
Ar maidin an uair do chaitheamair biadh do bhuaileamair siar fé'n oileán mar is i lár Oileáin Dairbhre atá an séipéal.	In the morning when we had had some food we went back through the island, for the chapel is in the middle of Valencia Island.
Do bhíomair ann roim am agus sinn ag breithniú ar gach ní mar thárlaidh dúinn.	We got there early, taking notice of everything that came our way.
Talamh mór age cuid de sna daoine ann—sa chuid is fearr de'n Oileán, dar ndóigh.	Some of the people there have large holdings—in the best part of the island, you may be sure.
Stróinséirí dob' eadh iad san;	These are the foreigners.
cuid eile aca ar bheagán, agus é sin sa droch-áit.	The rest have little land, and that in the worst part.
Do shroicheamair an séipéal ar an gcuma so agus sinn ag ceistiú buachaill ó'n gCé do bhí i n-éineacht linn.	We got to the chapel like this, putting questions to a lad from the quay who was in our company.
Seana-shéipéal do bhí ann, cheithre binn air agus gan é árd ná mór.	It was an old chapel, with four gables, and not very high or big.
Dhá thigh tábhairne os a choinne amach.	Two public-houses faced it.

An uair a bhí an pobal cruinnithe bhíodar go néata ann agus cé gur oileán é ba dhóigh gur i gceart-lár na tíre a tógadh iad.	When the congregation was collected they were all very neatly dressed, and though it was an island you would have thought that they had been brought up in the centre of the country.
Maidir le h-éadach, go glan slachtmhar, do bhí sé ortha.	And as for clean, respectable clothes, those were the sort they wore.
Ar dhul isteach 'on tséipéal dúinn do bhí a lár folamh go dtí sna frathacha agus lochta ar an gcuid eile dhe i gcoinne gach binne ó'n dtaobh istigh.	When we went into the chapel, the central part of it was open up to the rafters, while the rest of it was covered with a loft on the inside of each gable.
Pé beag, mór de phaidreacha adubhart níor choimeád sé me gan mo shúil do bheith agam ar an bpobal agus ní raibh croiceann buidhe ná ceann dubh agam le feiscint insa phobal istigh ná amuich.	Whether I said few or many prayers, they didn't prevent me from casting an eye on the congregation, and I didn't see a swarthy skin or a black-haired head among them in the chapel or out.
Níor bhacamair le tighthe an tábhairne an uair a bhí an tAifreann ráidhte ach cur dínn aniar treasna an oileáin;	We gave the inns the go-by when Mass was over and started off back across the island;
mar do bhí súil againn le teacht abhaile cé go raibh an lá stracaithe láidir go maith insan am san.	for we meant to go home though the day was pretty rbugh and gusty by this.
Chuamair isteach i dtigh feirmeóra agus fuaireamair bainne le n-ól ann.	We went into a farmer's house and got some milk to drink there.
Dubhramair le n-a chéile annsan go mb'fhearra dhúinn dul go radharc na fairrge ó thuaidh agus súil-fhéachaint a thabhairt uirthi féachaint cad é an cló bhí uirthi nó an raibh sí ró mhaith dúinn chun rith treasna.	We said to one another then that we had best go where we could get a sight of the sea to the north, and we cast an eye over it to see what it was like, and whether it was too wild for us to make a course across.
Nuair a chuamair go barra maol-chnuic a bhí ann thángamair go dtí an coiréal mór slinne atá ar thaobh an chnuic ann.	When we went to the top of a round-topped hill there we came on the big slate quarry that is there on the flank of the hill.
Radharc mór dúinn-ne dob' eadh é sin.	It was a wonderful sight for us.
Ghluaiseamair linn anuas ó'n gcoiréal agus bhí radharc greanta le feiscint annsan againn ar áit an duine uasail, an Ridire Ciarraigheach.	Coming down from the quarry we had a fine view of the place of that nobleman, the Knight of Kerry.

Ridire Ghleanna Laoim a bhíodh go minic mar ainm air mar is insa Ghleann Laoim seo do bhí a chúirt agus a dheagh-bhaile.	He was often called the Knight of Glenleem, for his residence is here in Glenleem.
Ní raibh taithighe againn-ne ar áiteanna d'á saghas a dh'fheiscint agus cárbh' iongnadh dhúinn iongantas a dhéanamh de.	We had had no experience of places of this kind, and it is little wonder that we marvelled at it.
Do bhí i gcuan Dhairbhre insan am san de ló an radharc ar chrannaibh is mó do chonnacamair riamh.	At that time of day in Valencia Harbour there was the greatest sight of masts any of us had ever seen.
Is ar bhádaibh móra agus ar longaibh beaga do bhí na crainn seo go léir mar dob' fhada agus ba ghearra a bhí báid iascaigh tagaithe annsúd an bhliain sin ag marbhú mairciréal.	All these masts were on big ships or little vessels, for fishing boats had collected there from far and near that year after mackerel.
Do bhí airgead go leór 'á dhéanamh ann agus ní raibh an duine bocht féin gan púnt.	Plenty of money was being made, and the poor themselves didn't want for a pound.
Sé críoch agus deire an scéil é go raibh an lá nach mór meilte againn ag féachaint ar so súd san am gur bhaineamair amach cé na Coise.	The upshot was that, by the time we got to the quay, we had pretty well wasted the day looking at this and that.
Ní h-aon dochar a dhein san dúinn, áfach, mar do bhí an lá ag teacht anuas.	That did us no harm anyhow, for the day was settling.
Cé go raibh sé lán-sceabhach ar maidin ní raibh puth as an spéir san am so ann.	Though it had been very wild in the morning, there wasn't a breath of wind out of the sky by this time.
Do phreabamair go dtí sna báid de'n iarracht san agus do chuireamair ar snámh iad agus do bhailigheamair na giúirléidí a bhain leo isteach ionnta.	We ran down to the boats so and set them afloat and gathered all the traps that belonged to them into them.
Sin é an uair a labhair fear na gcros, a bhíodh 'n-ár dtreo do shíor, agus dubhairt nár mhór do dhaoine bochta gan aon tart a bheith ortha ag tabhairt fé'n mbágh ó thuaidh.	At that moment the mischief-maker, who was always in our company, spoke and said that poor men ought to quench their thirst before venturing into the bay to the north.
Do fhreagair fear eile agus adubhairt go mb'fhéidir ná raibh puinn isna pócaí age sna fearaibh.	Another man answered and said that maybe the crew hadn't much money in their pockets.
"Ní foláir nó is olc an póca ná beadh faic ann," arsa fear so an toirmisc.	'Sure it's a poor pocket that hasn't anything in it,' says the mischief-maker.

“Tabharfad féin deoch díbh,” ar seisean.	‘I’ll stand you a drink myself,’ says he.
Ní raibh aon ní eile le déanamh ach dul leis.	There was nothing else to be done but to go with him.
Chuathas.	We went.
Ghlaoidh sé ar ghalún de’n lionn dubh.	He called for a gallon of porter.
Ar amharc timcheall d’fhear na dighe do tharrac do bhí fear de’n hochtar ná raibh istigh agus do chuir fear amach féachaint cá raibh sé.	When the man who was standing the drinks looked round, there was one of the eight who wasn’t in the house, and he sent a man to find out where he was.
I gceann de sna báid le h-ais an ché bhí sé.	He was in one of the boats lying by the quay.
Toisc ná raibh aon scilling aige féin bhí scáinteacht air teacht sa chuideachtain agus chuaidh sé dian a dhóthain ar an dteachtaire é thabhairt leis.	As he hadn’t got a shilling of his own, he was shy of going with the company, and the messenger was hard put to it to fetch him along.
Sa deire ní raibh aon tart ar aenne agus do ghluaiseamair chun an bháid.	At last all our thirst was quenched, and we started for the boat.
D’fhágamair slán agus beannacht age cé na Coise an tráthnóna aoibhinn caithiseach Saoire sin.	We said farewell, with a blessing, to those who were on the quay that fair and lovely evening of holyday.
Thugamair deire na mbád do thír agus a dtosach do mhuir, fé mar dheineadh na laocha groidhe fad’ ó, agus bhuaileamair an góilín amach.	We set the boats’ sterns to land and their prows to sea, as the mighty heroes used to do in the old days, and started out through the channel.
Do bhí an solus lasta i dtigh an tsoluis agus sinn ag fágaint an chuain.	The lamp was just lighted in the lighthouse as we were leaving the harbour.
B’eo leis an dá bhád againn le chéile nó gur bhaineamair calath an Oileáin Tiar amach.	Off went our two boats racing together till we reached the landing-place in the Western Island, as we call the Blasket.
Toisc go raibh an oidhche gearra agus í breagh agus gan deabhadh ná deithneas orainn do bhí an lá ann san am go raibh na tighthe sroichte againn.	As the night was short and fine, and we were in no haste or hurry, it was day by the time we got to our houses. 1 Stirrup-cup.
XVIII — DEIRE LE BÁID AGUS LE hATH-MHÁIGHISTRÍ.	18 — An End to Boats and Middlemen.

Na báid sa Daingean againn, gabháil déanta ortha i ngeall ar chíos, iad do lobhadh i ngabhainn gan fuascailt, púnt an bhó mar chíos feasta, an pháirc gharbh, m’athair agus mo mháthair caillte.	OUR BOATS IN DINGLE SEIZED FOR RENT · THEY ROT AS UNREDEEMED PLEDGES · A POUND A COW AS RENT FOR THE FUTURE · THE ROUGH FIELD · DEATH OF MY FATHER AND MOTHER
Timcheall trí bliana tar éis na mbád a thabhairt ó Dhairbhre thugamair linn go Daingean Uí Chúise iad araon lán de gach sórt do bhí againn chun an phúint a dhéanamh—olann, muca, caoirigh, iasc, ⁊rl.	About three years after the boats had been brought from Valencia we took them both with us to Dingle, full of everything likely to bring in money—wool, pigs, sheep, fish, and so on.
Do bhí a lán bailithe isteach ionnta, sé feara déag ’á leanúint, cóir bhinn againn thríd an mbágh soir nó gur shroicheamair cé agus calath an Daingin.	They had a big cargo, and sixteen men to work them. We had a fine following wind east through the bay till we reached the quay and the landing-place in Dingle.
Do cuireadh na báid ar sábháil agus do díoladh gach ní do bhí aca agus do bhí an oidhche le caitheamh insa bhaile mhór againn.	The boats were put in safety, the crew sold all their goods, and then there was the night to spend in the town.
Má bhí oidhche shúgach againn an oidhche sin do bhí eadartha brónach lár-na-mháireach againn;	If that was a merry night for us, it was followed by a sorrowful noon on the morrow,
mar, ar dhul go dtí sna báid dúinn, do bhí fearaibh d’ár malairt ceangailte asta ná leigfeadh dúinn baint leo— póilíní do fuair teideal gan na báid a leigeant linn.	for, when we went to the boats there were strangers in charge of them who wouldn’t let us touch them—police who had authority to keep them from us.
Órdú ó’n lucht cíosa dob’ eadh é agus ó’n uair ná raibh an cíos againn d’á dhíol ar aon chuma eile gur beag an baoghal ná go mbeadh sé díolta ar an láthair, dar ndóigh, toisc ár mbáid is ár mbóthar do bheith stopaithe orainn, agus ár slí bheathadh.	They had orders from the rent collectors, and, as we were not paying the rent in any other way, there was little fear that it would be paid now when we were cut off from our boats, our road through the sea, and our livelihood.
Ní raibh aon tseodh insa Daingean ach muinntir an Bhlascaeid a bheith teanntaithe insa bhaile mór.	It was the talk of all Dingle—the Blasket Islanders imprisoned in the town.
Tháinig mór-chuid ó’n dtuaith fé dhéin an iongantais agus breac-chara agus beagán airgid ’n-a phóca aige chun lámhaidheacht do thabhairt le h-iad d’fhuascailt.	A number of people came from the countryside to see the wonder, and a friend or two with a trifle of money in his pocket to help us to redeem the boats.

Do bhí cíos an oileáin go léir le díol as na báid sara mbeadh aon dul ar iad d’fhuascailt, siúd is go raibh cuid mhaith san Oileán ná raibh aon bhaint leis na báid aca.	The whole rent of the Island was demanded before there was any chance of freeing the boats, though there were many in the Island who had nothing to do with them.
Tháinig beirt ó’n dtuaith chugham féin ag tarrac airgid dom chun mo chion de sna báid d’fhuascailt ach do ghabhas buidheachas leo agus níor ghlacas é mar nár bhraitheas aon intinn aca ar iad d’fhuascailt fós, pé scéal é.	Two friends of mine from the country came to me offering money to redeem my share in the boats, but I refused it with thanks, for I saw no sign that they intended to let them go yet anyhow.
Do bhíomair síos, suas ins na sráideanna agus breac-shiopadóir maith ag tarrac airgid dúinn má bhíomair chun díol asta;	We wandered up and down the streets, and a kind shopman here and there offered us money if we intended to redeem the boats;
ach níor ghlac aon duine againn é.	but none of us would take it:
Dubhramair dá mbeadh an fhuascailt ar siubhal go dtiocfaimís fé n-a ndéin arís;	we said that if there was any idea of redeeming them, we would come back to them.
agus do bhí oidhche eile i nDaingean Uí Chúise againn.	And we spent another night in Dingle.
Ar maidin lár-na-mháireach do bhí sí go dubhach brónach againn gan bogadh ná sádh ar ár gceasnaí ach oiread leis an lá roimis sin.	Next morning we were in gloom and misery, without any change or advance in our troubles any more than the day before.
Do chaitheamair go meán lae ann.	We stayed there till midday.
Annsan do bhí deire na foidhne caithte agus do ghluais an sé feara déag againn amach as an mbaile mór le corp feirge ag fógairt a raibh de sna h-ath-mháighistrí agus de thighearnaí ins na diabhlaibh dubha.	Then we were at the end of our patience, and the sixteen of us set out from the town, breathing rage and consigning all the middlemen and landlords to the black devils.
Do shroicheamair Dúnchaoin, cuid againn a fuair marcaidheacht agus an chuid ba mhó ’á shiubhal.	We reached Dunquin, some of us getting lifts, but most of us going on foot.
Do bhí orainn capall d’fhagháil chun pé earraí bhí ceannaithe againn a thabhairt aníos.	We had to hire a cart to carry back whatever goods we had bought.
Do bhí beagán airgid caithte leis an dturus againn ach b’éigean dúinn leór do ghabháil leis agus bheith ag leanúint d’ár dtreoir nó gur bhaineamair amach an tír fhágamair.	We had spent a little money on our journey, but we were forced to put up with it and keep on until we returned to the place we had left.

Do bhíomair gan aon bhád mór annsan; ná ó shin, go dtí an lá atá indiu ann, ach naomhóga amháin.	We were left with no big boats then, and ever since until to-day, only canoes.
Do chuaidh lucht an chíosa le buile mar, tar éis na mbád do reic dóibh, ní raibh fear a gceannaithe le fagháil a thabharfadh púnt ortha araon agus dob' éigean dóibh iad a chur isteach i ngort nó gur ith na míola críona iad, gan réal ná pinginn ó shin d'á mbarr.	The rent collectors were beside themselves, for, when the boats had been put up for sale, they couldn't find a purchaser to pay a pound for the lot, and they had to put them into a field till the moths ate them, and they never got sixpence or a penny for them.
Do bhris san misneach na mbáilí agus na mbailitheórí riamh ó shin i dtaobh an Oileáin.	That broke the courage of the bailiffs and the rent collectors from that time on, as far as the Island went.
De dheascaibh nár shroich aon ní as na báid an uair sin iad do chuaidh an scéal i bhfad sara raibh aon chíos 'á éileamh chuige orainn;	Since they didn't get a thing out of the boats that time, it was long before any rent at all was demanded of us;
gurbh é críoch agus deire na mbeart é gurbh' fhuirist é chóimhreamh gach ar dhíolamair de chíos riamh ó shin.	and the upshot of the whole affair was that you wouldn't find it hard to reckon up all the rent we've paid from that day.
Dob' éigean dúinn cur ar na naomhóga annsan agus gach a raibh 'ár gcumas de sheilg fairrge do bhaint asta de ló agus d'oidhche, gleamaigh sa ló ó Bhealtaine go Lughnasa, agus mairciréil san oidhche—gach oidhche do bheadh breagh agus an t-iasc ann.	We had to take to the canoes then and do our best to fish the sea with them by day and night—lobsters by day from Mayday to August, and mackerel by night, every night that came fine when the fish were there.
Chaitheamair beagán blianta mar sin agus stróinséir sa mbreis ag teacht ag lorg an éisc gach bliain nó go raibh chúig chúmplacht insa deire ag lorg, agus glaodhach ar na mairciréil comh maith;	We spent a few years like this, with more strangers coming for the fish every year till there were five companies at last after them, and there was a demand for the mackerel, too.
agus má bhíodh brácadh agus mór-obair féin chun teacht suas leis an sórt so seilge ní raibh ganntar ná gorta ag baint leis an méid do bhí ceangailte insa chéird.	So, if it was a cruel and toilsome job to come by catches of this kind, those who were taken up with this business never knew privation or hunger.
Dá mbeimís comh ceanúil ar an bpúnt an uair úd agus táimíd le blianta anuas ní bheadh an dealbhas beirthe comh luath san orainn im' thuairim.	If we had been as careful of the pounds in those days as we have been for some years past, it is my belief that poverty wouldn't have come upon us so soon.

Níorbh’ fhada ’n-a dhiaidh sin gur athruigh an saoghal agus níorbh’ ar aon chuma amháin é.	Soon after this there came a change in the world, and not in one way only.
Dob’ éigean do’n ath-mháighistir an talamh a thabhairt suas agus tamall ’n-a dhiaidh sin do ghluais fear go dtí an Blascaod agus fear ó’n Iarla féin dob’ eadh é.	The middleman had to give up the land, and shortly after a man came to the Blasket sent by the Earl of Cork himself.
Do bhí dhá phúnt ar an mboin san am úd, sé sin cheithre fichid púnt, ar an oileán ar fad, cíosa agus do chruinnigh an fear so na h-oileánaigh le chéile chun a thuiscint eatartha féin cad ba dhóigh leo bheadh ’n-a gcumas a dhíol as agus gurbh’ é sin bun a ghnótha féin go dtí iad.	At that time the rent was at the rate of two pounds per cow—that is, eighty pounds on the whole Island—and this man summoned the Islanders together to come to some sort of agreement as to how much they thought they could possibly pay—that was the sum of his business with them.
Tar éis tamall maith a thabhairt ag machtnamh dóibh do labhair réic aca insa deire agus dubhairt:	After they had spent some time thinking it over, a rake there spoke at last and said:
“M’anam ó’n ndiabhal má b’fhiú liom ramhan do chur i dtalamh ann maran mbeadh púnt a’ bhó ’á leanúint!”	‘My soul from the devil! if I’d consider it worth my while to put a spade in earth unless I paid at the rate of a pound a cow for it!’
Maran raibh gáirí ar siubhal fé ghlór na réice ní lá fós é, fiú amháin an duine uasal féin.	If there wasn’t laughter over the rascal’s speech, it isn’t day yet; even the gentleman laughed.
Do tuigeadh do’n réic bhocht go mbeadh sé i bhFlaithis Dé dá mbeadh a chuid talmhan ar an bpúnt aige agus go raibh chúig phúint an bhó age n-’athair roimis ’á dhíol;	They understood the poor fellow to mean that he would feel himself in God’s Heaven if he held his piece of land at the pound rate, considering that his father before him paid five pounds a cow,
agus gur minic gurbh’ éigean dóibh cuid ba mhó ná na chúig phúint a dhíol, mar thugadh na cuirbthigh gach lá an stoc leo ó pé duine go mbeadh sé le fagháil aige toisc go mbídís siúd beag beann ar an ndlí féin, an uair úd, agus daoine bochta dalla ag pléidhe leo.	and often enough they had to pay more even than the five pounds, for the scoundrels used to be confiscating cattle every day from anybody who had them, for in those days they didn’t give a rush for the law itself, and the poor had no means of taking up a case against them.
Pé rud do lean an talamh ’n-a dhiaidh súd bhí compórd éigin sa scéal.	Whatever rent there was on the land after this, there was some improvement.
Do bhí deire le báilí agus le hain-dlí as san amach.	We were done with bailiffs and injustice from that out.

Gach uair do bheadh do chíos díolta ní bheadh aon éileamh thar n-ais air nó go mbeadh an t-am ceart arís ann.	When once your rent was paid, no second demand could be made for it until the right time came round again.
Do chaitheamair sealad maith ag cur dínn mar sin agus na h-oileánaigh lán tsásta leis an dlí do bhí ar siubhal, cé go raibh breac-phiac ’á thabhairt fé’n réic a cheap an púnt an bhó air, mar dar leo go mbeadh sé le fagháil ar deich scillinge comh maith.	We passed the time like that for a good space, and the Islanders were well satisfied with the arrangement, though the rascal who suggested the rent of a pound a cow got a jab or two now and again, as they thought that they could have got it for ten shillings just as well.
Pé scéal é níor bhraitheadar cad a bhí ar aon rud san am san de’n tsaoghal an fhaid is do bhí deich scillinge ar dhosaon gliomach agus púnt ar chéad mairciréal;	However, they never felt the price of anything at that time, so long as a dozen lobsters fetched ten shillings, and a hundred of mackerel a pound;
iad san le fagháil go h-iomadúil agus glaodhach maith ortha.	there was a plentiful supply and a constant demand.
Is cuimhin liom bád umair ó Shasanna a theacht turus agus trí chéad púnt d’ór bhuidhe ar bórd aige agus thug scilling ar gach breac an lá san agus níor sheasaimh na trí chéad chun díol as an iasc.	I remember a tank boat coming from England with three hundred pounds of yellow gold on board, paying a shilling a fish that day—and the three hundred pounds wasn’t enough to pay for the fish.
Deir na daoine go mbíonn an roth ag casadh do shíor agus is fíor an port é mar is mó casadh déanta aici, insa pháirt seo de’n tsaoghal, go bhfuilim-se gabhtha tríd;	People say that the wheel is always turning, and that’s a true saying, for in the part of the world that I have known it has turned many times;
agus má bhí crothadh beag ar an saoghal timcheall na mBlascaod an tamall úd, agus gur thug Dia an sórt san rachmais dúinn, is dóigh liom nár fhéachamair go ceart chuige mar gach ní a shroichimíd bog is go bog a leigimíd uainn é.	and if the world improved a bit round the Blaskets at that time, and God gave us that much good fortune, I fancy we didn’t take the care we should have done of it, for ‘easy come, easy go’ is always the way.
Ar mhachtnamh dom sa mbliain áirithe seo, 1888, do bhí páirc bheag de thalamh gharbh ar uachtar na talmhan agam agus do dheineas beartú ar í bhriseadh amach mar do bhí sí ró-sheannda agus í neamh-thairbheach mar bhí sí agus as an bhfuadar a bhí fúm do chuireas romham a leath a bhriseadh insa mbliain sin agus an leath eile an bhliain do bhí chugham.	Looking round me in this year (1888) I found I had a little field of rough land in the upper part of my holding, and I determined to break it up, for it was very old land and useless as it was, and in my enthusiasm I purposed to break in half of it that year and the other half the year after.

Is minic do deineadh machtnamh ná raibh ar fónamh do dhuine, cé go mbíonn, uaireannta eile, nach mar sin a bhíonn.	Often a man has made an unprofitable plan, though at other times it doesn't turn out like that.
Ní raibh an machtnamh so do dheineas-sa le moladh mar ba mhór an brácadh do lean me agus ba bheag é toradh mo shaothair.	This plan of mine wasn't worth much, for it resulted in a great deal of labour for me, and I gained little from all my work.
Dob' éigean dom m'aghaidh a thabhairt fé'n dtráigh chun leasú a thabhairt liom, sean-asal dubh agam agus gach ualach ar an bhfear bocht míle go leith de shlí agus gach coiscéim do shíor i gcoinnibh an chnuic.	I must set my face to the strand to get weed for manure; I had an old black ass, and he had to travel a mile and a half under every load, every step of it uphill.
Seadh, is minic a thairrig duine gnó air féin agus nárbh' fhada do bheadh sé idir lámha aige san am go mbeadh sé dóthanach de agus go fíor dob shin ionbhadh agam-sa é.	Well, often has a man taken on a job, and before he'd had it long in hand he's found that he's had enough of it, and certainly that was the way with me.
Níor ró fhada go rabhas cortha dem' ghnó; go mór mór, mar go raibh an sean-asal dubh ag teip orm.	Very soon I was sick of it, more particularly as the old black ass was letting me down.
Fé dheire do chuireas leath an ghuirt bhig fé phrátaí.	In the end I set half of the little field with potatoes.
Agus i n-am a gcurtha bhí m'athair go feirmeálta agus é i n-aois a dheich mbliana agus trí fichid ach go raibh sé beagán cromtha.	When I was planting them my father was in good trim; he was seventy years of age, and all that was wrong with him was that he was a bit bent.
Pé scéal é thugadh sé turus go dtí an gort so gach lá, cé gur ag dul chun meathteacht agus chun moille bhí sé gach lá.	However, he used to pay a visit to this field every day, though he was getting weaker and slower every day.
Ní ró fhada go raibh sé ag tabhairt suas gan dul 'on ghort chuige cé go raibh fonn mór ar dtúis air.	Before long he began to give up his visits to the field altogether, though he was keen enough about it at first.
Ceann de sna laetheannta, an uair do cheapas gur sa ghort do bhí sé, ar chur mo chinn amach dom ní raibh pioc de le feiscint innti agus dob' ait liom san.	One day, when I imagined he was in the field, I looked out and I couldn't see a sign of him there, and that struck me as odd.
Do chuireas ceist ar gharsún do ghaibh thar brághaid 'n-a thaobh agus dubhairt seisean liom go raibh sé i dtigh Cháit, dob' 'in inghean do; agus is ann do bhí sé go cruinn romham-sa.	I asked a lad who was going by for news of him, and he said that he was in the house of Kate, his daughter, and sure enough there I found him.

“A athair,” arsa mise leis, “nár cheapas gur sa pháirc bhig do bhís ó chaithis biadh ar maidin.”	‘Father,’ I said to him, ‘wasn’t I thinking that it was in the little field you were since you had your morning meal?’
“Níl aon fhonn orm ann,” ar seisean.	‘I don’t hanker after it much,’ said he.
“Ach do bhí fonn mór ar dtúis ort.”	‘But you had a great fancy for it at first.’
“Do bhí ach níl anois. Ní fheicfead-sa aon phráta fásta insa pháirc sin.”	‘I had, but I don’t feel like that now. I shan’t see a potato come up in that field.’
Is mó rud ná cuireann duine suim ann nó go mbíonn sé déanach;	There are many things we don’t heed until it’s too late.
agus tar éis dom athair a bheith curtha i dtalamh iseadh do bhí an léan orainn nár chuir ceist air, an b’amhlaidh a chonnaic sé nó a chualaidh sé aon rud timcheall uirthi ar a thurus do innti.	And after my father was buried I regretted that I hadn’t questioned him and asked him whether he had seen or heard anything in the field when he visited it.
Gan dabhat do thuit ní éigin aca amach air tráth is gur chuir sé dát a shaoghail leis féin.	No doubt, something of the kind happened to him, considering that he dated his life’s end so accurately.
Do bhí m’athair san uaigh sara raibh na prátaí ar barra.	My father was in the grave before the potatoes showed above the ground.
D’fhág san a thuille de bhrácadh an tsaoghail ar Thomás bocht agus níorbh’ é deire an bhráctha agam é ach oiread.	That left more of the world’s trouble on poor Tomás; and that wasn’t the end of my troubles either.
Timcheall na Bealtaine do bhí mairciréil le fagháil sa mbliain sin agus deineadh pingní maithe dhíobh.	Round about Mayday there were mackerel to be caught that year, and we made a good penny out of them.
Do bhí cúig phúint spártha agam tar éis aon tseachtain amháin.	I had five pounds put by at the end of a single week.
D’éag m’athair annsan agus b’éigean dom breith ar mo chúig phúint spártha agus comhra do chur air leis.	Then my father died, and I had to take my five pounds and coffin him with them.
Ní raibh comhra comh daor an uair úd agus tá sí fé láthair.	Coffins weren’t as dear in those days as they are to-day.
Timcheall deich púint dob’ eadh an tórramh ar fad an uair úd.	The whole funeral cost about ten pounds then.
Deich púint fhichead go minic ó shin.	It has often cost thirty pounds since then.

Tar éis an méid sin do bheith tharm dob’ éigean dom breis oibre bhaint as na cnámha agus tar éis m’annróidh ar shaothar na páirce bige ní raibh lán dhá phaca ar fad innti ach gur bhaineas trí bharra coirce dhi agus dob’ é an barra déanach an ceann dob fhearr aca.	After I had gone through all this I had to wring more work out of my bones, and after all my toil working the little field there weren’t two sackfuls of potatoes in it; only I got three crops of oats from it and the last crop was the best of them.
Thugas fé’n dtaobh eile de’n bpáirc bhig an ath-bhliain agus ba mhó go mór an toradh do bhí agam ar an dtaobh san ná as an chéad leath a dheineas a bhriseadh dhi, mar do bhí breis cur amach agam ar cad é an sórt mianaigh a bhí innti agus do dheineas riarú ar an leasú do’n réir sin.	I set about the other side of the little field the next year, and I made a great deal more profit out of this half than out of the other that I had broken up first, for I had more experience of the nature of the soil, and I arranged my manuring to suit it.
Do bhí deich paca insa leath so agus coirce ar feadh trí mblian, mar d’fhéachas chuige breis de dheascaibh mo shúile do bheith oscailte ó’n dtaobh eile.	There were ten sacks in this half of the field, and oats, too, for three years, for I paid more attention to it, as my eyes had been opened by my experience of the other half.
Rud eile do bhí insa scéal, is mó duine comharsan a thug a bheannacht dom mar do shíninn mo lámh go minic chúcha i n-easnamh síl.	Another thing, too, many a neighbour soul gave me his blessing, for I often reached my hand out to them when they wanted seed.
Achar gearra ’n-a dhiaidh sin do chrom mo mháthair ar bheith ag ceiliúradh chun an tsaoghail seo d’fhágaint agus í insan am san a dó agus cheithre fichid de bhlianta.	A short while after this my mother began to fail and to bid this world farewell, being eighty-two years old now.
Ní raibh crampa i gcois ná i láimh léi san aois sin agus í comh deagh-sheasaimh agus bhíodh sí i laetheanntaibh a h-óige.	She had no cramp in hand or foot at that age, and she stood as straight as ever she did in the days of her youth.
Ní raibh sí i bhfad ar seachrán ar a bheith breóite dhi agus níorbh’ fhearra dhi ar domhan é, is dócha;	She was not ill long once she had been taken sick, and maybe it was as well for her to be done with the world then;
agus ní raibh comhthrom agam-sa ar aire thabhairt di an uair úd le greithleán an tsaoghail.	and I had small chance to look after her then, the affairs of the world were so thick upon me.

Ceann de sna h-oidhcheannta bhí sí an-olc, agus me chun fanúint suas léi, cé bhuailfeadh chugham isteach ná m'úncail Diarmaid agus dubhairt láithreach le gach nduine dul a chodla agus gurbh' é féin an fear a thabharfadh aire do'n mnaoi bhreóite go maidean.	One night she was very bad and I had decided to stay up with her, when who should come in to me but uncle Diarmid, and he told us all to go to bed at once; he it was who would tend on the sick woman till morning.
Sara raibh breacadh an lae ann do bhí glaoidhte aige "go raibh sí seo ar a' dtaobh thall."	Before the dawn came he called out: 'She's in the next world.'
Do dheineas-sa me féin a ghléasadh agus m'aghaidh a thabhairt ar Dhaingean Uí Chúise d'iarraidh gléas tórraimh.	I set about getting myself ready to face for Dingle to get the furnishings for the funeral.
D'fhan an aimsir go breagh nó gur shroich mo mháthair a teampall dúthchais i bhFionntráigh—bóthar fada ó'n mBlascaod mór, idir fhairrge agus thalamh,	The weather stayed fine till my mother reached her family churchyard in Ventry—a long journey by sea and land from the Blasket,
agus cé go raibh sochraid mhaith ann, cartacha agus capaill cuid mhaith, is ar ghuaille daoine a chuaidh sí go dtí an roilig.	and, although there was a fine following of many horse-drawn cars, it was on men's shoulders that she went to her grave.
Sin críoch leis an mbeirt do chuir sioladh na teangan so im' chluasa an chéad lá.	So ended the two who put the sound of the Gaelic language in my ears the first day.
Beannacht Dé le n-a n-anam.	The blessing of God be with their souls!
XIX — AN NAOMHÓG BHEAG.	19 — The Little Canoe.
Mo dhritheáir thar n-ais ó Mheirice, iascach ghliomach, long na n-uaisle, an buidéal láidir, gleamaigh istoidhche, "An tSeamróg," na róinte sa chloich, na cláracha raice.	MY BROTHER BACK FROM AMERICA · FISHING FOR LOBSTERS · THE SHIP WITH THE GENTLEFOLK · THE STRONG DRINK · LOBSTERS AT NIGHT · 'THE SHAMROCK' · THE SEALS ON THE ROCK · THE DRIFTING BEAMS
Tamall 'n-a dhiaidh sin do ghluais mo dhritheáir Paidí anall ó Mheirice chugham.	A while after this my brother Pats came over from America to me.
Do bhí iongantas mór orm é theacht anall an tarna h-uair, mar do bhí an bheirt mhac do bhí aige mór groidhe an uair sin;	I was amazed at his coming over this second time, for his two sons were grown up by this;
agus dar liom go rabhadar ar muin na muice agus a bheith thall ann.	and I fancied they were on the pig's back since they were on the other side.

Ar fheiscint mo dhritheár dom tar éis teacht do ní raibh aon imeacht fé, pé duine chaithfeadh tuairim leis, ná gur ’sna coillte chaith sé a chuid blianta thall.	When I saw my brother after his return, anybody would have conjectured from his ways that it was in the woods he had spent his time in America.
Ní raibh éadach air, ní raibh cló ar a phearsain féin, ní raibh pinginn rua ’n-a phóca,	He was hardly clothed; he had an ill appearance; there wasn’t a red farthing in his pocket;
agus is beirt dreiféar do do bhí thall do chuir anall é ar a gcostas féin.	and two of his friends in America paid for his passage across with their own money.
Cé nár thug sé aon lá amháin díomhaoin de sna blianta fada do chaith sé leis an mbeirt mhac gach pinginn d’á tháille;	Though he hadn’t had a day out of work all those long years he had spent every penny of his pay on his two sons;
agus ní leigfeadh sé ag obair iad;	he wouldn’t let them go to work,
agus aon réal a bhíodh spártha tar éis an chostais a leanadh an triúr aca a ghlanadh, bhí nós aige dul go tigh an tábhairne agus an chuid sin d’ól; agus is dócha gurbh’ é an chaol-chuid do bhiodh aige le n-ól.	and any sixpence that was left over when he had paid the expenses of the three of them, it was his way to go to a bar and drink it up—and I fancy that it was little enough that he had to drink with.
Nílim-se chun dul chun faid slí le n-a dtuairisc sa scríbhinn seo ach gnó glan a dhéanamh díobh, agus conus mar thárlaidh dóibh,	I don’t mean to spend much of my story talking about them, but will make a clean sweep of them and their fortunes:
agus conus mar a dheineadar do’n athair do thuit leis na blianta fada leo ag sileadh alluis i Stáit Mheirice d’iarraidh fearaibh a dhéanamh díobh, agus gur dhein.	how they dealt with the father who had worked for them all those years, spending his sweat in the States of America trying to make men of them, to bring them up to man’s years—and succeeding.
Sé críoch agus deire na mbeart é nár chuir aenne de’n mbeirt a thuairisc riamh ó shin.	The sum of the whole matter is that not a one of those two has ever asked after him since.
Do bhí aithne mhaith ar mheon agus ar shlí mo dhritheár agam-sa roim ré ach má bhí féin cad a bhí agam le déanamh?	I knew my brother’s mind and manners well enough beforehand, and though that was so, what was I to do?
Ní h-amhlaidh a chuirfinn amach an t-aon dritheáir do bhí agam tar éis teacht ó Mheirice dho.	I couldn’t send the only brother I had adrift after he had come back from America.

Ba dhícheall do a bheith ciallmhar a dhóthain; agus mara mbeadh san do bheith ag baint leis ní bheadh sé i lúib aenne mar dob' é an fear oibre é dob' fhearr a bhí le fagháil i n-aon áit gur ghaibh sé.	The fact is it was as much as he could do to keep in his right wits, and, if it hadn't been so, he wouldn't have had to depend on anybody, for he was the best worker to be found wherever he went.
Ach cá bhfuil an saoi gan a locht féin?	But where will you find a wise man without his weak side?
Seadh, le linn na h-aimsire sin do bhí sealgaireacht dheas le fagháil timcheall na mBlascaod ar mhairciréil agus gleamaigh agus bhí árd-ghlaodhach ortha agus an uair do chonnac féin go raibh Paidí chun luighe liom do cheapas gurbh' fhearr seift éigin a chur ar bun go ndéanfadh sé tairbhe éigin.	Well, just at this time there was fine fishing to be had round the Blaskets—mackerel and lobsters—and a great demand for them, and when I saw that Paddy was minded to help me, I thought the best thing I could do was to invent some way to put him to use.
Sé rud a chuireas ar bun chuige sin ná, seana-naomhóg do bhí agam, teacht agus smut a bhaint di agus í dhéanamh éascaidh do bheirt le cur síos, suas, mar do bhíodh furmhór na naomhóg ar bheirt san am san ag iascach gliomach i rith an tsaosúir.	The plan I fixed on was to take an old canoe that I had and cut it down so that it would be easy for two to carry it up and down, for most of the canoes at that time had only a crew of two for the lobster fishing in the season.
Do bhíodh fiche pota againn sa naomhóig bhig agus ba dheas led' chroidhe bheith ag féachaint orainn ag comhrac na mara léi agus mise 'á rádh leat go raibh seilg againn 'á dhéanamh, cé ná rabhamair ag dul i bhfad ó'n dtigh.	We used to have a score of pots in the little canoe, and it would have delighted your heart to watch us fighting the sea with her, and I tell you that we did well at the fishing, though we never went far from home.
Timcheall Bheiginis do bhíodh gnáth againn 'á dhéanamh, agus ar an slí sin dheinimís freastal ag an dtigh ar thrí bhéilí an lae.	We used to work round Beginish, and so we managed to get home for the three meals of the day.
Do bhíodh naomhóga eile agus aistear fada ortha ag dul comh fada ó bhaile leis an dTiaracht, Inis Tuaisceart, Inis na Bró agus Inis Mhicileáin—na Blascaeid bheaga.	Others of the canoes used to go far afield, as far away as the Teeraght, Inishtooshkert, Inish na Bró, and Inishvickillaun— all the Lesser Blaskets.
An dream a théigheadh i n-aistear mar sin do bhíodh ortha lón do bhreith leo gach lá agus fanúint amuich ó dhubh, dubh agus suaidhte go leór do bhídís i ndeire an lae.	The crews that went far afield like this had to take provisions with them every day and stay out from the dark of morning till the dark of night, and they were pretty tired by the day's end.

Do bhí iomadúlacht ar na gleamaigh ins na h-oileáin sin ná raibh sa chomhgar, gan amhras, cé go dtagadh fear an chomhgair suas leo, mar go mbíodh breis chor bainte as na potaí aige.	No doubt the lobsters were far more plentiful in those islands than near home, though the home-worker drew level with them, for he visited his pots more often.
Is mó luach púint a dhíolamair leis na h-árthaighe do ghaibheadh ó thuaidh agus adtuaidh trí Bhealach an Bhlascaeid Mhóir.	We sold many a pound’s worth to the vessels that plied north and south through the Sound of the Great Blasket.
Do bhíodh a seolta bogóideacha báin-chneasacha anáirde aca agus uaireannta ní bhíodh puth gaoithe as an spéir ann.	They would have their ‘speckled snowy sails’ set, and often there wasn’t a breath of wind out of the sky.
Is minic a chaitheamair ár ndinnéar ionnta agus do bhronnaimís portáin agus éisceanna eile ortha.	We often had our dinner on board, and we used to give them crabs and other small fish:
Do bhíodh tobac agus neithe eile, leis, againn uatha, agus gloine uisce beathadh agam-sa. Ní bhlaiseadh Paidí aon deóir ó fhág sé Meirice mar do bhí ciall cheannaigh fachta aige.	they would give us tobacco and other things, and a glass of whisky for me—Pats never tasted a drop after he had left America, for he had bought his sense.
Lá breagh de sna laetheannta san do bhuail chughainn an Bealach andeas long ghail ná raibh ró mhór agus long eile aici ’á tharrac ’n-a diaidh agus gan uirthi sin ach seolta amháin agus gach dath fé’n spéir uirthi.	One fine day there came to us through the Sound from the south a small steamship towing another ship after her that had only sails, and was painted every colour under heaven.
Do bhí cír dhubh le daoine ar luing na seolta agus gach uile dhuine aca ag féachaint níos uaisle ’ná ’chéile, maidir le h-éadach agus banndaí dho.	The sailing ship was black with people, every one of them looking more of a gentleman than his fellows as far as dress and ribbons went.
Ní raibh mórán siubhail fé’n dá luing d’fhonn radharc shocair a ghlacadh ar na Blascaodaibh seo.	The two ships were travelling slowly so that they could look at our Blaskets in comfort.
Do ráinig liom-sa bheith ag tarrac pota i n-athchumairc dóibh insan am gcéadna agus cad a bheadh ann ach gliomach gorm agus piardóg, díreach agus an dá luing ag gabháil tharainn ó thuaidh.	It happened that I was hauling up a pot near them at this moment, and what should be in it but a blue lobster and a crayfish, just as the two ships were passing by us on their way north.

Do thógas anáirde an phiardóg i láimh liom agus an gliomach sa láimh eile agus ní túisce bhí san déanta ná bhí gach lámh a bhí is na longaibh anáirde, idir fhear agus mhnaoi, ag sméideadh amach orainn agus do stopadar suas ar uachtar na mara nó gur shroicheamair iad.	I held up the crayfish in one hand and the lobster in the other, and no sooner had I done that than every soul in the ships on deck, man and woman, was beckoning to us, and they stopped short on the surface of the sea till we came up to them.
Ní fáiltí go dtí mar bhí roimis an dá sheana-iascaire.	Nobody was ever welcomed like the two old fishermen.
Do bhí dosaon gliomach againn agus dhá dhosaon portán agus trí dosaein d’iascaibh eile agus ba chuma leis na h-uaislibh cad é an crot do bhí orainn féin ná ar ár naomhóigín ach an breac úr d’fhagháil uainn.	We had a dozen lobsters and two dozen crabs and three dozen of other fish, and the gentry didn’t worry about how we looked, or our little canoe; all they thought about was to get fresh fish from us.
Do scaoil fear aca bocaod anuas chun na ngliomach do thógaint anáirde agus ar amharc an bhocaeid sin dom cheapas ná cuirfeadh sé aon ghliomach isteach ann ar chúig phúint, do bhí an t-árus comh greanta san.	One of the crew lowered a bucket to take up the lobsters, and when I looked at the bucket I fancied that he wouldn’t have put a lobster in it for five pounds—it was such a fine vessel!
Do scaoil sé an t-árus anuas arís chun na bportán do bhreith leis, agus arís eile chun an éisc eile.	He lowered it again to take up the crabs, and a third time for the other fish.
Nuair a bhí a raibh sa naomhóigín bailithe anáirde aige ní raibh mórán moille insan am gur scaoil sé anuas an bocaod céadna arís agus ar mo leabhar gur cheapas gur smut aráin do bhí i ndeire na naomhóige a bhí uaidh an uair seo.	When he had collected all the contents of the little canoe on deck, he lowered the bucket again without a moment’s delay, and, upon my oath, I thought that it was a hunk of bread that we had in the stern of the canoe that he wanted this time.
Ní mar cheapas a bhí; mar, an uair a rugas im’ láimh air agus d’fhéachas ann, is airgead do bhí le feiscint agam.	But it wasn’t as I thought, for, when I caught it in my hand and looked at it, what was to be seen in it was money.
Do labhair an fear a scaoil anuas é liom i mBéarla agus dubhairt go raibh scilling sa bhocaod ar gach breac a chuireas anáirde chuige.	The man who lowered it to me spoke in English and said that there was a shilling for every fish I had sent up to him in the bucket.

Do thairrig mo dhuine uasal an bocaod anáirde arís agus níor mhór an aga go bhfeaca chugham anuas arís é, maol agus cruach air, agus an bhean dob’ uaisle bhí ar bórd ’á leigeant anuas an uair seo, adéarfainn, agus ba bhreaghtha méinn agus scéimh d’á bhfeaca-sa riamh.	My gentleman drew the bucket up again, and before long I saw it coming down to me again, heaped up and running over, and the greatest lady of all on board was letting it down this time, so I thought, and she was the finest woman for manners and beauty that I ever saw.
Do bhí an bocaod lán de gach sórt bidh agus annlain agus ná féadfainn-se ainm a chur ar a leath.	The bucket was crammed with every kind of food and ‘kitchen’, and I couldn’t put a name to half of them.
Nuair a bhí sé folamh agam i ndeire an bháid, do bhaineas mo bhairréad dem’ cheann agus d’umhluigheas do’n mhnaoi uasail, ag gabháil buidheachais léi.	When I had emptied it in the stern of the boat, I doffed my cap and bowed to the lady, thanking her.
Níorbh’ fhada gur tháinig fear go dtí bhásta na luinge agus adubhairt an buidéal folamh a bhí insa naomhóig do shíneadh anáirde chuige.	Soon a man came to the waist of the ship and told me to hand him the empty bottle we had in the boat.
Do dheineas san agus i gcionn tamaill tháinig sé agus é lán d’fhíor-uisce aige agus d’fhiafruigh arís a’ raibh buidéal eile sa bhád againn. Ní raibh.	I did so, and before long he sent it down full of clear water, and asked me again whether we had another bottle in the boat. We hadn’t.
D’imigh uaim arís agus nuair a tháinig bhí buidéal suaithinseach aige go raghadh tuairim sé ghloine ann.	He left me again, and when he came back he had a splendid bottle with him that would hold about six glasses.
Do shín anuas é agus dubhairt mórán de’n uisce d’úsáid le beagán dá raibh sa bhuidéal eile.	He handed it down and told me to use a good deal of water with a little of the contents of the other bottle.
D’fhágamair slán agus beannacht age n-a chéile annsan.	We said farewell to one another with a blessing.
Do bhíomair míle go leith ó thalamh fé’n am so.	By this time we were a mile and a half from land.
Níorbh’ fhada an t-achar é sin mar do bhí an lá fabhrach.	That wasn’t far, for the day was fine.
Ní ró fhada bhíomair casta ó chéile nuair a phrioc an mí-fhoirtiún me féin go bhféachfainn cad a bhí sa bhuidéal úd.	We had not parted with one another for long when my ill fortune prompted me to try what was in that bottle.
Dubhairt an fear eile go mb’fhearr dhom ciall a bheith agam agus druidiúint leis an dtalamh ar dtúis sara mblaisfinn é, agus go raibh am mo dhóthain agam chuige.	The other man said that I’d better have sense and move in to the land first before I tasted it, and that I had plenty of time for it.
Níorbh’ aon mhaith bheith liom.	It was no good talking to me.

Dubhart leis ná déanfainn ach é bhlaiseadh féachaint cad é an sórt é.	I said that all I wanted to do was to taste it to see what sort of drink it was.
Do cheapas marar nimh ar leithligh é go mbeinn ar an dtaobh sábhálta dhe;	I thought that, unless it was some special sort of poison, I should be safe enough with it;
ach ar nós gach uile rud eile ní féidir leis an bpeacach déanamh mar is maith dho.	but, as with everything else, a poor sinner can’t do what is best for himself.
Sé an cupán beag adhmaid do bhí ag taoscadh na naomhóige an t-árus do bhí agam agus lán spíonóige mheasas a scaoileas as an mbuidéal.	It was the little wooden cup that we used for the bailer that I took, and I poured about a spoonful, I thought, out of the bottle.
Nuair a chonnaic Paid a laighead a leigeas amach ar seisean—	When Pats saw how little I had poured out, he said:
“Ó taoi ag cur chuige cad é an mhaith duit rud gan mhaith?”	‘Since you are at it, what’s the good of a trifle?’
“Braith an abha sara dtéighir ’na cuilithe,” arsa mise go fáigiúil;	‘Try the river before you venture into the current,’ said I, like a wise man.
agus dob’ é sin an focal deirinneach a fuair sé uaim go ceann dhá uair a chluig ’n-a dhiaidh sin.	And that’s the last word he got out of me for two hours after that.
Do bhí tuairim míle de’n tslí ciorraithe againn an uair sin agus leath mhíle eile le dul agus, mar bharr ar an ndonas, scailp gaoithe séidthe mar a bheadh saothrú chun brothail geal gléigeal;	We’d gone about a mile of the way by this, and there was another half-mile to go, and, to cap all, there was a gust of wind blowing, working up to a flurry, white with foam.
agus do bhí san feicithe agam sarar ólas an rud a bhí sa chupán agam. Siar leis.	That much I had seen before I drank the stuff in the cup. Down it went.
Nóimeat, adubhairt Paidí liom ’n-a dhiaidh sin, do dheineas seasamh tar éis í ól an t-am gur thuiteas ar thóin na naomhóige.	When I had drunk it, I stood a moment—so Pats told me afterwards—and then fell flat in the bottom of the canoe.
Do cheap an fear bocht gur marbh a bhíos agus do thuig gur nimh a bhí insa bhuidéal agus san imithe mar dhearmhad ar na h-uaisle.	The poor fellow thought I was dead, and fancied that there must have been poison in the bottle, and that the gentry had given it me by mistake.
Do thug mo dhuine bocht stuif agus smior na gcnámh d’iarraidh na talmhan a bhaint amach.	The poor chap worked the very stuff and marrow out of his bones struggling to make the land.

Díreach agus an talamh bainte amach aige agus gan ann ach deire na déithe, é ar linn cuasa go raibh fothain ann i mBeiginis, sin é an t-am gur phreabas-sa as mo shuan gan mhaisle, gan mháchaill.	Just after he had got there, at his last gasp, to a sheltered pool inside a creek in Beginish, that's when I came out of my swoon, with no hurt or harm.
"B'fhéidir go mb'fhearra dhuit braon beag eile thógaint do!" arsa Paidí liom.	'Maybe you'd better take another little drop of it!' said Pats to me.
Thuigeas gur le seana-bhlas adubhairt sé an méid sin agus ní dubhart aon ní.	I realized that it was disgust made him say that, and I kept quiet.
Go deimhin do bhí náire mo dhóthain orm nuair a chonnac an séideán a bhí amuich agus a thuigeas an cruatan a rug air sin d'iarraidh an chuasa bhaint amach leis an naomhóig agus mise im' ualach 'n-a tóin thíos.	Indeed, I was ashamed enough when I saw what a gale was blowing outside, and understood what a hard time he had had of it trying to make the creek with the little canoe, with me lying a dead weight in the bottom of it.
Do bhí an gála fós ann gan aon bhogadh;	The gale was still raging, with no sign of settling;
ach mar sin féin do bhí fothain na talmhan againn anois agus, dar ndóigh! níor bhád gan biadh sinn san am san.	but all the same we had the shelter of the land now, and, to be sure, we weren't an unprovisioned boat at that moment.
Cé gur timcheall Bheiginis a bhíomair, agus gan san i bhfad ó'n dtigh, níor dheineamair aon mhachtnamh ar an gcuas a bhí againn d'fhágaint.	Though we were by Beginish—and that wasn't far from home—we had no thought of leaving the creek where we were.
I gcionn tamaill thug sé sórt bogadh air féin insa tslí go ndubhairt Paidí;	After a while the gale went down a bit, so that Pats said:
"B'fhéidir go mbeadh sé ar ár gcumas na potaí tharrac.	'Perhaps we might manage to lift the pots?
Tá sánas ó'n ngaoith cois na gcloch so." Ní raibh fonn orm féin chun san a dhéanamh ach fear dob' eadh é gur mhaith leis toradh d'fhagháil ar a ghlór agus nuair a thiocfá treasna air do bheadh sé trí lá 'n-a dhiaidh sin gan aon mhaith.	There's a lull in the wind by these rocks.' I wasn't very keen to do it, but he was a man who liked to have attention paid to what he said, and when you crossed him, he'd be no use for three days to come.
Do chuireamair chun an ghnótha gur bheartuigh sé air.	We set about doing what he proposed.
Air féin ba mhó do bhí an bráca mar dob' é bhí ag rámhaidheacht agus mise ag tarrac na bpotaí.	Most of the work fell on himself, for he was doing the rowing, while I was lifting the pots.

Ní raibh na potaí ach tarraicthe againn gur shéid sé maol, gléigeal ar fad.	We'd only just lifted them when the gale blew the crests clean off the waves.
Do bhaineamair an cuas arís amach.	We managed to make the creek again.
Do bhí dosaon gliomach againn as na potaí.	We got a dozen lobsters out of the pots.
Do bhí sé 'n-a mheán-oidhche nuair a bhaineamair amach an t-oileán an oidhche sin agus bhí ár muinntir suaidhte go maith 'n-a n-aigne agus iad ag bailiú cabhrach chun dul ar ár lorg mar ba dheimhin leo gur báithte bhíomair.	It was midnight by the time we reached the Island that night, and our people were in a terrible state of mind, going round to get help to go and look for us, for they were sure we were drowned.
Ana-bhliain seilge dob' eadh í sin.	That was a great year for fish.
Níl aon chor do bhainfá as na potaí ná go mbeadh dosaon gliomach agat agus dob' shin dosaon scilling;	At every shift of the pots you would get a dozen lobsters, and that meant a dozen shillings:
leath-phaca plúir ar an ndosaon scilling sin; leath-phaca mine ar hocht scillinge agus gach uile ní d'á réir.	those twelve shillings bought a half-sack of flour, and eight shillings a half-sack of meal, and so with everything else.
Níor dheacair do'n nduine bocht maireachtaint an uair úd.	A poor man could live easily enough in those days.
Tar éis scarúint na long úd uaim tháinig mí ana-bhreagh ar fad ná raibh luascadh ar aon linn agus dob' é sin an saghas aimsire dob' annsa chun an sórt éisc a bhí ar siubhal a shroichstint;	After those ships had gone from me there came an exceptionally fine month, without a ripple on the sea anywhere, and that was the sort of weather that was best for catching the fish that were going;
agus rud dob' fhearr ná san, sciobadh ar an mbreac do bheadh agat.	and, what was even better, there was a great call for any fish you had.
Do bhíos féin agus Paid ag déanamh go maith leis an naomhóig bhig mar do bhí líomatáiste ár ndóthain againn agus gan aenne chughainn ná uainn ann.	Pats and I were doing very well with the little canoe, for we had all the range we wanted, and there was nobody to interfere with us.
Is leis an gconntráth déanach is fearr a théighid gleamaigh ins na potaí.	The lobsters come into the pots best in the late evening.
Tráthnóna, bhíomair ana-dhéanach agus bhíodar ag dul ionnta go tiugh.	One evening we were very late, and they were going in thick and fast.

“Nach mór an náire d’aenne bheith ag dul abhaile oidhche chiúin, chalma, ná fuil fada ná fuar!” arsa Paidí liom-sa, “agus ór le fagh※áil i bpotaí.	‘It’s a great shame for anyone to go home on a calm, peaceful night that isn’t long or chilly,’ says Pats to me, ‘when there’s gold to be got in the pots.
Dá mbeadh na daoine atá insan áit seo tamall mar a rabhas-sa do bheadh eolas a thuille aca.”	If the folk of this place had been where I was for a while, they’d have a bit more
“Sara mbeam sa bhaile anois beidh an lá ann,” ar seisean.	knowledge.”Before we get home now it’ll be day again,’ says he.
“Tugaimís moill do sna potaí tamall agus beidh oiread céadna arís ionnta agus atá bainte againn asta, agus má bhíonn nach mór an scrupall bheith ’á bhfágaint annsan.”	‘Let’s leave the pots a bit and there’ll be as much again in them as we’ve got out of them already, and, if that’s so, isn’t it a pity to leave them there.’
Mar gur dhuine é, mara dtabharfá cead a shrón do ná beadh sé it’ fhochair chuige amáireach agus call maith do bheith agat leis, bíodh nár thaithin an scéal liom féin ró mhaith,	Now, he was the kind of man that, if you didn’t give him his head, wouldn’t go with you to-morrow, however much you needed him; and so, though I wasn’t too pleased with the idea,
b’éigean dom cur suas leis nó an naomhóigín bheag a bheith d’ionntaoibh liom féin amáireach.	I had to fall in with him, or I should have had to work the little canoe alone the next day.
“Téanam,” ar seisean, “tá aga a ndóthain fachta aca.	‘Come along,’ says he, ‘we’ve given them time enough;
Beimíd ’á mbraith.” Sin mar bhí.	we’ll have a look at them.’ So we did.
Ar tharrac an chéad phota ní cleataráil go dtí mar bhí istigh ann.	When we drew up the first pot, you never heard such a row as was going on in it.
“Is dócha gurb eascú atá ann,” arsa Paidí, a bhí ar na maidí rámha i dtosach na naomhóige.	‘I fancy there’s a conger in it,’ says Pats, who was at the oars in the bow.
“Ní dóigh liom gurb eadh.” Do chuireas mo lámh síos ’on phota agus thugas stúmpa gleamaigh aníos agus ceann eile ’n-a dhiaidh.	‘No, I don’t think so.’ I thrust my hand down into the pot and drew out a fine lobster, and another one after him.
“A’ bhfuil dhá ghliomach ann?” arsan fear tosaigh.	‘Are there two in it?’ says the man in the prow.
“Tá, agus dhá cheann bhreaghtha féin,” arsa mise leis.	‘There are. Two fine ones, too,’ said I to him.
“Sin dhá scillin’.	‘That’s two shillings.

A Rí na bhFeart! is mó deóir alluis nár mhór domh-sa shileadh i Meirice ar dhá scillin’ sochas an pota so a thabhairt ’on bhád dhá fheadh uisce.”	O, God of the Miracles! how I should have had to sweat in America to make two shillings, and all I have to do here is to pull up a pot through two fathoms of water!’
San am go raibh deire na bpotaí tarraicthe againn do bhí dosaon de ghleamaigh bhreaghtha ionnta.	When we’d finished drawing the pots, there were a dozen splendid lobsters in them.
“A Mhuise, nach mó scillin’ bhog sa bhfarraige!” ar seisean, “sochas áiteanna eile go bhfuil allus fola d’iarraidh na scilline a shroichstint.	‘Mary Virgin! how many easy shillings there are in the sea!’ says he. ‘When you think of other places where you have to sweat blood to make a shilling!
Mo chorp agus m’anam go bhfuil daoine i Meirice, do gheobhadh airgead comh bog so, ná déanfadh codla ná suan ach ’á shíor-tharrac so aníos.”	Pon my soul and body, there are people in America who, if they could come by money as easily as this, would never slumber or sleep. They’d be pulling up all the time.’
Do chreideas go feille-mhaith an méid sin uaidh cé go mbíodh a lán scaothaireacht ag baint leis agus gur mall a chreidinn go minic é.	I believed him well enough so far as that went, though he blethered a lot generally, and I often had some difficulty in believing him.
Ní rabhas féin comh dall san ná go dtuigfinn cad a bhain le tíortha teo thar lear, obair throm agus saoiste ag faire, nó beirt go minic.	I wasn’t so ignorant that I couldn’t understand how it was in countries overseas— hard work, and the ganger spying on you, two of them sometimes.
Timcheall uair a chluig moille bhí déanta againn san am gur bhraitheas ag cur na maidí amach arís é.	We waited about an hour when I saw him putting out his oars again.
“Ní foláir nach chun suain ar fad a ragham.	‘It looks as though we were going to sleep altogether.
Ó tá an oidhche againn ’á chaitheamh bíodh rud éigin d’á bharr againn,” ar seisean ag caitheamh téad phota, do bhí ceangailte chun tosaigh, ag coimeád na naomhóige faid a bhíomair ’ár stad, amach i bhfairrge uaidh.	Since we are spending the night out, we may as well have something for it,’ says he, throwing into the sea one of the pot ropes in the bow which anchored the canoe while we were at rest.
Fé mar dubhart cheana do bhí orm a bheith im’ bhuachaill aige i n-ionad a bheith im’ mháighistir nó ní bheadh críoch orainn.	As I’ve said already, I had to act as his servant instead of being the master, or we’d never have got anything done.
Do chuamair i dtosach ár ngnótha arís agus insan am go raibh deire na bpotaí againn do bhí dosaon eile againn.	We started to work again, and when we’d finished with the pots, we had another dozen.
Do chuamair ar leabaidh anncaire arís.	We anchored again.

“Is beag an t-iongnadh bochtáin a bheith ar chósta na hÉireann,” arsa Paid, “agus tá leis, agus go raibh a thuille ’ca ann!	‘No wonder there are so many poor wretches on the coasts of Ireland,’ says Pats, ‘as indeed there are, and may there be more of them!
mar is maith an scéal iad, aon diabhal dream fear atá a’ sranntarnaigh insan am so d’oidhche bhreagh chalma agus ór agus airgead le fagháil ar bheagán duaidh agus alluis.”	For they deserve to be—such a crowd of lazy devils, snoring away at this time on a fine calm night, when there’s gold and silver to be made for a little trouble and sweat.’
Ba dhóigh le duine go raibh smut de’n gceart aige ach is dócha leis ná féadfadh an peacach seasamh de ló agus d’oidhche.	You might think there was something in what he said. Still you have to consider that a poor sinner can’t keep at it night and day alike.
Do stadamair tamall.	We stopped for a bit.
N’fheadar ná gur thuit tionnfhuar codlata orm féin.	I fancy that I dropped off into a doze.
Dubhairt seisean gur thuit agus gur bhaineas greas maith as.	He said I did, and that I had a good bout of sleep.
“Is dóigh liom go bhfuil fionnóg a’ lae a’ teacht agus go mb’fhearra dhúinn tarrac eile bhaint as na potaí agus beam age baile, agus ní bheidh ’fhios ag aenne conus mar chaitheamair an oidhche,” arsa Paidí ag caitheamh na téide uaidh agus ag cur a mhaidí amach.	‘I think the grey glimmer of dawn is coming and that we’d best take another turn out of the pots, and then we’ll get home, and not a soul will know how we’ve spent the night,’ says Pats, throwing off the rope and putting out his oars.
Geallaim-sa dhaoibh ná rabhas-sa ró éascaidh san am so—gliocú na maidine fuar, bolg follamh, cnámha túirseacha, súile troma agus mairbhitighe mo dhóthain am’ leanúint, pé cuma go raibh an fear tosaigh.	I promise you I wasn’t so lively by this time—the morning was beginning to peer then. I had an empty belly and was all numb and chill, whatever was the case with the man in the prow.
Ach do chrothas suas me féin ó’s rud é go raibh orm é dhéanamh agus san am go raibh na potaí tairricthe agam do bhíos im dhúiseacht go maith agus do bhí dosaon eile gliomach agus dhá cheann againn.	But I pulled myself together, since I had to, and by the time we had the pots drawn, I was broad awake, and we had a dozen more lobsters, and two on the top of that.
Ar thabhairt ár n-aghaidh chun an tighe dhúinn, cad a bheadh ná árthach ar móráil agus dob’ fhollus dúinn gur stróinséir árthaigh í.	When we turned our faces home, what should we see but a vessel coming to anchor, and it was plain that it was a stranger.

Do bhí sí romhainn ar an siúnda agus níorbh aistear linn dul chun cainnte léi.	She was in the Sound in front of us, and it wouldn’t take us out of our way to go and have a word with her.
Ar dhul le n-a cliathán dúinn chonnacamair “An tSeamróg” mar ainm uirthi.	When we came alongside we saw her name—The Shamrock.
Do bhí umar i gcomhair gliomach innti agus is ’á lorg san a bhí sí.	She had a tank for lobsters inside her, and it was lobsters she was after.
Do ceistigheadh sinn an mór na gleamaigh a bhí againn agus an mór a bheadh uainn ortha.	They asked us how many lobsters we had, and how much we wanted for them.
D’innseamair do ná raibh puinn ar bórd againn ach go raibh oiread eile i bpota stóir do bhí annsan thall againn.	We told the captain that we hadn’t much on board, but that we had as much again in a store pot over there.
Rud eile ná beadh níos mó le n-’éileamh againn air sin ach oiread le h-aon árthach eile.	Moreover, we wouldn’t ask more of him than we would off any other ship.
“Glan leat agus tabhair leat a bhfuil insa phota,” ar seisean.	‘Off with you, then, and bring all you have in the pot,’ says he.
B’eo linn agus ní raibh an pota ró fhada uainn agus do chasamair thar n-ais agus sé dosaein do bhí againn ag teacht go dtí í.	We went, and the pot wasn’t too far away. We came back to her with six dozen.
Do chóimhrimh ceann ar ceann iad agus do shín chughainn trí shobhairn óir.	He counted them one by one and handed three gold sovereigns to us.
Seilg lae agus oidhche dob’ eadh é.	That was the catch of one day and one night.
D’innseas san do’n gcaptaen agus go raibh an oidhche ’nár suidhe againn agus go rabhamair suaithte go maith ach má bhíomair féin go raibh págh na h-oidhche againn.	I told the captain so and that we had been up all night. We were pretty tired, but all the same our night was well paid.
Thug sé ordú dhúinn láithreach teacht ar bórd.	He told us at once to come on board.
Bhíomair ag fagháil párdúin leis—nárbh fhada uainn a bhí an baile anois.	We begged his pardon, saying that we weren’t far from home now.
Ní bheadh sé sásta leis sin agus b’éigean dúinn dul ar bórd.	He wouldn’t accept that, but made us come on board.
“Tá biadh annso ullamh agus caithidh bhur ndóthain,” ar seisean.	‘We’ve got a meal ready here, and eat your fill,’ says he.
B’éigean dúinn dul i n-éineacht leis.	We had to accept his invitation.

Do chaitheamair ár ndóthain.	We made a good meal.
Bhí sórt náire orm-sa a bheith salach brocach i n-a leithéid d’áit ach níor chuir an fear eile aon tsuim ann ach a bholg a líonadh.	I was rather shy, being so smudgy and dirty in a place like that, but the other chap never gave it a thought; all he wanted was to fill his belly;
An méid náire agus scáinteacht’ a bhí ag baint leis i dtúis a shaoghail d’fhág sé ’n-a dhiaidh insna tíortha iasachta iad agus dubhairt sé liom-sa, leis, dá mbeadh tamall agam féin as baile, gur chuma liom cá mbuailfeadh biadh liom chun é chaitheamh.	he’d left all the shyness and nervousness of his early days in foreign lands, and he told me, too, that if I’d been away from home a bit, I wouldn’t have cared what sort of a place I got food to eat in.
Ar theacht ar uachtar na luinge dhom do bhí an captaen ag stádar do féin agus do chrom sé ar bheith ár gceistiú i dtaobh na ngliomach, an raibh a thuille timcheall na h-áite aca.	When I came on deck the captain was strolling up and down, and he began to question us about the lobsters, and he asked whether there were more of them about the Island.
D’innseamair do fé mar bhí.	We told him how things were.
I gcionn tamaill do bhogamair uaidh agus d’fhágamair slán aige.	In a while we left him and bade farewell.
Ar shroichstint dúinn ar an gcalath ’s eadh bhí cuid eile aca ag fágaint an chalaith agus a thuille aca ’n-a gcodladh fós.	When we reached the harbour, some of the others were just leaving it, and another lot were still in bed.
An uair a bhí an naomhóg tirm as an uisce againn féin dubhairt Paidí:	When we had landed the canoe, Pats said:
“Is fearra dhúinn buidéal bainne agus dosaon ubh a bhreith amach go dtí an t-árthach. Ní bheam i bhfad.”	‘We’d better take a bottle of milk and a dozen eggs out to the ship. We shan’t be long.’
Ba mhaith liom an chainnt fhearúil sin a theacht uaidh cé gur minic a tháinig cainnt uaidh nár thaithin liom agus do bhuaileas an chloch amach agus d’fhan san mar a raibh aige nó gur chasas thar n-ais agus dhá dhosaon ubh agam agus buidéal bainne.	I liked to hear him speak in this generous style; though often enough he said things that didn’t please me. Off I went along the Island, and he stayed where he was until I came back with two dozen eggs and a bottle of milk.
B’eo linn amach arís nó gur shroicheamair an long bheag.	We went out again to the little ship.
Shíneas anáirde an buidéal agus bosca go raibh na h-uibhe ann.	I handed up the bottle and the box of eggs.

Rug fear aca ortha go tapaidh agus thug leis anáirde iad, mar ní bhíonn dul ar uibhe ná ar bhainne aca an uair a bhíd siad ag treabhadh na mara.	One of the crew caught hold of them at once and took them on board—for they've no way of getting eggs and milk while they are ploughing the sea.
An uair a tháinig an bosca thar n-ais bhí sé lán go béal aige—brioscaí, tobac, cannta feola agus mar bharr ar na neithe go léir, ar chuardach an bhosca dhom 'n-a dhiaidh sin, cad a bheadh ann ná leath-phiúnt biotáile.	When the box came back, it was full to the brim— biscuits, tobacco, a joint of meat—and to top all, when I searched the box afterwards, what should I find there but half a pint of whisky.
Do bhuaileamair isteach agus do bhaineamair an tigh amach, agus is a chodla a chuamair go h-aimsir dinnéir—b'in nós nua againn.	We rowed in and went home and went to bed till dinner-time—a new thing for us to do.
Tar éis dinnéir dúinn do bhuaileamair amach agus do chromamair ar na potaí do tharrac agus do chur i bhfearas i gcomhair an chonntráth' mar is sin é an uair is mó go mbíonn na gleamaigh ag dul ins na potaí.	After our dinner we went out again and began to pull up the pots and set them in trim ready for twilight, for that's the time when the lobsters go into the pots most—
Ní maith leo bolg an lae mar bhíonn sé ró gheal.	they don't like the middle of the day; it's too bright.
'S an ghrian ag dul i bhfairrge 'seadh chromamair ar iad a tharrac arís agus do bhí rud maith ionnta.	As the sun was sinking into the sea, we fell to pulling them up again, and they were well filled.
Do chaitheamair an oidhche go maidean amuich agus do bhí dorn breagh gliomach ar maidin againn.	
Annsan do dheineamair amach gur san oidhche do bhí marbhú ortha.	We made out then that the night is the best time for catching them.
Aon oidhche do bhíodh breagh as san amach do chaithimís amuich é insa tslí go raibh ana-sheilg ag tuitim linn i gan 'fhios.	And from that time on we used to spend every fine night out on the sea, so that we made first-rate catches, and nobody knew.
Isteach insa bhfoghmhar, oidhche ana-bhreagh agus sinn ceangailte ar théid phota, do chualamair an t-amhrán d'á rádh go fada bog binn i meán na h-oidhche siar, tharainn ó thuaidh ar chlocha eile do bhí tuairim is leath mhíle uainn.	Far on in the autumn, one fine night that we were anchored with a lobster pot rope, we heard a singing, soft and long and sweet, in the deep middle of the night, to the northward of us on some rocks that lay about half a mile from us.
Do gheit mo chroidhe féin agus chuas trí n-a chéile go mór.	My heart leapt in me, and I felt very odd.

“A’ gcloiseann tú?” arsa mise leis an bhfear eile.	‘Do you hear it?’ said I to the other man.
“Cloisim go maith,” ar seisean.	‘I hear it well enough,’ said he.
“Téanam abhaile,” arsa mise leis.	‘Let’s be off home,’ said I.
“Dhera, mo thruagh thu, nach róinte iad san!” ar seisean.	‘Yerra, you poor wretch, they’re only seals,’ said he.
“Ní foláir nach róinte go bhfuil glór na ndaoine aca!”	‘They can’t be seals, for they have a human voice!’
“Iseadh go díreach, mhuise, agus is fuirist aithint nár chualaís riamh roime seo aon cheann aca.	‘Yes, they are indeed, and anyone can tell that you’ve never heard one of them before.
Deinid siad san gotha an duine chur ortha féin an uair a bhíonn breis aca tirm i dteannta chéile agus tá scata ’ca tirm ar na clocha thiar anois.”	It’s their way to carry on like a human being when some more of them come ashore to join the rest, and there’s a crowd of them high and dry on those rocks to the west now.’
Thugas sórt géilleadh dho agus bhí ’fhios agam, na daoine théigheann ins na tíortha thar lear, ná cuirid suim i n-aon rud beo nó marbh.	I partly believed him, and I knew that these people that travel to the lands across the sea don’t worry themselves over anything, dead or alive.
Leis an machtnamh san dob’ éigean dom é chaitheamh anáirde liom féinig.	And at that thought I had to give in.
Níorbh’ fhada gur chuala go fada bog binn aríst agus dar liom gurbh’ é “Éamonn Mágáine” é díreach mar d’fhágfadh sé béal an duine;	Before long I heard it again, long and soft and sweet, and it sounded to me like ‘Eamonn Mágáine’, just as it might come from human lips;
ach ní raibh agam-sa ach é bhrúghadh ar m’aigne.	and all I could do was to keep my feelings down.
I dtaobh an fhir eile is amhlaidh do shéid sé féinig amhrán suas. Iad san thiar agus eisean thoir.	As for the other fellow, he tuned up a song himself. They were singing in the west and he in the east.
Ag cur misnigh orm a bhí sé, is dócha.	I fancy he did it to put heart in me.
Seadh, do bhaineamair cor as na potaí agus do bhí dosaon breagh gliomach ionnta.	Well, we took a shift out of the pots, and there was a good dozen lobsters in them.
“A’ bhfuil dosaon agat?” ar seisean.	‘Have you got a dozen?’ says he.
“Tá gan ceann fé ná thairis.”	‘I have exactly, neither less nor more.’
“An diabhal gur mairg duit nár chuaidh abhaile ó chrónán na róinte. Do bheadh fuar agat-sa dá mbeifeá ins na tíortha lasmuich,” ar seisean.	‘Isn’t it the devil’s own pity you didn’t fly off home at the crooning of the seals. You’d be badly left in the countries across the sea.’

Gan amhras do bhí an ceart insa méid sin aige cé go mbíodh sé uaireannta eile lán mí-cheart.	No doubt he was right enough as far as that went, though at other times he was often pretty far out.
Níor stad nó gur chuaidh sé chun anncaire ar an dtéid chéadna arís agus, mar bharr ar an scéal, insan áit ba shoiléire do bhí timcheall chun iad a chlos.	He went on till he came to anchor on the same rope again, and, to top all, this was in the place where the seals could be heard most clearly.
Le linn cur fúinn dúinn ní raibh fead ná glaodh as aon rud;	While we were settling down there wasn’t a whistle or a cry from anything;
ach níorbh’ fhada do bhí san i gceist san am gur chuireadar a nglam suas i n-éineacht gur chomh-chlos’ gach áit insa timcheall iad.	but before long they raised their voices in chorus, so that they could be heard everywhere around.
“N’fheadar cad a chuireann le buile mar seo iad anois agus arís,” arsa mise leis an bhfear eile, “agus iad ’n-a sánas tamall eile?”	‘I wonder what sets them raving like this now and again,’ said I to the other chap, ‘while they keep quiet at other times.’
“Gach uair a thagann ceann ó’n bhfarraige ortha seadh bhíd siad mar sin.	‘Every time a seal comes to them from the sea, that’s when they go on like this.
Tá ceann eile tirm anois ar na clocha agus do bhíodar ’n-a gcodladh go dtí san.” An uair sin níor chualaidh aenne riamh ar mhargadh ná ar aonach oiread amhrán i n-éineacht agus fuaim a lán amhrán ag teacht trí n-a chéile.	Another has just come ashore, and they were asleep till that happened.’ By this time they were singing so that none ever heard at market or fair so many songs in concert together, and the sound of the one song weaving in and out of the other.
Do dheineas talamh slán de n-a raibh aige ’á rádh i dtaobh na róinte, mar ba mhór an cur amach a bhí aige ar an saoghal ’e bhreis orm-sa nár fhág cúinne na luaithe riamh.	I cleaned him out of all he had to say about the seals, for he had a great deal of knowledge of things, far more than I who had never left the corner of the hearth.
“Fan go mbeidh solus a’ lae ann agus is dócha nach fada uainn anois é, go bhfeicfir-se radharc ar róinte tirm ar na clocha san thiar,” ar seisean.	‘Wait till the day dawns—and I fancy it’s not far off now—and you’ll see something: all the seals high and dry on those rocks to the west,’ said he.
“Ach is minic a chonnac ceann aonair tirm ar chloich,” arsa mise leis.	‘But I’ve often seen one of them by himself ashore on a rock,’ said I.
“Ní h-i dtaoibh leis sin a bheifá dábur ghnáth bhéas leat bheith amuich insan oidhche.	‘That wouldn’t be all you’d have seen of them if it had been a habit of yours to be abroad in the night.

Ní chuirfir aon tsuim an chéad oidhche eile ionnta nuair a chloisfir iad, a bhuachaill.”	You’ll pay no attention to them the next night you hear them, my lad.’
Do chuas amach go maith air an uair a chríochnuigh sé an abairt dhéanach san: mar ’dheadh ná beadh aon teip orm-sa gan a bheith go fonnmhar ag teacht an chéad oidhche eile!	I understood him very well by the time he’d got through with this last sentence, hinting, as it were, that I shouldn’t fail to be eager to come the very next night!
Ní ró fhada go ndubhairt sé go raibh breacarnach an lae ag teacht thoir agus nár chás a bheith ag bogadh na bpotaí arís.	In a little while he said that the dapple of day was beginning to show in the east and we had just as well be shifting the pots again.
“Fan go ngealfaidh an lá níos fearr agus is lugha a bheam ’á lorg ó pholl go poll,” arsa mise leis.	‘Wait till there is more light in the day, and then we shall have less trouble looking for them from place to place.’
Dob’ é críoch agus deire na mbeart é go raibh sé geal a dhóthain san am gur bhogamair agus dob’ ’in é an uair díreach a tháinig an conach ar lucht na n-amhrán; gach a raibh ar an saoghal aca ag séideadh suas i n-éineacht.	The upshot of it all was that it was bright enough by the time we moved, and at that very moment the singers went completely crazy, every last one of them tuning up in chorus.
“Ní ró fhada go mbeidh na leaideanna thiar ag fágaint na cloiche,” arsa Paidí.	‘It won’t be long till those lads over there will be leaving the rocks,’ says Pats.
Níorbh’ fhada go raibh an lá geal go maith agus go raibh róinte le feiscint go tiugh i ndrom na cloiche, cuid aca agus a gceann anáirde aca, ceann eile aca agus é ag tabhairt snap thall ’s i bhfus ortha, ceann mór groidhe tamall maith os a gcionn anáirde agus gan cor fós as.	Soon the full light of day was come and we could see the seals in crowds on the ridge of the rock, some of them with their heads in the air, another one snapping at his fellows on this side and on that, and, far above them all, a huge big chap lying without a stir on the rock.
Dubhairt an fear eile liom gur ’n-a chodladh do bhí san fós agus an uair a dhúiseochadh san gurbh’ eadh bheadh an dul trí ’chéile ar an gcloich.	The other man said to me that this fellow was still asleep, and that, when he should wake, then the hurly-burly would begin.
Ba dhóigh leat air gur ’n-a dteannta riamh do bhí sé féin, do bhí oiread san cur amach aige ortha seachas mise.	You would have thought to listen to him that he’d spent his life among them, he was so much better at explaining them than I was.

D’fhanamair ceangailte de phota nó go raibh gach ceann aca beagnach thíos insa pholl i ndiaidh a chéile agus do chuireadar an méid sin de ghnó na maidine amú orainn.	We stayed anchored to our pot till nearly every one of them had taken to the water, and they wasted that much of the morning’s work for us.
Insa deire do mhúscail an ceann mór as a shuan agus an uair a thóg sé anáirde a cheann ba chomh-chlos ar fuaid na h-áite go léir an scread mhillte do leig sé as.	At last the big fellow woke up out of his slumber, and when he lifted his head you could hear the savage scream he let out of him ringing all round.
Dob’ é seo an maor a bhí ortha beag agus mór.	He was the foreman of the whole gang, big and little.
Níor ró fhada gur thug sé aghaidh le fánaidh.	Before long he started down.
Tarbh dob’ eadh é comh mór le h-aon tarbh riamh do bhí ar an dtalamh tirm.	He was a bull, as huge a bull as was ever on dry land.
An rón ba ghiorra dho do bhuail a shrón fé agus do thóg anáirde é aoirde crainn báid agus níor stad sé de’n iarracht san nó gur buaileadh amuich ar an bhfairrge é.	He shoved his snout under the seal next to him and flung him into the air as high as a boat’s mast, and he never stayed in his flight till he came down out in the sea.
B’in é an uair do bhí an cogadh ar an aonach nuair a chonnaic an chuid eile an radharc san!	Then began the fight at the fair when the rest of them saw that.
Bhí gach ceann aca ag baint an uisce amach ar a gcroidhe díchill agus an ceann aca do bhíodh mall an uair a thagadh so air do bhuaileadh a choinncinn fé agus do thógadh anáirde insa spéir é riamh agus choidhche gur chuir sé amach ar an bhfairrge gach ceann d’á raibh tirm agus ba mhór é.	They hurried to the water at their best speed, and, if any seal went too slow, when this chap came up with him, he put his snout under him and lifted him into the sky ever and always till he’d got them into the water, the whole crowd that had been high and dry on the rock, and there were a lot of them.
D’fhan an fear mór so tamall ’n-a ndiaidh ar an gcloich ag tarrac ’anáile agus ag féachaint an rabhadar ar fad le n-a chéile aige.	The big fellow stayed a while after them on the rock to take breath and to see if he had the whole herd together.
Annsan thug sé féin fé’n bhfairrge síos agus an tonn d’éirigh mar ar thuit sé dubhairt an bheirt againn le n-a chéile go mbáthfadh sé beag-long.	Then he, too, plunged into the sea, and the two of us agreed that the wave he raised where he struck the water would have sunk a small ship.
An fhaid a bhí an dul trí ’chéile seo ar siubhal aca ní raibh fead ná glaodh aca, creid me leis.	All the time this hurly-burly was going on they made neither whistle nor cry, believe me.

Do bheadh ár bpotaí go rábach socair suas againn an fhaid a bhí an t-oireachtas so ar siubhal agus do cheapas ná staonfadh an fear eile comh fada, ach do dhein.	We should have had all our pots lifted and safe well enough while this row was going on, and I expected that the other chap wouldn’t wait so long, but he did:
Is dóigh liom gur chuir na clis a bhí ar siubhal an uair seo aca greannúireacht air comh maith liom-sa.	I fancy that the tricks they were playing gave him just as odd a feeling as they gave me.
Ní rabhamair i bhfad ag tarrac na bpotaí ’n-a dhiaidh sin mar do bhíodar soiléir le feiscint agus gan puinn uisce ortha.	We pulled up the pots quickly enough after this, for they were easily seen since there wasn’t much water above them.
Do bhí seilg mhaith againn ar maidin—glan trí dosaein go h-árd.	We had made a fair catch by morning, a good three dozen.
Deirim-se leat má bhí an naomhóg beag féin againn go raibh an tseilg mór.	I tell you that, even though our canoe was a little one, the catch was big.
Do chaitheamair an saosúr mar seo gach oidhche do bhí breagh.	We spent the whole season like this every fine night.
Ní mór a théigheann insna potaí de ló ná d’oidhche má bhíonn an fhairrge suaithte.	Not much goes into the pots by day or night when the sea is troubled.
Is maith leis an ngliomach an t-uisce do bheith socair ciúin le linn gliúmála dho féin.	The lobster likes to have the sea calm and quiet when he peers about him.
Maidin áirithe aca do bhíomair ullamh chun teacht abhaile agus do bhí míobháinín de ghaoith aniar ann agus ar bogadh amach dúinn iseadh do bhí scuilb raice againn le feiscint.	One morning we were ready to come home and there was a little breath of wind blowing from the west, and when we started there were some spars of drift timber to be seen.
Do phriocamair suas iad.	We picked them up.
I n-áit eile do bhí a thuille le fagháil di.	There were some more to be got in other places.
Lán na naomhóige do bhí againn láithreach agus a thuille ag gluaiseacht leis an dtaoide.	We soon had the canoe full, and some more were still floating on the tide.
B’éigean dúinn casadh ar Bheiginis agus an naomhóg d’fholmhú agus sáth amach arís.	We had to turn in to Beginish and clear the boat and push out once more.
Do bhí an raic ag gluaiseacht go tiugh de dhruim poinnte go raibh an taoide ag teacht d’á dhruim.	The driftwood was coming in masses round a point where there was a swirl of tide.
Do bhí cláracha bána, nua glan, ag gluaiseacht.	There were white planks, absolutely new, afloat.

B'éigean dúinn téad a bhaint de phota agus dosaon clár a chur innti agus iad a tharrac ár ndiaidh ⁊ casadh isteach mar a raibh an chuid eile againn agus iad a shábháil.	We had to untie a rope from a pot and bind together a dozen planks with it and tow them in our wake and row back to where we had the rest and land them.
Do bhí sé cinn déag insa tróig seo againn agus amhras ar a thuille faid a bheadh an taoide ar siubhal.	We took sixteen of them that turn, and hoped to get more while that tide was running.
Ní raibh aon rud ag teacht liom anois ach an t-ocras.	The only thing that was troubling me now was hunger.
Obair throm tar éis na h-oidhche, agus suathadh maith dob' eadh na cláracha do chur le chéile ach do chuireamair romhainn an bheart a dhéanamh comh fada agus do bheadh an ailp ag gluaiseacht.	It was heavy work after a night out, and the toil of getting the planks together was great, but we were determined to carry on so long as there was a piece adrift.
Maidir leis an bPúncán ní bhíodh ocras ná tart ná codladh go deo air.	As for the Yank, he never felt tired or hungry.
Do chuireas i n-iúl do go raibh ocras ag teacht orainn agus é i n-am againn.	I let him know that I was getting hungry, and high time, too.
Féachaint cad déarfadh sé seadh bhíos, agus 'á bhraith, mar 'dheadh.	I wanted to see what he would say, making trial of him, as it were.
"Dera, 'dhuine! ná fuil a' sean-fhocal id' cheann agat ní foláir, 'mairbh a' t-iasc an uair a gheobhair é.' An b'amhlaidh a cheapann tú go mbeidh raic le fagháil gach am is maith leat?" arsa Paidí.	'Yerra, my lad! surely you remember the old saying, "Take the fish while you can get him", or do you think that there'll be driftwood to be got any time you like?' says Pats.
Do bhí amhras agam gurbh' 'eo mar gheobhainn an freagra agus 'fhios agam féin leis go raibh an ceart ann mar nach i gcomhnaidhe bhíonn rudaí mar seo ag gluaiseacht.	I had expected that that would be the answer I should get, for I knew that he was right and that stuff of this kind isn't going all the time.
Níor dheineamair staonadh an fhaid do sheasaimh an taoide do bhí 'á mbailiú chughainn.	We never stopped so long as the tide that was collecting the driftwood for us held.
Do bhí an t-ocras ag imeacht dínn an uair a chuaidh sé thar am againn an biadh d'fhagháil.	Our hunger passed from us as the time for taking food went by.
Is ag dul chun laige a bhíonn duine as san amach agus is sin mar a bhí againn-ne.	A man grows gradually weaker from that time on, and so it was with us.

Isteach sa lá do chonnacamair bád agus bád eile thall agus i bhfus ag bailiú na raice ar ár gcuma féin.	Later on in the day we saw first one boat and then another, gathering the driftwood like ourselves on this side and on that.
Insan am san do bhí tuairim trí fichid clár bán sábhálta i mBeiginis leis an naomhóig bhig age beirt againn.	By this time the two of us had saved about three-score white planks with the little canoe in Beginish.
Do dhein an stracaire bocht Púncáin árd-obair an lá úd.	The poor lout of a Yank worked hard that day.
Is minic a bhíodh bealach maith idir sinn agus an talamh san am go mbíodh dosaon clár curtha agam-sa ’on téid agus ba mhinic gurbh’ é féin a thugadh i dtír iad gan aon chongnamh uaim-sa.	Often enough we’d be a long way from the shore by the time I had a dozen planks tied up, and it was he who’d land them without any help from me.
Do bhí an scéal go maith againn-ne ach cad mar gheall ar an muinntir a bhí age baile gur bhaineamair leo—sinn fágaithe an tigh tar éis dinnéir an lá roimis sin agus aimsir dinnéir lár-na-mháireach ann agus gan sinn tagaithe—cad a bhí le rádh ach nár mhaireamair?	We were all right, but then what about our people at home—we had left home just after dinner the day before, and now it was dinner-time on the next day and we hadn’t returned—all they could think was that we were lost.
Pé naomhóg a bhí timcheall na dtighthe insan am so, ó b’é an chaol-chuid aca a bhí, mar do bhíodar insna h-oileáin bheaga leis na potaí agus an méid aca ná raibh, bhíodar ag lorg raice insan am so.	Any canoes that were about the houses at this time—and few they were, for they were in the little islands busied about their pots—the few that were not, were in quest of the driftwood by this time.
Leis sin ní raibh maide rámha ná naomhóg ar an gcalath chun dul ar ár dtuairisc.	And so there wasn’t an oar or a canoe in the creek to go to look for us.
An uair a bhíomair féin tnáithte, cortha agus an taoide athraithe agus an t-adhmad ag dul chun gannachúise thugamair ár n-aghaidh ar an dtigh agus mise ’á rádh leat, a léightheóir, dá mbeadh aon phuth gaoithe ár gcoinne ná sroichfimís é.	When we were weary and worn and the tide had turned and the timber was growing scarce, we set our face homewards; and I tell you, dear reader, if there had been a puff of wind against us, we should never have made it.
Ní raibh aon chainnt ach an méid adhmaid a bhí bailithe i mBeiginis age naomhóg bheag na beirte agus is mó lá ’n-a dhiaidh sin a fuaireamair clár, agus smuit, agus ailpeanna adhmaid.	The talk of the village was the quantity of timber that the two of us, with our little canoe, had collected in Beginish, and for many days after that we found planks and fragments and pieces of timber.

Do dhíolamair timcheall 's a leath i mBeiginis agus dob' éigean dúinn an leath eile thabhairt abhaile linn as mar nár fágadh aon smut riamh do bheadh ar sábháilt ann gan goid.	We sold about half of the Beginish stuff there, and the other half we had to bring home with us, for not a bit of saved timber could ever be left without being stolen.
XX — BRÁCADH AN tSAOGHAIL.	20 — The Troubles of Life.
Bás na leanbh, inghean mhná na h-Inise caillte, an tigh nua, na bolltaí práis, bádh mo mhic agus Eibhlín Nic Niocaill, mac le Diarmaid caillte.	DEATH OF MY CHILDREN · THE DAUGHTER OF THE WOMAN OF THE INISH DIES · THE BRASS BOLTS · MY SON AND EILEEN NICHOLLS DROWNED · DIARMID'S SON DIES
An bhliain tar éis na raice shábháil—agus is dócha gur dheineamair dosaon púnt di, gan trácht thar aon ghliomach—bhíomair ag déanamh go maith i dtosach na bliana ach ní bhíonn rith maith ag an each i gcomhnaidhe.	In the early part of the year after the salving of the driftwood—and I believe we made a dozen pounds out of it, not to speak of any lobsters— we were doing very well, but, 'the horse doesn't always keep up its pace'.
Aimsir na ngearrcach óga bheith ann, agus iad suas le bheith aibidh, ba ghnáth le garsúin a bheith ar a dtóir.	At the time when the young birds come and are beginning to mature, the lads used to go after them.
An garsún ba shine do bhí agam agus mac an Rí do dheineadar comhairle dul i dtreo éigin go mbeadh faoileán óg aca; mar ba mhinic do mhaireadh ceann aca i dtigh ameasc na gcearc go ceann bliana agus níosa shia.	My eldest boy and the King's son planned to go to a place where they were likely to get a young gull—for one of those would often live among the chickens in a house for a year and more.
Do chuaidh an bheirt i n-éineacht i dtreo na neadacha chun cúpla ceann aca so do thabhairt abhaile leo.	The two went together after the nests to bring a pair or so of the birds home with them.
Is i ndroch-áit a bhíodar agus le linn dom' gharsún-sa breith ar an bhfaoilinn óig do léim sí agus do thuit sé síos amach ar an bhfairrge, slán beo mar n-innstear é!	They were in a bad place, and, as my boy was laying hold of the young gull, it flew up and he fell down the cliff, out on the sea, God save the hearers!
D'fhan sé i bhfad ar uachtar agus bhí sé ann nó gur ghaibh naomhóg photaí timcheall agus a thóg é.	He remained afloat on the surface for a long time until a canoe going after lobsters came up and took him aboard.
Do bhí a athair críona, athair a mháthar, insa naomhóig a thóg é.	His grandfather (his mother's father) was in the canoe that took him in.
Do bhí aon tsásamh amháin orainn—ná raibh maisle ná máchail ar aon phioc d'á chabhail cé go raibh tuitim na faille árd.	We had only one comfort—there was no wound or blemish anywhere on his body, though it was a steep fall from the cliff.

B’éigean dúinn cur suas leis agus a bheith sásta.	We must endure it and be content!
Ba mhór an ní liom é bheith le cur ’on talamh agus gan a bheith ag féachaint i ndiaidh na fairrge.	It was a great solace to me that he could be brought ashore and not left to the mercy of the sea.
B’in é an chéad tosnú, agus níor mhaith é, go bhfóire Dia orainn!	This was the first beginning, and an ill one it was, God help us!
Tuairim 1890 do thuit san amach agus díreach an garsún chun coinnlíochta, é ag tosnú ar phostaireacht a dhéanamh dom.	This happened about the year 1890, just when the boy was developing and beginning to lend a hand.
Seadh, ní chothuigheann an té imigheann an té fhanann agus dob’ éigean dúinn-ne, leis, ár maidí a chur amach arís agus bheith ag treabhadh linn.	Well, those that pass cannot feed those that remain, and we, too, had to put out our oars again and drive on.
Níor chaith an bhliain seo comh maith leis an mbliain roimpi ná níor thuit oiread de sna gleamaigh oidhche linn, leis, d’á dheascaibh sin, mar ná raibh an aimsir seasathach agus do bhíodh tarrac de shíor cois na gcloch, rud nach maith leis an sórt so seilge.	That year did not prove as good as the year before; and we didn’t take as many lobsters in the night either, because of it, for the weather was never settled, and there was a constant swell round the rocks—a thing that this kind of fish dislikes.
Do ráinig an bhliain seo, áfach, gur thuit iasc glas leis an dtalamh agus do bhí an fhairrge lán díobh.	But it happened this year, nevertheless, that fish for curing came well inshore, and the sea was full of them.
Pollóga dob’ eadh iad, iasc mór garbh go mbeadh do dhóthain cúraim ort cuid aca do thabhairt isteach thar gunail na naomhóige;	They were pollock—a large, coarse fish, very troublesome to get in over the boat’s gunwale;
agus doraithe an gléas marbhaithe a bhíodh ortha, slais de mhairciréal agus dubhán mór.	they were caught with the line, a bit of mackerel for a bait, and a big hook.
Do chuamair ’n-a dtreo lá agus an sórt san fearais le ’chéile againn agus nach mór an conach a bhí chun beirthe ortha gurbh’ éigean dúinn an bannc d’fhágaint go luath mar do bhí an naomhóigín lán againn agus an fhairrge suaithte gliobach;	We went after them one day with trappings of this kind, and we were so eager to catch them that we had to leave the fishing ground early, for we had the little canoe full and the sea was rough and disturbed;
agus le linn teacht ar an gcalath dhúinn is mó duine dhein iongantas de n-ar thug an naomhóg bheag chughainn.	and when we came to the creek, many a man marvelled at what our little canoe had brought us.

Do chaitheamair tamall de'n bhliain ceangailte insan iasc ghlas nó go raibh gach soitheach a bhí insa tigh lán againn aca agus do bhí trí chéad pollóg sábhálta againn.	We spent part of the year engaged with the fish for curing until we had filled every vessel we had in the house, and by then we had got three hundred pollock salted.
Timcheall na Nodlag do shíor do bhíodh árd-ghlaodhach ortha san ó lucht tuaithe chun na Saoire.	There was always a great demand for them among the country people about Christmas for the festival.
Thugas cúig phúint déag ó Dhaingean Uí Chúise liom ar mo chuid pollóg i dteannta gur mó duine muinnteartha do fuair feidhre aca agus iad go flúirseach insa tigh agam féin.	I brought fifteen pounds with me from Dingle for my pollock; many of my relations got a couple of them as well, and there were plenty left at home for my own use.
Tamall tar éis na h-aimsire sin tháinig inghean an Dálaigh Mhóir, aodhaire Inis Mhicileáin, abhaile ó Mheirice.	A while after that the daughter of Big Daly, the herd of Inishvickillaun, came home from America.
Sí sin an cailín a bhíodh an réic Diarmaid, m'uncail, 'á luachtaint liom-sa i dtúis ár n-óige.	That was the girl whom my uncle, Diarmid the rake, used to be matching with me in the days of my youth.
Thug sí beagán blianta thall ach do theip an tsláinte uirthi ar nós céad duine nach í.	She spent a few years across the water, but her health failed—as is the case with so many others.
Ní i bhfeabhas a chuaidh sí tar éis teacht anall ach ag dul chun deire, 'r a shon í theacht go dtí an t-oileán ba shláintiúla do bhí i nÉirinn.	After her return she got no better, but fell into a decline, though she had come to the healthiest island in Ireland.
Fuair sí bás, fé dheire, thiar insa chloich agus do bhí saosúr na bliana ann le n-a linn sin.	She died at last, there on the island, during the fishing season.
Do bhí iascairí ó Uibh Ráthach 'n-a dteannta insa chloich an uair chéadna agus, ar chlos í bheith caillte, do bhí aon duine d'fhéad é d'iarraidh na cloiche bhaint amach chun a bheith ar an dtórramh.	There were fishermen from Iveragh with them in the island at that time, and, when the news of her death came, everybody who could did his best to get to the rock to be at the wake.
Dob' iad so dream dob' fhearr do sheasaimh i n-aon chloich riamh d'á shórt agus ba fhlaithiúla, agus d'á dheascaibh sin do bhí gach nduine d'iarraidh iad a shroichstint insa chruadh-chás agus do bhí daoine bailithe ann, cuid mhaith, an oidhche sin.	They were the best and the most hospitable people that ever lived on a rock of the kind, and for that reason everybody tried to get to them in their time of trouble, and there was a great concourse of people collected there that night.

Do bhí naomhóga ag sroichstint an oileáin go dtí n-a deich a chlog insan oidhche. Do bhí mór-chuid eile ag cur na báighe siar díobh ar maidin mar do bhí an lá ana-aoibhinn agus an fhairrge breagh ciúin.	Canoes were coming to the island until ten o’clock at night, and a great number of others made the passage to the west across the bay in the morning, for it was a lovely day and the sea was fine and calm.
Dob’ é an lá sochraide ba bhreaghtha a chonnac riamh é, agus ba theo.	It was the finest day for a funeral I ever saw, and the hottest.
Is go naomhóig Uibh Ráthaigh a chuaidh an chomhra agus do bhí triúr d’fhearaibh maithe innti.	The coffin was put into the Iveragh boat, and there was a crew of three good men in her.
An uair a bhíodar ullamh thugadar a gcúl do’n chloich agus bhíodar ag ciorrú na báighe aniar.	When they were ready, they turned their backs to the rock and started to make haste east across the bay.
Ar shroichstint calath an oileáin do’n sochraid do bhí a thuille naomhóg annsan romhainn.	When the funeral reached the harbour of the island, more canoes were waiting for us.
Do bhí orainn fós dul trí mhíle d’fhairrge, nó breis.	We had still to go three miles of sea or more.
Súil-fhéachaint dár thugas n’fheaca oiread naomhóg riamh i dteannta ’chéile, dar liom.	When I threw my eye over them I thought I had never seen so many canoes together.
Hocht cinn déag aca do bhí ann.	There were eighteen of them.
N’fheaca-sa riamh oiread san bád i sochraid ar an bhfairrge, ná go dtí an lá indiu.	I never saw, nor have I seen to this day, so many boats in a sea funeral.
Sé cinn déag agus cheithre cinn déag is mó a chonnac ó shin.	Sixteen or fourteen is the most I have seen since.
Go soirbhí’ Dia d’á n-anam so go léir gur éigean dom iad a mhúscailt;	May God be comforting to the souls of all those whom I must needs bring back to memory;
agus nár thuga’ Sé aon droch-áit d’aenne aca!	and may He give no ill place to any one of them.
Cé go raibh lán tighe de chlainn age fear na h-Inise an uair úd triúr aca atá annso timcheall orm anois.	Though the man in the Inish had a houseful of children then, there are only three of them in my neighbourhood now;
I Meirice do chuid aca, san uaigh d’á thuille agus soir siar ar nós a lán nach iad.	the rest of them are in America, scattered east and west as with so many others.
Do bhí an saoghal ’á chaitheamh ó bhliain go bliain ar an gcuma so agus do bhíos insa tseana-mhúchán tighe fós.	The world went on like this from year to year, and I was still living in my old hovel of a house.

Tháinig machtnamh ionnam é fhágaint agus crut éigin a chur ar bhráca beag éigin nua agus gan na cearca bheith ag glágarnaigh os mo chionn anáirde níosa shia.	The thought came to me to leave it and make a shift to build another little shelter, and not to have the hens clucking over my head any longer.
Cé gur minic a fuarthas cnuasóg ubh anáirde ann lá an ghádhtair, mar sin féin do bhíodh an braon anuas ann 'n-a ndiaidh go minic.	Though often enough we found a nest of eggs up there in a day of need, yet all the same the drip used to come through often in their wake.
Do bhí sórt tighthe 'á chur ar bun an uair sin gur ceann adhmaid do bhíodh 'á chur ortha; feilt agus tarra amuich fé sna billeóga.	A kind of house was coming into use at that time which had a timber roof on it—felt, and strips, smeared with tar, over that.
Bhídís comh sleamhain le buidéal agus an uair dob' annsa leis an gcirc dul anáirde mar ba ghnáth léi chun ubh a bhreith ann thuiteadh sí anuas 'on bhuaile agus ní bhacadh sí arís é.	They were as slippery as a bottle, and when a hen wanted to go up after her fashion to lay eggs she would fall down again into the yard, and would never try it again.
An rud a ritheann i n-aigne duine uair is dóigh liom gur ag dul i gceangal ann a bhíonn sé agus dob' 'in ionbhadh agam-sa é i dtaobh an tighe.	When a thing once comes into a man's mind, I fancy it has a way of sticking there, and that was my case in this matter of a house.
Do bhí 'fhios agam ná faghainn puinn congnaimh chuige ach go raibh saghas comhthroim agam chuige, toisc go raibh an seana-thigh agam, chun mo dhóthain aimsire thógaint leis.	I knew that I shouldn't get any help towards it, only that I had a sort of convenience in my old house being there for me, so that I could take my time over it.
Ní mó ná leithead sráide d'aistriú dheineas mar do bhí na clocha im' thimcheall agus thuigeas gurbh' fhuiriste fuinneadh i dteannta na mine agus gur mhór an ní dhom an stuif a bheith im' thimcheall.	I didn't move farther than the breadth of a street, for I had the stones all round me, and I realized that it's easy baking next the meal, and that it was a great thing for me that the materials were all about me.
Do phreabas chun an tighe a tharrac amach agus an uair a bhí a fhaid agus a leithead agam do tuigeadh dom go mbeadh cúirt agam nuair a bheadh sé suas agus é díonmhar le h-adhmad, feilt agus tarra.	I set to work at once designing the house, and when I had settled its length and breadth I felt as though I should have a palace when I got it up—well roofed with timber and felt and tar.
Do bhíos ag cur píosa ann i gcomhnaidhe nuair a bhíodh an chao' agam air, agus ó smut go smut do bhí aithint an tighe ag teacht go luath air;	I kept on adding a bit to it when I got the chance, and piece by piece it soon began to have the look of a house;

agus níor mhór an aga go raibh sé i n-aoirde cabhlach agus ná raibh orm ach an dá bhinn a chur le chéile, agus do bhíodar san á chaolú i ndiaidh gach péirse.	and before long the body of the house had risen, and all I had to do was to put together the two gables, and they were soon narrowing in, one row of stones after another.
Seadh, ní raibh aon díomhaointeas agam ar feadh ráithe agus do bhí an chloch phréacháin agam air san am san, sé sin an chloch dhéanach a cuirtar ar bharra na binne.	Well, I never had an idle moment for a whole quarter, and then I had set the ‘crow stone’—that is, the last stone placed on the summit of the gable.
Do bhí an gníomh san déanta agam gan cloch ná mairtéal a shíneadh chugham.	I’d finished the job without anybody handing me a stone or a bit of mortar!
Is i ndubhluachair na bliana do thairrigíos chugham an gnó so an tighe;	It was in the depth of winter that I set about this business of the house:
mar ní bheadh aon dul agam ar é dhéanamh aimsir ghnótha agus seilge san am go raibh an chloch phréacháin agam air, mar adubhart cheana.	for I shouldn’t have had any chance of doing it in the busy fishing season —the time when I placed the last stone, as I’ve just said.
Do bhí gach obair ag oscailt timcheall lár an Mhárta, talamh ’á dheargadh, leasú le báid agus i gcladaighe agus ba ghnáthach le daoine siubhal ar phollaibh na róinte.	Work was beginning about mid-March: there was the land to dig, and the weed for manure to fetch in the boats or from the beaches, and that was the time when people used to visit the seal caves.
Maidean aca so do bhí breagh, bog, aoibhinn do cnagadh an doras roim lá agus mar ná raibh trom-shuan orm do phreabas de gheit agus do dheineas é oscailt, cé bheadh amuich ná Diarmaid.	One of those mornings—a fine, soft, lovely morning—there was a knock on my door before day-break, and, as I was only sleeping lightly, I sprang up at a bound and opened the door, and who should be outside but Diarmid.
“Fáisc suas tu féin,” ar seisean.	‘Dress yourself,’ said he.
“Tá an lá go calma.	‘The day is calm.
Buailfeam siar chun na n-oileán.	We’ll go west to the islands.
Cá bhfios cad a bheadh caithte i bpoll róin nó i gcuas.	Who knows what may be lying in a seal cave or in a creek?
A’ bhfuil aon ghreim aráin beirbhithe agat?”	Have you a bite of bread cooked?’
“Tá mo dhóthain aráin agam,” arsa mise leis, “ach níl aon fhonn siar orm isna h-oileáin.	‘I’ve got bread enough,’ said I, ‘only I had no idea of going back to the islands.
Is dócha gur turus i n-aistear turus comh luath so insa mbliain.”	I fancy it would be a wasted journey so early in the year.’

“Dhera, beidh rud éigin againn—stropa coiníní nó rud ab’ fhearr ná iad, b’fhéidir.	‘Yerra, we’ll get something—a string of rabbits, or, perhaps, something better than that.
Ca bhfios duit ná gur gillín róin a bhuailfeadh linn,” arsan réic.	How do you know we mightn’t meet with a fine young seal?
“Níl aon phíosa aráin beirbhithe agam-sa.	
Tabhair leat cannta maith a dhéanfaidh sinn araon.”	Take a good hunk of bread that’ll do for the two of us.’
“Dhera, nach sámh an dúirneóg mhná atá agat,” arsa mise leis.	‘Yerra, what an idle lump of a wife you’ve got!’ said I to him.
“Is dócha gur ag spáráil na mine a bhíonn sí.”	‘I suppose she’s saving meal.’
“Ná an diabhal é! ach an iomarca dho’n sámh a bheith uirthi agus gur cuma léi cé hé go mbeidh ocras air.	‘Devil a bit! only she’s too lazy and doesn’t care who’s hungry,’ says he.
Bean bhreagh, réidh iseadh í,” ar seisean, “ná raibh tuiscionnach riamh.”	‘She’s a fine, easy woman, and she never had much sense.’
Do bhuaileas chugham triantán maith aráin agus do bhuaileamair an doras amach agus le chéile rómhainn.	I put up a good slice of bread, and we went our way together out of the door.
Do bhí an chuid eile de’n chriú tagaithe.	The rest of the crew had come.
Do chuireamair ar an uisce í agus dob’ eo chun siubhail sinn.	We launched the boat on the water, and off we went.
Níor stadamair de’n scríb sin nó gur bhaineamair amach Inis na Bró mar a raibh poll nótálta róin.	We never stopped till we got to Inish na Bró, where there was a famous seal cave.
B’annamh riamh ná go mbeadh rón le fagháil ann.	It was a very rare thing not to find a seal there.
Dubhramair féin le ’chéile go mb’fhearra dhúinn é chuardach.	We said to one another that we had best search it.
Gan ró-mhoill do bhí ceathrar istigh ann agus scóp orainn an bád d’fhágaint.	In a moment there were four of us in the cave, for we were keen to leave the boat.
Bhíomair ag druidim suas fé’n bpoll agus do chrom fear ar bheith ag gliúcaidheacht síos i luig mhóir a bhí ann.	We were moving up the cave, and one of the men started peering into a pool there.
“N’fheadar cad é an sórt rudaí iad san thíos ar thóin na luige seo,” ar seisean.	‘I wonder what those things in the bottom of this pool are?’ says he.
D’fhéach fear agus fear eile agus chonnacamair go raibh an cumar lán aca.	One man after another took a look, and we saw that the hole was full of them.
Do bhí fear sa bhád go raibh ana-shnámh aige agus tháinig sé agus d’fhéach síos.	One of the men in the boat was a great swimmer, and he came and looked down.

“Dhera, a dhiabhla!” ar seisean, “bolltaí copair agus práis iad san.	‘Yerra, you devils!’ said he, ‘they’re bolts of copper and brass.
Ná fuil ’fhios agaibh gur briseadh cnobalach luinge annsan tamall ó shin do bhí lán de’n sórt san bolltaí.”	Don’t you know that a hulk of a ship was wrecked here a bit ago and it was full of bolts of this kind?’
Ní túisce bhí deire leis an méid sin cainnte aige ná chaith sé dhe anuas a raibh d’éadach ’en tsaoghal air agus thug a cheann fé uisce síos.	No sooner had he finished that much talk than he cast off every stitch of clothes and plunged his head under the water.
Ní mór fara aoirde fir d’uisce do bhí insa chumar agus níorbh’ fhada do bhí sé thíos nuair a tháinig sé ar barra agus bollta copair aige do bhí cheithre troighthe ar faid.	There was little more than a man’s depth in the pool, and he hadn’t been under long when he came to the surface again with a bolt of copper four feet long.
“Dar bhur n-anam gléigeal!” ar seisean, “an ag brath liom-sa atánn sibh chun a bhfuil annsúd a thabhairt aníos?	‘By your shining soul!’ says he, ‘are you depending on me to bring up all that’s here?
Cuirtear téad ar dhuine eile agus ar bheirt agus ní cás deabhadh maith do dhéanamh an fhaid a bheidh an taoide gan teacht mar is deacair iad d’fheiscint an fhaid a bheadh an suathadh insa pholl.”	Put a rope round one or two others, and you’d better look sharp before the tide comes, for it’s hard to see them when there’s any disturbance in the hole.’
Do caithfaí san a dhéanamh ach cá raibh an bheirt a raghadh síos?	That was what should be done; but where were the two to go under water?
Dob’ ’in í an cheist.	That was the problem.
Do bhí cuid aca nár chuaidh ’on tsáile riamh agus cuid eile againn go raibh snámh maith againn ach nár ghnáth-bhéas againn dul fé loch.	There were some of them who’d never been in the sea, and others of us who could swim well enough, but we hadn’t the habit of going under.
Thug Diarmaid seáp treasna an chladaigh ag triall orm féin agus dubhairt, “Nach éachtach an snámhaidhe tusa uair eile agus go minic gan puinn d’á bharra agat.	Diarmid rushed across the beach to me. ‘Aren’t you a marvellous swimmer at other times, and often enough without anything to show for it?’ said he.
Druid annso i leith chugham agus cuir ort lúb de’n dtéid seo agus tabhair chughainn aníos cuid des na camáin óir sin agus ná bítar ag brath ar aenne amháin ná ar bheirt, leis.”	‘Come over here to me and loop this rope round you and fetch up one of those golden hurleys for us. Don’t let’s have to depend on one only, or on two for that matter.’

Seadh, marar thaithin an scéal féin liom ní raibh gnó agam an fear gan chiall so do chur im' mhullach agus, leis sin, do dheineas rud air.	Well, even though I didn't like the look of things much, I didn't want to bring that lunatic on top of me, and so I did what he said.
Do chaitheas mo bhalcaisí dhíom agus b'eo síos ar thóin an chumair me.	I threw off my duds and in I went to the bottom of the pool.
Ní raibh an réic istigh leis féin an uair a chonnaic sé nár chuireas an téad orm féin mar dubhairt sé.	The rake was very upset when he saw that I hadn't put the rope round me, as he had said.
Do thuig sé gur sórt paiseóin a ghlacas;	He thought that I was in a bit of a rage.
ach níorbh' eadh, mar ná raibh call le h-aon téid ach ropadh liom aníos an uair ba mhaith liom é, mar do bhí snámh maith agam.	But it wasn't so, for I stood in no need of a rope at all. All I had to do was to thrust myself to the surface when I wanted, for I was a good swimmer.
Le linn dul síos dom do bhuail bollta lem' chois agus do bhíos ag cuardach féachaint an mbuailfeadh ceann eile liom chun go mbeadh iongnadh ar an réic nuair a chífeadh sé an dá cheann ag teacht agam, mar ná bíodh ag an bhfear eile ag teacht ach ceann sa turus agus laochas air d'á bharr san féin do bheith aige.	When I went down I hit upon a bolt with my foot, and I looked about me to see if I could find another one so that the rake would be surprised when he saw me coming with two of them, for the other chap only brought them up one at a time, and very set up with himself he was at getting that much.
Seadh, do bhíos ag lorg go tiugh agus níor ró fhada gur bhraitheas an tarna ceann agus do bhogas é go h-éascaidh.	Well, I searched about a lot, and before long I saw the second one and shifted it easily.
Do bhí ceann fém' ascail agus ceann i láimh liom agus an lámh eile ag tabhairt cabhartha liom.	One of them was under my oxter and the other in one hand, while the other hand was working for me.
Do chuireas mo dhá chois i bhfeac agus chuas ar barra go h-éascaidh ach má chuas do bhí meádhchaint na mbolltaí am' bhreith síos arís mar is i lár an chumair a ráinig liom teacht ar barra.	I put my feet in position and shot up lightly to the surface, but, even so, the weight of the bolts was dragging me down again, for it chanced that I had come to the surface in the very middle of the pool.
Ach ba mhaith an mhaise sin do'n réic.	But the rake played his part well.
Do bhí an téad caithte aige agus í gabhtha sa láimh díomhaoin agam-sa.	He flung the rope, and I caught it in my unemployed hand.

An uair a chonnaic Diarmaid, réic, an dá bhollta ag teacht agam iseadh chrom sé ar phortaireacht;	When Diarmid saw me coming with the two bolts, then he began lilting.
agus ní raibh aon truagh aige dhom, ó'n uair gur mhaireas agus rud agam, mar duine dian chun seilge dob' eadh é.	And he had no pity for me since I'd come through alive with something in my hands, for he was a man always keen on making a catch.
"Mo ghraidhin go deo thu! má's mall is trom ualaigh," ar seisean liom.	'Good for you! You may be slow, but you come heavy laden,' says he to me.
"Bhí thíos arís." Do bhí fear eile 'n-a sheasamh ar bhruach an phoill.	'Down with you again.' Another man was standing on the brink of the pool.
Muiris Bán a bhíodh mar ainm air.	Maurice Bán they used to call him.
Fear leathan láidir dob' eadh é, ach níor thug sé buille snámha riamh.	He was a broad, strong man, and he'd never swum a stroke.
Dob' ait leis sinn-ne bheith ag dul 'on chumar agus é féin ag féachaint orainn.	He didn't like to see us going into the pool while he was looking on.
Dubhairt sé le Diarmaid:	He said to Diarmid:
"Cuir ceann na téide ar mo chorp go raghad síos agus go dtabharfad bacla aca so aníos liom ó táid siad comh flúirseach."	'Tie the end of the rope to my body and I'll go down and bring an armful of those up with me, since there's such a lot of them.'
"Dhera, dar do chroidhe do'n dialbuidhe!" arsa Diarmaid, "ní foláir nó is ag cailliúint do chéille taoi-se.	'Yerra, your soul to the swarthy devil!' says Diarmid, 'you must be going out of your senses.
Nach mar a chéile tusa leigeant síos nó máilín salainn!	One might as well send a bag of salt down as you.
Lucht an tsnámha ná bíonn ionnta ach an dé san am go dtagaid aníos!" D'iompuigh Muiris ar fhear eile chun na téide do chur air nuair a chonnaic sé an scaimh a chuir Diarmaid air féin chuige;	Even the swimmers have nothing but the breath left in them when they come up!' Maurice turned to the other man to tie the rope round him, when he saw Diarmid snarling at him;
agus dob' é fear é ná dritheáir do Dhiarmaid gurbh ainm do Liam, fear ná cuirfeadh puinn suime Muiris a thabhairt aníos marbh as an gcumar comh maith le h-é bheith beo.	and that man was a brother of Diarmid's named Liam, who didn't give a curse whether Maurice came out of the hole dead or alive.

Do chuir Liam an téad ar Mhuiris agus b’eo le fánaidh é agus insan am gur bhuail sé thíos níor dhein faic ach tarrac anáirde ar an dtéid arís nó gur chuaidh ar barra, gan é ag braith ar Liam chun é tharrac.	Liam tied the rope round Maurice, and down he went, and when he struck the bottom all he did was to pull at the rope again until he came to the surface without waiting for Liam to pull it up.
Ba mhaith mar dhein mar thabharfadh Liam a dhóthain aimsire dho chun é ’á bhádh thíos.	It was well he did so, for Liam would have given him plenty of time to drown down there.
Sarar thosnuigh an t-uisce ar líonadh sa chumar do bhí bollta agus fiche ag an mbeirt againn, cnocán breagh idir chopar agus phráis agus is fada go mbeadh Diarmaid cortha ’á dtarrac go dtí an bád.	Before the water began to flood the hole the pair of us had twenty-one bolts, a fine heap of them, both of brass and copper; and it’s long before Diarmid would have tired of dragging them out to the boat.
San am go raibh gach ní socair againn do chromamair ar ár ngreim aráin a mheilt agus do shlogadh siar—agus gan puinn cainnte nó go raibh san déanta, gan annlan gan faic ar an saoghal leis ach anois agus arís go gcuireadh fear a lámh amach agus thugadh leis lán a bhaise de’n tsáile agus do leigeadh siar é chun an góilín a ghlanadh.	When we had everything ship-shape we began to chew our bread and gulp it down—we hadn’t much to say till that was done—with nothing in the world to eat with it for sauce, only now and again a man would stretch out his hand and scoop up a handful of the salt water and send it down to clear his throat.
Le linn na gíotála so do bheith ar siubhal, agus sinn chun tabhairt fé abhaile, súil-fhéachaint dár thug Liam do chonnaic sé tráléir ag déanamh ar Inis Mhicileáin.	While we were fiddling about like this, just ready to start for home, Liam gave a look and saw a trawler making for Inishvickillaun.
“Tá rud éigin ’á dtabhairt go dtí an áit indiu,” arsa Diarmaid.	‘Something’s bringing them to that place to-day,’ said Diarmid.
Nuair a tháinig sí go dtí tráigh na h-Inise do chuir síos anncaire chun staidéir a dhéanamh ann.	When she came near the strand of the Inish she let go her anchor as though she meant to make a stay there.
“Seadh,” arsa Diarmaid, “cuiridh amach bhúr maidí agus bíodh fhios againn cad a thug í agus annsan beam ag dul abhaile i n-ainm Dé.” Do bhuaileamair treasna anonn mar nach fada ó chéile an dá chloich agus ní fada go rabhamair ’n-a dteannta.	‘Well,’ says Diarmid, ‘out with your oars and let’s see what has brought her, and then we’ll be off home in God’s name.’ We made our way across, for the two rocks are close to one another, and before long we were with them.
Do bhí sí lán de dhaoine.	She was full of people.
Chun lá grinn a bheith ins na clocha an gnó is mó a thug iad.	The chief part of their business was to have a day’s fun on the islands.

Do bhí folachadh ar na bolltaí insa bhád againn-ne gan aon fheiscint ag aeinne ortha ach insa deire dubhramair féin le chéile gur mhaith an rud ceann a thaisbeáint dóibh féachaint cad déarfaidís leis.	We had the bolts hidden in the boat so that nobody could see them, but in the end we said to one another that it would be a good idea to show them one of them to see what they would have to say about it.
Ar fheiscint an spara práis do dhuine uasal a bhí ar bórd tháinig ana-iongnadh air cad é an áit gur shroicheamair é agus do chuir ceist go tapaidh an mór a bheadh uainn air.	When a gentleman on board saw the brass spar, he wondered where we had come upon it, and asked us at once how much we wanted for it.
Is fada Éireann go bhfuair sé aon fhreagra mar ná raibh fios ceart ag aenne insa bhád mórán mar gheall air.	It was a very long time before he got any answer, for nobody in the boat had any proper notion of it.
Fé dheire do labhair captaen an árthaigh agus dubhairt:	At last the captain of the vessel spoke and said:
“Is fear é seo a bhíonn ag ceannach an sórt so agus ba mhaith leis sibh ’á dhíol leis.”	‘This is a man who buys this kind of thing, and he would like you to sell it to him.’
Annsan do dheineamair amach go gceannochadh sé gach a raibh againn aca.	Then we made out that he would buy all we had of them.
Sa deire chun scéal gearra a dhéanamh de do díoladh leis iad ar fad ar sé púint déag.	In the end, to make a long story short, we sold the whole lot to him for sixteen pounds.
B’éigean dúinn dul ar bórd an tráléara agus biadh agus deoch a chaitheamh innti, agus é le fagháil go flúirseach; agus, dar ndóigh, cad é an áit eile go mbíonn an raghairse ar siubhal ach mar a mbíonn na h-uaisle.	We had to go on board the trawler and take food and drink in her— and there was plenty of it to be had, and methinks the place to find plenty and to spare is where the gentry are.
Fé dheire d’fhagamair slán aca.	At last we said farewell to them.
Agus sinn ag déanamh ar an gcloich eile, sé sin Inis na Bró, do bhí coiníní le feiscint ag damhas ar gach ribe féir innti.	As we were coming up to the other rock—that is, Inish na Bró—rabbits could be seen dancing on every blade of grass in it.
Do bhí brothall, grian agus aoibhneas aca innti chuige sin san am san.	They had the hot weather and the sun and pleasantness on the island to make them do it.
Go h-obann agus sinn ag bun na cloiche sin do labhair Diarmaid.	Suddenly, when we were just under the rock, Diarmid spoke.
Dob’ é an captaen a bhí orainn é.	He was our captain.
Do phreab sé ’n-a sheasamh an uair seo agus dubhairt:	He jumped up now and said:

“Tráthnóna mín álainn iseadh é agus níl faic le déanamh againn ach dul abhaile.	‘It’s a lovely, quiet evening, and we haven’t a thing to do but go home.
Tá dhá mhadra mhaithe insa bhád agus cúpla ramhan maith.	We’ve two good dogs in the boat and a couple of stout spades.
Tugaimís ruail fé’n gcloich agus beidh leath-dosaon coiníní ag an bhfear againn,” ar seisean.	Let’s pay a visit to the rock and we’ll have half a dozen rabbits apiece.’
Fear gur thaithin a ghlór leis agus beirt nár thaithin agus mar sin féin ba chomh-mhaith do gach nduine an tseilg.	For one man that fancied what he had to say there were two that didn’t, but, all the same, every one of them liked hunting.
Do stad an bád ag an gcalath agus b’eo amach sinn, beirt soir agus beirt siar.	The boat stopped at the landing-place, and out we went—two of us east and the other two west.
Do bhí an tráthnóna déanach go maith insan am gur bhuaileamair le chéile arís ar bhruach an chalaith.	It was late in the evening before we met one another again on the edge of the landing-place.
Níorbh’ é an réic, Diarmaid, ba lugha fé’n tseilg.	The rake Diarmid wasn’t the worst off for game.
Do bhí oiread aige le beirt eile ach go raibh madra maith aige ba leis féin;	He had as much as any other two, only he had a fine dog of his own;
agus, rud eile, ní raibh aon droch-fhéith ann féin ná insa mhadra.	besides, there wasn’t a weak place in him or in the dog.
Tar éis teacht go dtí an bád do gach nduine, agus chuireamair an tseilg ar fad i dteannta chéile, do bhí ocht ndosaein coiníní againn, dosaon an fear.	When we had all come to the boat and put the game together, we had eight dozen rabbits—a dozen apiece.
Dubhairt na fearaibh ba shine do bhí insa bhád gurbh’ í seilg í ba mhó ba chuimhin leo a deineadh riamh ins na h-oileáin ar a ghiorracht aimsire.	The oldest men in the boat said that it was the best sport they ever remembered in the islands in so short a time.
Do bhí bolath na gaoithe ann agus í ’na cóir abhaile againn.	There was a smell of wind blowing fair for home.
Mar ná bíonn rún age mórán daoine do sceidh sé ó dhuine éigin againn-ne, leis, cár chaitheamair an lá agus cad a bhuail linn agus na daoine uaisle a cheannuigh an prás;	As few people can keep a secret, it got abroad, from one of us, too, where we had spent the day, and what we had found, and all about the gentry who bought the brass:
agus de dheascaibh gan an rún a choimeád do bhí ár gcuid feicithe againn de sna mianaigh.	and, since the secret had got out, we had seen our last of the metals.

Sara rabhamair le n-a chéile lár-na-mháireach do bhí báid an bhaile imithe.	Before we got together on the morrow the boats of the village were gone.
Ach níor mhór na púint eile do baineadh as riamh ó shin.	But not many pounds were made out of it ever after.
Siad an dá phúnt do bhí ’á bharra agam-sa an chéad dá phúnt a dhíolas as ceann an tighe nua.	The two pounds I got from this were the first two pounds I paid for the roofing of the new house.
Do bhí earraí saor an uair úd agus ní mór ar fad do chosain na neithe theastuigh uaim i gcomhair an tighe nua.	Goods were cheap in those days, and the things I wanted for the new house didn’t cost me very much.
Do bhí mórán d’oir do agam féin agus tigh beag dob’ eadh é cé, an uair a bhíos ’á tharrac amach, gur cheapas gur chúirt é; agus ba gheall leis seachas an múchán a bhí agam.	I had by me a lot of the things I needed for it, and it was a little house, although when I was designing it I fancied it was a palace; anyhow it was like a palace compared with the hovel I had.
Do bhí aon mhaith amháin ar an múchán gur thug sé mo dhóthain aimsire dhom chun an tighe nua a chur chun cinn gan aon phioc eile dem’ chúram d’fhágaint siar agus rud eile do bhí insa scéal—gan aon mháille ann a bhí le cur insa tigh nua.	The hovel had one good point—that it gave me time to finish the new house without neglecting any of my other work; and there was another thing, too—there wasn’t a thing in it that I had to transfer to the new house.
Do bhíos ó lá go lá agus ó uair go h-uair nó gur chríochnuigheas é glan amach.	I was at it from day to day, and from time to time, till I’d made a complete job of it.
Le linn san a bheith déanta cé gheobhadh timcheall ach Diarmaid.	When I’d finished it, who should come by but Diarmid.
Do stad sé ag féachaint tamall agus fé dheire do labhair.	He stopped to look for a bit, and then he said:
“A Mhuire, ’Mháthair! conus a chuiris le chéile comh tapaidh é, gan chabhair ó aenne beo?	‘Mary Mother! how did you put it together so quickly without help from a living soul?
Mhuise mo ghrádh do ghéaga! Go raibh m’anam-sa ó’n ndiabhal ná béarfaidh an chearc ’na dhrom nó má théigheann sí anáirde gur le faill a raghaidh sí!” ar seisean.	Wisha! blessing on your arms! My soul from the devil! but no hen will ever lay an egg on its roof, or, if she does go up, over the cliff she’ll go!’
D’fhan an tigh mar sin déanta suas tamall sarar chuamair ann.	The house stayed like that, all built ready, some time before we went into it.

Níor mhór na tighthe feilte do bhí insan oileán san am san ach níl aon tigh amháin ann le fada ná gur feilt an díon atá ortha ach an méid go bhfuil slinn ortha.	There weren’t many of the felt-roofed houses in the Island in those days, and now there hasn’t been a house there for a long time without its covering of felt—all except those that are slated.
Do chuamair chun lonnaithe ’on tigh nua tuairim is an bhliain 1893, i dtosach an Earraigh.	We went to live in the new house about the year 1893, at the beginning of spring.
An réasún ba mhó a bhí againn dul comh luath ann mar do bhí leasú ana-ghann an bhliain chéadna agus do bhí oiread leasaithe ar an seana-thigh agus a dhéanfadh leath a raibh de phrátaí insan Oileán.	Our chief reason for moving in so early was that manure was scarce that year, and there was as much manure in the old house as would have done for half the potatoes in the Island:
Ní raibh aon faic ann ach súith agus leasú.	there was nothing in it but soot and manure.
Rud eile, do bhíodh Diarmaid ag bagairt gach lá orm.	Besides, Diarmid was worrying me every day.
Ní raibh críoch ná áird ar an méid a bhí curtha aige féin, mar fear bocht aonair dob’ eadh é agus do bhíodh a thurus ins gach áit agus fágann an turusóireacht breall go minic ar ghnóthaí eile; agus, go minic, gan mórán de bharr a lán aca.	All he had planted were in very bad trim, for he was a poor fellow, all alone, and he’d calls to attend to everywhere. Too many calls often mean that things are clumsily done, and most of them show little profit.
Bhíodh truagh agam do mar do cailleadh an chéad bhean do bhí aige, agus í go maith aige, agus an bhean do bhuail thar n-ais leis gan í críochnúil ná gasta.	I used to be sorry for him, since the first wife he had was dead, and she had been a good one, while the wife he got next was neither handy nor tidy.
Leagadh eile bhí agam leis—ní cheilfeadh sé smior na gcnámh orainn uair a bheadh a chabhair ag teastáil.	Another reason I had for being fond of him—he would give us the very marrow of his bones when his help was needed.
Comh luath agus chonnaic Diarmaid an teine agus an gal sa tigh nua b’eo chugham isteach é agus do cháisimh an súith go tapaidh.	So soon as Diarmid saw the fire and its smoke in the new house, in he came to me and put in a claim for the soot.
“I gcúntas gheal Dé ná leig bhuam le h-aenne eile é,” ar seisean.	‘For God’s bright sake, don’t let anybody else but me have it,’ says he.
Do bhí sé go dian-mhaith chun dul i gcomhair a choda ach níorbh’ fhearr chuige sin é ná chun a thabhartha uaidh dá mbeadh aige.	He was very keen on the look-out for something, but he would have been just as keen to give it away if he had it.

“Ní leigfeadh do chuid le h-aenne dho ná bíodh eagal ort,” arsa mise leis.	‘I won’t give your share of it to anybody else, have no fear,’ says I to him.
“An bhfuil aon ghnó mór indiu agat?”	‘Have you got much to do to-day?’
“Dar Muire, ’mhuise!” ar seisean agus é ’na sheasamh idir dhá lighe an dorais, “níl aon ócáid mhór orm.	‘ wisha,’ says he, standing between the two door jambs, ‘I’ve nothing much on hand.
Canathaobh san? Anb’ aon ghnó atá agat-sa dhíom?”	Why do you ask? Do you need me at all?’
“Is eadh, tar anáirde i mullach an tseasna-thighe agus bí ag réidhteach an leasaithe dhuit féin.”	‘Well, up you go on the roof of the old house and be clearing the manure for yourself.’
Agus is é phreab go fonnmhar. Do bhíomair tamall insa tigh nua agus sinn ag déanamh go maith agus sástacht orainn ann.	Up he went with a good will. We had been some time in the new house, getting on very well, and thoroughly comfortable in it.
An tigh deas glan, gan deatach, gan gal.	A fine, clean house, without dust or smoke it was.
Ní ró fhada bhíomair lonnaithe ann san am gur ghaibh an galar triuch timcheall agus an bhruitíneach ’n-a teannta.	We hadn’t been living long in it when whooping-cough, and measles with it, came our way.
Trí mhí thugas im’ shuidhe leis an gcuid ba mheasa de sna páistí, gan faic de bharr m’aimsire agam ach an bheirt dob’ fhearr aca do bhreith chun siubhail.	Three months I spent sitting up with those of my children who took them worst, and I got nothing for the time I spent, only the two best of them were carried off.
Dob’ ’in briseadh eile ar ár misneach, go bhfóiridh Dia orainn, agus dob’ fhada Éireann do bhí an cúrsa san ag teacht linn, dar ndóigh.	That was another discouragement for us, God help us, and be sure that trouble went against us for a long time.
Is dóigh liom, pé scéal agam-sa é, ná raibh an dubrón ag scarúint leis an máthair, olc ná maith;	However things went with me, I fancy the sorrow of it never left the mother for good or ill,
agus ó’n am san amach go raibh sí féin ag ceiliúradh, mar ná raibh sí buan agus nár mhair sí le bheith críona.	and from that time forth she began to fail, for she was not to live long, and never lasted to be old.
Seadh, tar éis an annróidh domh-sa do bhíos d’iarraidh me féin a chrothadh suas.	Well, after all this anguish, I was trying to pull myself together.
Do bhuaileadh im’ aigne ná raibh aon leigheas ar na bearta san ach an méid foidhne do caithfí leo;	It was imprinted on my mind that there was no cure for these things but to meet them with endurance as best I could,

agus do bhíos d'iarraidh tamall eile de'n tsaoghal a bhaint amach—bliain mhaith ag teacht agus dhá bhliain ná bíodh ar fónamh.	and I kept trying to get through a while more of life—one year good and two that turned out ill.
Níorbh' fhada na blianta 'n-a dhiaidh sin gur ghluais óigbhean uasal ó phríomh-chathair Éireann go dtí an t-oileán so ar a laetheannta saoire.	A few years later a lady from the capital of Ireland came to this Island on her holidays.
Eibhlín Nic Niocaill dob' í í;	Eileen Nicholls was her name;
agus níorbh' fhada do bhí sí ann an uair a ghlac sí páirtidhe cailín agus dob' inghean dom do thóg sí de rogha.	and she hadn't been here long when she made a friend of a girl, and the one she chose was a daughter of mine.
Do bhí an bheirt aca le 'chéile, annsan, tamall gach lá.	The two of them spent a part of every day together.
Do bhíodh lá insa chnoc aca agus lá eile timcheall na trágha agus na fairrge agus an uair a bhíodh an aimsir bog brothallach thugaidís fé dhul ag snámh.	One day they would be on the hill, another about the strand and the sea; and when the weather was soft and warm they used to go swimming.
Lá dá rabhadar mar seo do bhí taoide ró-láidir rabharta ann agus an uair dob' am dóibh druidim leis an dtalamh is ag imeacht uaidh a bhíodar nó go rabhadar tnáithte.	One day, when they were bathing, a strong spring tide was running, and when they thought it time to swim in to land they found themselves drifting away from it until they were exhausted.
Do ráinig mac liom ag baint na bprátaí insa gharraidhe i n-aice an tighe—i dtosach an fhoghmhair dob' eadh é —mac go raibh ceol ann agus snámh d'á réir.	It chanced that one of my sons was digging potatoes in the garden near the house—this was in the beginning of harvest—a vigorous lad, and a good swimmer.
Hocht mbliana déag d'aois a bhí sé agus do chonnaic sé an bheirt bhan insa tsnámh agus d'aithin láithreach gurbh' iad a bhí ann agus go raghadh díobh teacht.	He was eighteen years old. He saw the two girls swimming, and saw who they were at once, and that they wouldn't be able to get ashore.
Do chaith sé uaidh a ramhan agus do ghaibh gach comhgar trí fhaill is cladach nó gur chuaidh ar an dtráigh.	He threw his spade away and took the shortest cuts down the cliff and the beach until he came to the strand.
Níor bhain sé aon luid de, bróg ná faic, mar ná rabhadar ró fhada amach agus le linn dul go dtí an t-uisce dho chonnaic sé an bhean uasal ag dul síos.	He didn't take off a thing, his boots or anything else, for they weren't too far out, and when he came down to the water he saw the lady sinking.
B'eo amach é agus do labhair leis an drifír.	Out he went and spoke to his sister.

Dubhairt léi bheith ’á coimeád féin ar barra go fóil go raibh an bhean uasal ’á bádh agus go raghadh sé ag fóirithint uirthi ar dtúis.	He told her to keep herself afloat on the surface for a while; that as the lady was drowning, he would go to her assistance first.
Ach má chuaidh do thuit sé féin agus an bhean uasal le ’chéile.	He went, and he and the lady were drowned together.
Fear eile a thug isteach an drifiúr agus gan innti ach an puth.	Another man brought in the sister, who was at her last breath.
Thóg na báid an bheirt eile le linn domh-sa agus Paidí teacht, mar ba ghnáthach linn, ó bheith ag iascach.	The boats took up the other two just as Pats and I were returning as usual from our fishing.
Sid é an radharc do bhí romhainn.	That was the sight that awaited us.
Seadh, b’éigean dom seasamh leis an gcruadhchás so leis agus gabháil thríd.	Well, I had to face this trouble, too, and go through it.
Dob’ í an tsochraid ba mhó í d’á raibh i nDúnchaoin riamh.	It was the biggest funeral Dunquin had ever known.
Iad ar aon tsochraid amháin nó gur dheighleadar ó chéile ag tarrac, gach nduine aca, ar a dteampall dúthchais.	They were carried together until they parted, going, each one of them, to their family burying place.
Do dheineadar muinntir na h-ógmhná go maith dhomh-sa ar feadh blianta ’n-a dhiaidh sin.	The lady’s family were very kind to me for years afterwards.
Thánadar araon chugham, an t-athair agus an mháthair, i nDúnchaoin agus b’éigean me theasbáint dóibh.	They both came, the father and the mother, to see me in Dunquin and had me pointed out to them.
Tá súil agam nár cheapadar go rabhas-sa i n-earraid leo toisc gur le n-a n-inghin féin a thuit an mac.	I hope they did not think that I was angry with them because my son had died for their daughter.
Ach ní rabhas-sa riamh comh neamh-thuiscionnach san.	I was never so foolish as that.
Má ba léi, féin, ní raibh leigheas air.	If it was for her he died, it could not be helped.
B’é toil Dé é.	It was God’s will.
Is dóigh liom mara mbeadh an t-úncail Diarmaid ná tiocfainn chugham féin chuige insa scríb seo, i dteannta cabhair Dé,	I think that if it hadn’t been for my uncle Diarmid, I should never have recovered from this trouble at all. I had God’s help, too,
mar do bhí an inghean a bhí insa bhfairrge gan mór-shúil léi féin go ndéanfadh sí aon téarnamh, ach oiread, mar ná raibh innti ach an puth fós.	for the daughter who had been in the sea was never expected at first to come round either, since she was still at her last breath.

Dá mbeadh deimhniú go gcasfadh sí sin féin tuigeadh dom ná raghadh an scéal comh h-olc dom.	I felt that, if I could be assured that even she would recover, things would not be so bad with me.
Thagadh Diarmaid gach lá chugham agus oidhche ag déanamh spior-spear de'n nglór gránna a chloiseadh sé againn-ne;	Diarmid used to come in every day and night, making little of our despondent talk,
ag tarrac rudaí chughainn ba sheacht measa ná an cás do bhí orainn féin—an long ar muir go mbíodh na céadta innti, an bannc cloch ins na mianaigh a thuitim ar na daoine go léir—chun misnigh a chur orainn.	reminding us of troubles far worse than ours—a ship lost at sea with hundreds on board; a wall of rock falling on all the workers in a mine—so as to put heart in us.
Níor ró fhada a rith leis an duine bocht féin.	His own good fortune didn't last long.
Do bhí bailcairí maithe garsún an uair seo aige agus ba lán-ghairid go mbeadh sé ar a thoil féin dá rithfeadh leo agus ná beadh aon chúram air ach ag cur órdaithe ortha.	He had some fine strapping lads at this time, and before long he would have been able to do what he pleased if things had gone well with them, with no trouble in the world but to issue orders to them.
Beagán achair tar éis mo thubaist-se do bhuail sé chugham isteach agus gan fios faic agam.	A little while after my trouble he came in to me and I suspected nothing.
"Do sheol rud éigin anois tu," arsa mise leis.	'Something's brought you now,' said I to him.
"Do sheol an aindire," ar seisean.	'Misfortune has brought me,' said he.
"Cad san?" arsa mise leis, mar b'fhada liom gur labhair sé.	'What is it?' said I to him, for I was impatient for him to speak.
"Tá," ar seisean, "tráthnóna araer go déanach do bhí an fear dob' fhearr a bhí agam ag rith i ndiaidh caorach agus do baineadh insa tsiubhal é agus do leagadh, leis, agus do bhuail stocán cloiche le n'éadan agus do shil fuil mhairt.	'It is this,' said he: 'late last evening the best of my lads was running after a sheep and he stumbled as he ran, and fell, too, and a sharp rock hit him on the brow, and he lost a great deal of blood.
Ní h-é méid an ghearrtha ar fad é ach tá poll mór isteach ann agus is dócha gurb' amhlaidh atá smut de'n gcnámh istigh briste."	It isn't so much the size of the cut, but there is a deep hole in his head, and I fancy that a piece of the bone inside is broken.'
"Agus cad tá le déanamh anois agat?" arsa mise leis.	'And what are you to do now?' I said.
"Tá an sagart 's a' dochtúir bhuam," ar seisean.	'I want the priest and the doctor,' said he.
"Ó tá an lá breagh faigh tu féin ullamh."	'As the day is fine, get yourself ready.'

“Bead-sa ort gan mhoill agus soláthair an chuid eile de’n gcriú,” arsa mise leis.	‘I’ll be with you in a minute,’ said I to him. ‘Get the rest of the crew.’
Ar dhul go Dúnchaoin dúinn dob’ éigean beirt a dhul fé bhrághaid an tsagairt agus do bhog beirt eile an bóthar go Daingean Uí Chúise.	When we got to Dunquin, two had to go for the priest and two others took the road to Dingle.
Diarmaid féin agus a dhritheáir Liam a chuaidh annsan.	Diarmid himself and his brother Liam went that way.
Mise agus Paid Shéamais a chuaidh ag triall ar an sagart.	I and Pats Heamish went for the priest.
Do bhí bóthar deich míle rómpa san agus, geallaim dhuit, dul agus teacht de chois, gan capall ná searrach.	They had ten miles to go, and I promise you they had to go and return on foot, without a horse or a foal.
Ar shroichstint tighe na sagart dúinn do bhíodar as baile agus dob’ éigean dúinn ár suaineas a thógaint nó go dtánadar;	When we reached the priests’ house they were out, and we had to wait quietly until they returned;
agus thugamair i bhfad de’n lá ann.	we spent a lot of the day there.
D’fhiafruigh an sagart paróiste dhinn an raibh an scéal dainnséarach agus dubhramair leis go raibh.	The parish priest asked us if the case was dangerous, and we said it was.
Do socruigheadh go dtiocfadh an fear óg linn.	It was settled that the young priest should come with us.
Do bhogamair an bóthar roimis agus do bhaineamair as na cosa a raibh ionnta mar do bhí ’fhios againn go mbeadh an sagart romhainn, d’á fheabhas ár ndícheall, cé go raibh comhgar againn-ne.	We started off before him, and we took all there was in them out of our legs, for we knew that the priest would be before us, do the best we could, though we were taking a short cut.
Ar shroichstint calath Dhúnchaoin dúinn ní raibh an dochtúir fós tagaithe.	When we reached the harbour at Dunquin, the doctor hadn’t come yet.
Do bhí an lá meilte an uair seo.	The whole day was gone by this.
Ní mór an mhoill a bhí ar an sagart, áfach.	The priest wasn’t kept long, however.
Do chuireamair an bád ar snámh agus bhíomair ag bogadh linn nuair a tháinig an bheirt ar bharra na h-aille agus an dochtúir aca.	We launched the boat, and we were just starting when the other two appeared on the crest of the cliff, and the doctor with them.
Chasamair agus thógamair ar bórd iad.	We turned back and took them on board.
Do bhí an oidhche dubh insan am gur bhaineamair amach an t-Oileán.	It was black night by the time we reached the Island.

Dar ndóigh, dob’ éigean dúinn dul amach thar n-ais arís agus teacht isteach.	To be sure, we had to go out once more and come back again.
Do bhraitheadar dainnséarach an buachaill agus dubhairt an dochtúir má bhí aon bhlúire de’n gcnámh briste istigh go mbeadh san ag teacht leis do shíor,	They saw that the boy was in danger, and the doctor said that, if any fragment of the bone inside was broken, it would always be troubling him.
“ach,” ar seisean, “ní bheidh faic air mara bhfuil san i gceist.” Ní raibh an lá ró dhíomhaoin againn-ne, agus is sin mar bhíonn ag oileán d’á sórt go deo—annródh do shíor ann am an ghádhtair.	‘But,’ said he, ‘he’ll be all right if that isn’t the case.’ That was no idle day for us, and that’s how it always is in an island like this—grinding toil always when the time of trouble comes.
Níor dhein an buachaill lá maoin ná maitheasa as san amach nó gur chuaidh ’on chill.	The lad never did a profitable day’s work from that till he went to the churchyard.
XXI — AN MHIN BHUIDHE.	21 — The Yellow Meal.
Captaen smaic an Daingin, an mhin ar bórd, an Gárda Cósta, teacht ’on Oileán ar éigean, ceannach na mbanbh.	THE CAPTAIN OF THE DINGLE SMACK · THE MEAL PUT ABOARD · THE COASTGUARD · A DIFFICULT PASSAGE TO THE ISLAND · BUYING THE BONHAMS
Bliain ghorta insan Oileán, agus insa lán áiteanna nach é, dob eadh an bhliain sin agus do ghluais duine uasal ó phríomh-chathair Éireann ag cur tuairisc cá raibh an ganntar, agus do bhain amach an Blascaod.	That year was a hungry year in the Island, and in many other places, too, and a gentleman set out from the capital of Ireland to find out where the scarcity was, and he came as far as the Blasket.
Thug sé ordú chun mine agus plúir go dtí an Daingean.	He sent an order for meal and flour to Dingle.
Chuamair-ne ann ’á sholáthar.	We went there to fetch it.
Do bhí seana-thráléir insa chuan agus níor dhein sí faic le suim mhór aimsire.	There was an old trawler in the harbour, and she hadn’t done a stroke of work for a long while.
Do bhí faid duine d’fheamnaigh ag fás uirthi, miongáin, báirnigh agus iascáin.	There was a man’s length of seaweed growing on her—winkles, limpets, and mussels.
An seana-chaptaen go raibh maighistríocht aige uirthi do bhí sé féin cosúil le bheith i ndeallramh na luinge.	The old captain who had command of her was like to be in the same case as his ship.
An ribe féasóige d’fhás tríd amach agus é óg, do bhí an ribe sin ó shin i leith, gan aon chor a chur de, síos ar a bhrollach;	The bristle of hair that sprouted out of him when he was young was on him still, undisturbed, flowing down to his breast.

agus níor dhóigh leat air gur bhuail aon deoir uisce leis féin ó bhliain an droch-shaoghail.	And you wouldn't believe that a single drop of water had touched him since the days of the great famine.
Ní raibh aon lá ag teastáil de cheithre fichid bliain uaidh.	He wasn't a single day less than eighty.
Do labhair fear maith éigin i nDaingean Uí Chúise dho chun na bpingní a thabhairt le tuilleamh do féin agus d'á sheana-churachán nár bogadh as slab an chuain le cúig bliana roimis sin í.	Some good man in Dingle advised him to earn the pence for himself and for his crazy old galley that had never shifted from the slime of the harbour for five years past.
Síneadh suas leis an gcé í.	She was brought up level with the quay.
Ní ró fhada go raibh deire innti.	Soon the last load was aboard her.
Annsan do ghaibh gárdóir cósta an cé amach agus chuaidh chun cainnte leis an seana-chaptaen.	Then a coastguard came along the quay and fell to talking with the captain.
D'fhiafruigh de cá raibh an chuid eile d'fhuirinn na luinge.	He asked where was the rest of the ship's crew.
Dubhairt an seana-bhuachaill gur suarach an criú ba ghádh dho —é féin agus beirt.	The old lad said that he didn't need much of a crew—two besides himself.
Fear fuinniúil láidir dob' eadh fear an Rí agus tháinig sórt feirge air chuige.	The King's man was a strong, vigorous fellow, and he was by way of being angry with him.
"Ní tusa is cóir a cháineadh ach na daoine bhac tharsta thu, tu féin agus do sheana-chnobalach diabhail árthaigh;	'It isn't you we ought to blame,' says he, 'but the people that had anything to do with you, you and your devil's carrion of a ship;
agus ná tabharfainn leath-choróin ar a seans dul choidhche 'on Oileán," ar seisean.	and I wouldn't wager half a crown on its chance of making the Island.
"Bíodh criú fachta agat le linn me chasadh thar n-ais nó mara mbeidh tógfad aisti a bhfuil innti agus cuirfead i n-árthach eile é."	Have a crew ready by the time I come back, for, if you haven't, I'll take out of her everything that's in her and put it in another boat.'
Sé an fáth go raibh fear an Rí ag labhairt comh mí-chéadfhach mar do bhí beartaithe air féin chun a bheith i n-éineacht leis.	The reason why the King's man spoke so shortly to him was that he had been intending to go along with him.
Is beag nár shéid an fear liath fuil shrón.	The white-haired ancient nearly spurted blood from his nose.
Tháinig dath gorm air i n-ionad a bheith liath.	He turned blue instead of grey.

Thug sé seáp reatha an cé amach i ndiaidh an duine eile ach do chuir muinntir an Oileáin cosc leis.	He rushed the whole length of the quay after the other man, but the Islanders kept him off.
An uair a cuireadh stop leis do labhair sé go h-árd mar tharbh buile.	When they stopped him, he shouted out like a mad bull:
“Teir’ i n-ainm puillíní an diabhail! maran agat atá an teideal chun mo bháid-se;	‘By the devil’s pulleys, you go on as if you had the right to my boat.
nó cé thug duit é?” ar seisean leis an bhfear cósta.	And who gave it you?’ says he to the coastguard.
“A’ bhfuil aon fhear agaibh-se annsan ó’n Oileán a chuirfeadh na seolta go barra an chrainn dom agus a raghadh lem’ chois?” ar seisean, agus scéan buile ’n-a dhá shúil.	‘Is there a man of you there from the Island who could raise the sails to the masthead for me and go with me?’ says he, with a wild look in his eyes.
Cé go raibh an mhin agus an plúr ag teastáil go géar ó sna h-oileánaigh ní ró éascaidh a dheineadar é fhreagairt.	Though the Islanders were in sore need of the meal and flour, they were none too ready to answer him.
Dubhairt duine aca ná raibh eolas ar an ngnó san aca.	One of them said they had no notion of the job.
Ní raibh ach an méid sin ráidhte nuair a ghaibh fear an Rí anuas an cé agus struip siubhail fé, agus beart ’n-a láimh aige fé mar bheadh beatha an lae déanta suas aige do féin.	He’d just said that much when the King’s man came at a trot down the quay with a bundle in his hand as though he had his day’s provision put together.
Ní raibh aon amharc ag an bhfear liath air nó gur bhuail sé isteach ar bórd na luinge chuige.	The white-haired man didn’t spot him till he had jumped aboard.
“Bhfuil aon chabhair solártha ó shin agat?” ar seisean.	‘Have you got any hands since?’ says he.
“Is cuma dhuit-sa insa diabhal agam nó bhuam iad,” arsan máirnéalach aosta.	‘What the hell is it to you whether I have them or not?’ says the ancient mariner.
Ar an am san do bhí beirt phóilíní ’n-a seasamh ar an gcé.	Just then there were two peelers standing on the quay.
Do fuair an bheirt ordú ó’n ngárdóir cósta an seana-bhuachaill liath a thógaint leo, go raibh déirc na ndaoine mbocht so imithe gan mhaith aige mar go raibh an t-uisce ag teacht isteach cheana go dtí an mhin agus gan aenne i mbun na seana-luinge a phúmpáil ná a thriomú.	The coastguard ordered them to take the old fellow in charge. He’d ruined the alms of the poor, for the water was already leaking on to the meal, and there was no one in charge of the old hulk to pump her or bail her.
Rug an bheirt greim ar an seanduine.	The pair gripped the old man.

Do chuir fear an Rí ceist ar an Rí seo ’gainn-ne an mbeadh leisce air dul ’on tseana-smaic le n-a chois agus fear mait eile i n-éineacht leis.	The King’s man asked our King if he would shirk going aboard the old smack with him and some other good fellow in his company.
Do ghaibh an Rí leis an scéal, mar ba dhual do an uair a bheadh gnó dho— é ’n-a rí agus ’n-a mháirnéalach an uair ba ghádh é, agus é comh h-oilte céadna ar phrátaí do chur agus chun aoiligh a tharrac ortha.	The King agreed, as was his way when there was need of him—for he was both King and mariner when the call came, as well as being just as handy at planting potatoes and carrying manure for them;
Is minic do ghaibh sé an sean-asal liath-ghlas gearr-eirballach a bhí aige agus gach a mbíodh timcheall na cúirte ’n-a gcodladh.	many a time has he harnessed his old, grey, bobtailed ass when all else in the place were in their slumbers.
Fuair sé fear eile le dul ’n-a theannta.	He got another man to go with him.
Tháinig an Rí chugham féin sarar chuireadar chun fairrge, do theasbáin bosca dom agus do chuir mar chúram orm é.	The King came to me before they put to sea. He showed me a box, and put it in my charge.
Do chuadar ar bórd agus thug an fear istigh cúram dóibh go tapaidh agus ba ró ghearr go raibh an seana-phota oiriúnach le bogadh ó’n gcé.	They went aboard, and the man there set them their tasks at once, and before long the old tub was ready to start from the quay.
Annsan do chuir fear an Rí guth go dtí sna póilíní an raibh an seana-chaptaen toilteannach chun teacht i n-éineacht leo anois ach ná faghadh sé aon mháighistríocht ar an luing.	Then the King’s man shouted to the peelers, asking if the old captain was agreeable to go with them now, though he wouldn’t have any authority over the ship.
Cé ná raibh an fear liath buidheach bhí fhios aige, mara mbeadh sé ar an luing ná faghadh sé aon phágh.	Though the white-haired man wasn’t too well pleased, he knew very well that, if he wasn’t on the ship, he wouldn’t get any pay.
Leis sin do chuaidh sé innti.	So he went aboard.
Ghlaoidh fear an Rí ar shlataire eile ó’n nDaingean do bheadh i n-éineacht leis abhaile.	The King’s man called on another Dingle lad so that he might be with them on their journey home.
Annsan b’eo leo sa tsiubhal.	Then off they started.
B’eo leis an gcuid eile againn annsan ag treabhadh chun an bhóthair.	The rest of us started off to trudge the way home.
Do bhí a lán mion-rudaí againn agus ní raibh sé ’n-ár gcumas iad a thabhairt ar ár ndrom. Leis sin níor mhór capall a bheith againn.	We had a lot of trifles with us, and we couldn’t carry them on our backs, so we needed a cart.

Fuaireamair an capall ar a seacht scillinge.	We got it for seven shillings.
Chuireamair ár gcuid earraí sa trucaill agus chuireas-sa go cúramach ann bosca an Rí agus níor bhaineas mo shúil de nó gur bhaineamair Dúnchaoin amach.	We threw our stuff into the cart, and I put in the King’s box very carefully, and never took my eyes off it till we reached Dunquin.
Buidéil a bhí ann agus níorbh’ ionntaoibh aenne ’n-a gcomhgar san.	There were bottles in it, and nobody was to be trusted in their neighbourhood.
Do bhí bosca an Rí Ceann Sléibhe siar agus gan é féin ach i mbéal Chuain an Daingin, mar a raibh radharc againn ortha.	The King’s box had rounded Slea Head when he was no farther than the mouth of the Dingle Harbour, for we could see them there.
Ní raibh puinn gaoithe chun aon luinge do bhogadh d’á fheabhas a bheadh sí ach ní rabhamair ach ar bhruach calaith Dhúnchaoin nuair a bhí briota maith ann di.	There wasn’t any wind to move the ship, even if she had been any good, but when we had just reached the cliff above Dunquin Harbour a stiff breeze began to blow.
Do bhrostuigheamair ar eagla go mbeadh an seana-chaptaen san Oileán romhainn, ó tháinig an ghaoth air, ach níor ghádh dhúinn an deabhadh.	We hurried up for fear that the old captain would make the Island before us, since he’d got the wind; but we needn’t have hurried.
Nuair a thánamair ’on Oileán ní raibh aon radharc ar an árthach againn.	When we came to the Island there was no sign of the ship.
Ag druidim leis an oidhche chuaidh daoine chun an chnuic féachaint an raibh sí le feiscint insa bhágh agus do bhí alpachán mar í os coinne bhéal Chuain Fionntrágha, anonn ’s anall di féin.	As the night drew on, people went up on the hill to see if they could get a sight of her in the bay, and there was a lump of something that looked like her tacking from side to side just off Ventry Harbour.
D’fhan duine as gach tigh insa bhaile ’n-a suidhe go maidean.	One man from every house in the Island stayed up all night.
Nuair a tháinig solas na maidine do bhí an seana-chnobalach luinge le feiscint age Ceann Sléibhe gan luid anairte anáirde uirthi ach tuairim leithead seáil mná ar gach crann léi.	When the morning light came, the old hulk was to be seen off Slea Head without a stitch of canvas on her except a piece on each mast about half the size of a woman’s shawl.
Seadh, ba chuma cad é an gotha do bhí uirthi ó’n uair gur mhaireadar— leigeant di féin bheith ag treabhadh léi.	Well, it mattered little how she looked since they’d come through by giving her her head and letting her drive on.
Do chuaidh duine ag caitheamh a chuid bidh, duine thall agus duine i bhfus nó go sroichfeadh sí an calath.	One after another the men went to their food this way and that, to pass the time till she came to harbour.

Ach do réir mar bhí an mhaidean ag imeacht ní raibh sí ag teacht aon phioc níos giorra dhúinn.	But, as the morning went on, she never came an inch nearer.
Ní ró fhada gur ghaibh cuid des na fearaibh anuas go bruach an chalaith agus do chuireadar ar bun dul ag triall uirthi le cúpla bád.	Before long some of the men went down to the creek brink and decided to go out to her with a boat or two,
Cuireadh naomhóg agus bád beag ar snámh de’n iarracht san mar ní raibh aon bháid mhóra ann an uair sin ná le fada roimis.	and so they launched a canoe and a little boat, for there were no big boats then, nor had there been for some time past.
Nuair a shroicheamair an t-árthach ní raibh aenne ar bórd go raibh a chló féin air tar éis na h-oidhche dábur b’é an Rí féin é.	When we got to the ship, there wasn’t a man on board that looked like himself after the night, even the King.
Is amhlaidh a bhí an oidhche tugtha aca ag púmpáil uisce as an seana-thráléir, agus í fós ’n-a ghádh.	It seemed that they had spent the night pumping water out of the old trawler, and she needed it still.
B’éigean an seol mór a bhaint di ar eagla go scoiltfeadh an seana-bhád as a chéile agus go raghadh sí fé chois ortha.	They’d had to strike the mainsail for fear the old boat would split and go down under their feet.
Obair chruaidh iseadh bheith ag púmpáil luinge.	It’s a stiff job pumping a ship.
Do ceangladh dhá théid aisti agus mar do bhí an taoide linn ní ró fhada gur chuireamair ar an leabaidh anncaire í.	We tied two ropes to her, and, as the tide was with us, before long we’d brought her to her anchorage.
Do bhí hocht tunna idir mhin agus plúr innti, fóirithint mhaith do’n mBlascaod san am úd.	There were eight tons of both meal and flour in her, a great help to the Blasket at that time.
An uair a chromamair ar é tharrac abhaile ba dhóigh leat gur pruais siongán an calath, gach nduine is a mála féin thiar air.	When we fell to carrying it home, you’d have thought the harbour was an ant-hill, for every man had his bag on his back.
An uair d’fhág beirt an Oileáin an seana-phota luinge ní raibh de chriú annsan innte ach triúr;	When the two Islanders left the old tub, the only crew left aboard were the three others;
tugadh an t-anncaire ar bórd dóibh.	we got the anchor aboard for them.
Níorbh’ é dearmhad an Rí gan tuarisc a bhosca a chur orm-sa nuair a chuas ar bórd an árthaigh chuige;	The King didn’t forget to ask after the box he’d entrusted to me when he went on the ship;
agus nuair d’innseas do go raibh sé slán folláin sa bhaile roimis, do bhí sé ana-shásta agus d’imigh cuimhne annróidh na hoidhche dhe.	and when I told him that it was waiting for him at home, safe and sound, he was mighty pleased, and forgot all the troubles of the night.

Seadh, má bhí tighthe an Bhlascaeid ar bheagán lóin roimis seo insa bliain, ní raibh san le rádh an lá san aca ó'n uair gur rith leis an bpota árthaigh í thabhairt chun cinn.	Well, if the Blasket houses had lacked food earlier on in the year, they couldn't say that now since the old tub had managed to make a job of it.
Sean-fhocal iseadh é gur giorra cabhair Dé ná an doras. Ní bréag san, leis.	It's an old saying that God's help is nearer than the door, and that's no lie;
Do bhí an méid sin raghairse tagaithe, gan puinn coinne againn leis,	all that lashings and leavings of food had come when we least expected it.
agus dob' é an chéad mhachtnamh eile a dheineamair ná go mbeadh fuar-bhlas tagaithe ar an earradh sara mbeadh a leath úsáidithe agus go mb'fhearr seift a chur ar bun chun tairbhe do bhaint aisti an fhaid do bheadh sí folláin	The next thought that entered our minds was that it would go mouldy before half of it could be consumed, and that we had best find a way of getting some good out of it while it was sound.
agus dob' é seift é ná dul agus banbhaí a cheannach, agus, an uair a bheadh deire na mine caithte, bheith ag cáiseamh arís.	The plan we pitched on was to go and buy some bonhams and, when the last of the meal was finished, to begin grumbling again.
Uair a chluig níor thóg an dlí sin nuair a bhí gach fear bearrtha agus balcaisí glana fáiscithe suas air agus a raibh de naomhóga san oileán ar snámh agus a n-aghaidh ar Dhúnchaoin.	We'd only been an hour settling on this scheme when every man had shaved and put on clean duds, and every canoe in the Island was at sea making for Dunquin.
Ar shroichstint an chalaith dhúinn amuich bhí a raibh insa pharóiste romhainn ann mar cheapadar gur sochraid a bhí ag teacht agus gurbh ait leo nár chualadar aenne bheith marbh.	When we got to the harbour on the mainland, the whole parish was gathered waiting for us. They thought that it was a funeral on the way, and it seemed odd to them that they hadn't heard tell of anybody's death.
Dhruid duine muinnteardha treasna an chladaigh anall nó gur tháinig sé suas liom féin.	A relation of mine came over to me across the beach.
"Dhera, 'chroidhe!" ar seisean, "do thug cúram trom éigin amach sibh agus na naomhóga go léir a bheith i n-éineacht?"	'Yerra, my heart!' says he, 'you must have come on some important business since all the canoes have come out together.'
"Nach mór an t-iongantas nár rith leat an cheist sin a chur ar aenne go dtáinís chugham-sa," arsa mise.	'It's a great wonder you didn't manage to ask somebody else about that before you came to me,' says I.

“Dhera, ’chroidhe! tá cuid aca-san mion-bhréagach agus sórt rógaireacht ag baint leo agus is olc a chreidfinn cad déarfadh a lán aca.”	‘Yerra, my heart! some of them are not above telling you a lie. They’ve got a bit of the playboy in them, and I’d find it hard to believe what most of them would say.’
“Táimíd ag dul ag ceannach banbh,” arsa mise.	‘We’re going to buy bonhams,’ says I.
“A Mhuire! nár cheapas go raibh furmhór na h-áite sin agus gan greim aca le cur ’n-a mbéal féin;	‘ and me thinking that the most of them there hadn’t a bite to put in their mouths.
agus nach mór an obair má’s ag ceannach adhbhar muc atáid siad, ná airgead aca chuige,” ar seisean.	And isn’t it a strange thing for you to be going to buy the makings of pigs without a penny to do it with?’ says he.
Do spion a chuid cainnte me mar strútach gorta dob’ eadh é nár thaithin a shlí liom.	His words maddened me, for he was a mean fellow himself, whose ways were not to my taste.
“Má’s scéal é sin a dheinis-se a chlos ní maith an té do chualaidh é, cé gur mór ded’ ghaolta ann;	‘If that’s a tale you’ve heard, the man that heard it isn’t up to much, though there are many of your kin in the Island.
agus do réir deáraimh níor ghoilleadar ana-mhór ort, ar chlos an scéil duit agus greim agus fiche agat féin agus nár chuais ar a dtuairisc agus ceann de sna greamannaibh a thabhairt go dtí iad.”	And it seems that you hadn’t much feeling for them when you heard that report, since you had a score or so of bites of food yourself and never visited them to give them a single one of those bites.’
“Tá sórt feirge ort agus b’annamh leat é,” ar seisean, agus d’imigh uaim.	‘You’re a bit out of temper, and that isn’t often the way with you,’ says he, and sheered off.
Tar éis na naomhóga a chur suas do bhaineamair an Daingean amach de shiubhal cos, deich míle.	When we had landed the canoes, we made our way to Dingle on foot, ten miles.
Do bhí iongantas an domhain ar lucht na tuaithe nuair a chonnacadar feidhre agus trí cinn de bhanbhaí age gach nduine againn ’á cheannach.	The country folk were startled when they saw every man of us buying two or three bonhams.
“Dhera, ’chroidhe!” arsa seana-bhean gur ceannuigheadh banbhaí uaithe.	‘Yerra, my heart!’ said an old woman who’d sold us bonhams,
“Dar ndóigh is fada ó sna prátaí nua fós sibh chun a bheith ag ceannach banbh agus nach éachtach a bhfuil do bhanbhaí ceannaithe indiu aca;	‘sure it’s a long way you are yet from the early potatoes to be buying bonhams, and yet what a lot of them they’ve bought to-day.

agus chuala," ar sise, "ná fuil aon ghreim le n-ithe age cuid do mhuinntir an Oileáin féin nó cad as go dtáinig an fhóirithint orraibh?"	And I have heard that some of the Islanders haven't a bite to eat themselves, and where have they got help from?'
"Och! nach dall an bhean ar an saoghal tusa! Ná fuil fhios agat an Té a chuireann ar an gcaol-chuid tamall sinn gurb É a thugann an raghairse tamall eile dhúinn."	'Och! it's little you know of the way of the world, or don't you know that He who puts us on short commons at one time gives us plenty at another time.'
Do h-innseadh di conus mar a thuit amach.	We told her the whole tale.
"Ó Mhuire! is fada go bhfaghadh daoine eile an fhóirithint sin," ar sise.	' it's long before other people would be helped like that,' says she.
"Ach ná raibh sé fachta agat sara bhfuaireamair-ne é?" arsa fear againn.	'But didn't you get it before we did?' says one of us.
"Conus san?" ar sise.	'How so?' says she.
"Mar thug Dia bhúr ndóthain d'bhúr gcuid féin díbh-se agus chuir Sé sinn-ne ar an gcaol-chuid; " agus d'fhág sé an scéal mar sin age bean na tuaithe.	'Because God gave you plenty of your own and left us with little,' and at that he left the countrywoman.
Tháinig dhá bhanbh agus dachad 'on Bhlascaod de'n scríb sin.	Forty-two bonhams came to the Blasket at that push.
Dhá cheann a bhí agam-sa agus geallaim-se dhuit go raibh mo dhóthain ionnta agus an té go raibh na trí cinn aige go mb'fhearr leis go mbeadh an tríú ceann báidhte i ndeire na dála;	I had two of them, and I give you my word I had enough to do with them, and any man that had three would rather that the third one had been drowned in the end:
mar, ó lá na mbanbh a cheannach, do theip an déirc.	for from the very day we bought the bonhams the alms failed.
Do bhí sé ráidhte gur droch-thuairisc a chuaidh amach orainn.	It was said that an ill report of us had got about.
Pé scéal é do rith lem' dhá bhanbh féin go h-álainn agus ní rabhadar ró fhada ar mo láimh san am go bhfuaireas naoi bpúint ortha.	Anyhow my two bonhams did splendidly, and I hadn't had them on my hands long when I got nine pounds for them.
Níl aon uair do bhíodh muca againn chun margaidh ná go mbíodh orainn dhá lá agus trí lá do thabhairt i nDaingean Uí Chúise leo, agus, go minic, seachtain insa dubhluachair.	Any time we had pigs for market we had to spend two or three days in Dingle with them, and, often enough, a week in the depth of winter.

Do bhíos féin agus mo dhá mhuic trí lá, an babhta san, insa Daingean agus trí oidhche, go raibh leath-fhiacha ceann de sna muca caithte agam, is sin é an fáth gur chaitheamair uainn ar fad iad, le breis agus fiche bliain.	I and my two pigs spent three nights and three days in Dingle that bout, till I'd spent half the money I got for them—and that's the reason why we've given them up entirely for more than twenty years now.
XXII — AN TÓRRAMH.	22 — The Wake.
Soláthar do thórramh, tigh an tórraimh, mar caitheadh an oidhche, An File caillte, bean mo thighe caillte, baoghal na fairrge istoidhche, donas eile ar Dhiarmaid.	PREPARING A WAKE · THE HOUSE OF THE WAKE · HOW WE SPENT THE NIGHT · THE POET DIES · DEATH OF MY WIFE · DANGER AT SEA IN THE NIGHT · A FRESH TROUBLE FOR DIARMID
Do bhíodh margadh gach Satharn insa bhaile mór san am úd agus ní rabhas ach réidh leis na muca agus me díolta agus me ag machtnamh ar bheith ag tarrac ar an dtigh gan puinn moille san am go bhfeaca fear ó Dhúnchaoin ag teacht orm sa tsráid, capall agus cairt aige agus cubhrán bán agus allus a dhóthain ar an gcapall.	There used to be a market every Saturday in the town in those days, and I had only just got rid of the pigs, got the money for them, and was thinking of setting out for home without delay, when I saw a Dunquin man coming my way down the street with a horse and cart, the horse foaming and sweating plenty.
Comh luath agus a chonnac ag stad agus ag scur an chapaill é do chuas fé n-a thuairim féachaint cad scéal a bhí aige.	As soon as I saw him stop and start to unyoke the horse, I went towards him to see what he had to tell.
D'innis sé dhom gur d'iarraidh tórraimh d'á mháthair a bhí sé, go raibh ar an dtaobh thall ó mheán an lae.	He told me that he was fetching stuff for his mother's wake, for she was in the next world since midday.
Do bhí bean de'n mbaile i n-éineacht leis.	A woman of the village was with him:
Ceann de sna nósaibh é sin atá le sinnsearacht ann.	that is one of the old customs from generation to generation.
Bean ana-ghairid i ngaol dom féin dob' eadh an té bhí marbh agus leis sin do chaitheas anáirde liom féin gan aon éileamh a bheith agam ar an Oileán ná ar mo thigh féin a bhaint amach, dar ndóigh.	The dead woman was close kin to me, and so I, of course, gave up any thought I had of making the Western Island or going home.
Dubhairt fear an tórraimh liom go raibh capall eile tagaithe i n-éineacht leis féin agus má ba mhaith liom fanúint 'n-a gcosa go raibh marcaidheacht le fagháil agam ar an gcapall san, ná beadh air ach barraille leanna duibhe agus beagán eile.	The man who had come for the goods for the wake told me that another cart had come in with him, and that, if I cared to stay with them, I could have a lift on that cart; there would only be a barrel of porter, and a trifle besides in it.

D’fhanas ’n-a dtreo ó chaithfinn bheith ar an sochraid lár-na-mháireach ar aon tslí.	I stayed by them, for I must be at the funeral on the morrow somehow.
D’ólamair deoch nó dho sinn féin agus an fear a bhí chun an mharcaidheacht a thabhairt domh-sa.	We had a drink or two—we two and the man who was going to give me a lift.
D’imigh an fear eile annsan féachaint an raibh an chomhra ullamh mar dob shin í a bhí ag cur moille anois ortha.	The other chap went off to see if the coffin was ready, for that was what was holding them back now.
Sin é an uair a chuireas ceist ar an bhfear eile i dtaobh na leanna duibhe a bhí aige le breith leis, anb’ amhlaidh do bhí pósadh agus tórramh le bheith i n-éineacht aca.	It was then that I asked the other man about the porter, and asked was it that they were going to have both a wedding and a wake!
“Dhera, ’dhuine, ní h-eadh! nach ar an dtórramh a bheidh an barraille sin.”	‘Yerra, my friend, no! don’t you know that barrel’s for the wake?’
“Ach níor chuala riamh, agus n’fheaca, a leithéid ar aon tórramh go dtí so,” ar mise.	‘But I’ve never heard of such a thing at a wake nor ever seen it before this,’ says I.
“Ó! tá sé ag teacht amach mar nós le tamall agus ó’n uair go bhfuil beidh ceann aige siúd aca gan amhras,” ar seisean.	‘O! it’s been coming into fashion for some time now, and, since it is so, no doubt he’ll have a barrel, too.’
Tháinig an bheirt orainn gan ró mhoill agus bhí an chomhra ullamh.	Soon the two came back to us, and the coffin was ready.
Siar do bhí ár n-aghaidh annsan.	Then we turned west.
Ní raibh mórán siubhail fúinn mar do bhí rudaí aindise insna cartacha agus, leis sin, bhí sé ’n-a oidhche nuair a bhaineamair tigh an chuirp amach i nDúnchaoin.	We didn’t go very fast, for there were brittle things in the carts, and so it was night by the time we got to the house in Dunquin, where the body was.
Do bhí cuid mhaith daoine bailithe ann insan am san agus crannán na h-oidhche ann.	There was a good share of people gathered there by this, and the night was beginning to fall.
Do tógadh isteach gach ní.	All our things were taken indoors.
Do scuireadh na capaill.	We unyoked the horse.
Do bhí lampa ar lasadh sa tigh agus cúpla coinneal.	A lamp was burning in the house and a candle or two.
Do phreab beirt bhan ’n-a seasamh agus láimhsigheadar na coinnle agus do chuireadar i dtreo ceart iad ar cheann an bhúird.	Two women jumped up and laid hold of the candles and arranged them properly at the end of the table.

Is i n-aice an dorais do shuidheas féin ar dhul isteach dom ach ní ró fhada fágadh insa lanntán san me san am go bhfuair fear an tighe amach me agus do dhírigh sé suas a lámh chun cathaoir folamh do bhí insa chúinne agus dubhairt liom í choimeád nó go mbainfeadh duine éigin díom í.	I sat myself down near the door when I went in, but I wasn’t left there long. The man of the house found me out and waved his hand to an empty chair in the corner, and told me to stick to it till somebody else should take it from me.
Ní mí-bhuidheach do bhíos féin d’fhear an tighe mar gheall ar an méid sin críche chur orm mar do bhíos ré-shuaithte toisc me bheith laetheannta óm’ thigh féin agus óm’ baile dúthchais.	I was well pleased with the man of the house for looking after my comfort in this way, for I had been away from my house and my home village for days, and I was pretty well worn out.
Níorbh’ é an cúinne dorcha, leis, gur ráinig an chathaoir ann agus dob’ fhearr liom ná san an scéal mar do bhí radharc ar fuaid an tighe agam agus me ag tabhairt gach ní fé ndeara.	Besides, it was no dark corner where the chair happened to be, and, what I liked even better than that, I could see all over the house and notice everything.
Cosa an chuirp do bhí i dtreo na teine agus a ceann chun an dorais agus os coinne an dorais ar an dtaobh eile do bhí an socrú go léir déanta.	The feet of the corpse were to the fire and its head to the door. On the other side, facing the door, was the whole setout.
Ní ró fhada do bhíos insa chúinne san am gur thosnuigh an tigh ar líonadh.	I hadn’t been in the corner long when the house began to fill.
Do bhí gríosach mhór theine ann, citeal ar crochadh uirthi, dhá chiteal le h-ais léi agus an t-aonach ag tosnú idir fhear, bean agus páiste síos suas ar fuaid an tighe.	There was a great flame of fire, a kettle on the hook above it, two kettles at the side of it, and the gathering was beginning—men, women, and children up and down throughout the house.
Insan am so do bhí ceathrar ag cur éadaigh stróinséartha ar an gcoirp, “éadach i gcomhair an bhóthair anonn,” mar adubhairt ceann de sna mná tar éis an méid sin a bheith críochnaithe aca.	At this moment four people were arranging the corpse finely. ‘A dress for the journey to the other side’, as one of the women said when they had it done.
Níor ró fhada tar éis suidhe dóibh seo gur phreab ceathrar de mhnáibh óga ’n-a seasamh agus chuireadar comhla ’n-a luighe idir dhá stól agus níor ró fhada go bhfeaca a raibh d’áraistí insa tigh d’a chur le n-a chéile agus d’á shochrú ar an gcomhla.	Soon after they had sat down, four young women jumped up and laid down a door lid across two stools, and before long I saw all the crockery in the house put together and arranged on the door.
Níor ró fhada go bhfeaca trí chorcáin té ag teacht go h-imeall na luaithe, dhá cheann age bean aca agus ceann age bean eile.	Soon I saw two pots for tea coming to the edge of the ashes, two women carrying one, and one the other.

Cuireadh té ortha agus uisce beirbhithe ionnta nó go raibh na trí corcáin lán go smig.	They put tea into them and filled them up with boiling water till the two were full to the brim.
Do bhí an bheirt eile ban ag tarrac aráin bháin nó go raibh an chomhla lán.	The other two women were bringing white bread till the door lid was covered all over.
Súil d’ár thugas i ndiaidh na ngnóthaí seo ’seadh do chonnac fear ag teacht orm aníos ó thóin an tighe agus bocaod mór bán i láimh leis agus é lán go béal de’n lionn dubh agus tuairim muga pínt ’n-a láimh eile folamh.	As I was casting an eye over all these preparations, I saw a man coming up towards me from the bottom of the house with a great white bucket running over with porter in one of his hands, and an empty mug to hold about a pint in the other.
An chéad fhear do bhuail leis tar éis an doras aníos a chur de, do sháidh an muga síos ’on bhocaod, do líon é agus thug do, agus ní dubhairt, “tóg uaim é.”	The first man who met him after he’d come through the door, he shoved the mug down in the bucket and filled it and handed it to him. He didn’t say: ‘Take it away.’
Is maith a bhí ’fhios agam-sa insa chúinne ná beadh mórán moille ar a raibh sa phiúnt ag cur an ghóilín siar de, mar do bhí aithne mhaith agam ar an té seo do fuair ’n-a láimh é; duine d’ólfadh an sop as an srathar agus rian a chéirde le feiscint air.	Well, I knew in my corner that the whole pint wouldn’t be long going down his gullet, for I knew the man who had it in his hand well—a man that’d drink the stuffing out of the saddle, and you could see the signs of his habits on him.
Ar amharc mo shúl do bheith ’á choimeád uaim síos ó’n gcúinne de shíor ortha so do bhí ag riaradh, níor thug aenne druim láimhe leis an mbocaod ná leis an earradh do bhí ann gur shroich sé me féin mar a rabhas.	I kept my eyes fixed from my corner on those who were handing out the food and drink, and I never saw anyone give the back of his hand to the bucket or the stuff in it till it came to where I was.
Thugas-sa cúl mo láimhe leis agus do bhí iongantas mór ar fhear a riartha.	I turned it down, and the man who was sharing it out was startled.
Ní h-amhlaidh gur mhaith liom acht a bhriseadh, mar nár dheineas riamh, ach nár chuireas suim insa deoch do bhí ar siubhal mar nár mhór gur bhlaiseas riamh é.	It isn’t that I like to break a custom—I’ve never done it—but I didn’t care for the drink that was going round, for I’ve hardly so much as tasted it ever.
Leis sin, an té go raibh fios ceart mo mheoin aige—sé sin fear an tighe, do bhí seisean le n-a shála agus a bhuidéal uisce beathadh aige agus gloine agus dubhairt leis an bhfear eile:	Just then the man who could read my disposition right—the man of the house, I mean—was at the other man’s heels with a bottle of whisky and a glass, and he said to him:
“Ná fuil ’fhios agat nach fear leanna duibhe ól é sin?” agus do líon chugham gloine as an mbuidéal agus d’ólas í.	‘Don’t you know he’s no porter drinker?’ He filled me up a glass out of that bottle and I drank it.

Súil d’ár thugas mar a raibh na coinnle ar lasadh ar cheann an bhúird mar a raibh cosa an chuirp do bhí beirt fhear ann agus dhá chathaoir fútha agus iad go saotharach ag gabháil de thobac agus de phípeanna agus níor ghnó ró thaithneamhach an gnó céadna.	I glanced over to where the candles were flaming at the end of the table, where were the feet of the corpse, and there were two men there, seated on chairs, who were busied over tobacco and pipes; and that was no pleasant job.
Fear aca ’á ghearradh agus ’á bhrúghadh agus an fear eile ’á mhín-mheilt agus ’á chur ins na pípeanna;	One of them was cutting it and bruising it, while the other man was crumbling it small and stuffing it into the pipes;
agus maran mó truagh do bhí agam do’n mbeirt seo, go mór, ná bhí d’fhormad agam leo, ní lugha, mar go lán-mhinic roimis sin do chonnac fear maith ag ceiliúradh ó’n ngnó san.	and if I didn’t feel much more pity than jealousy of those two, I certainly didn’t feel less, for often enough before I’d seen a good man faint at that job.
Níor ró fhada a bhí an machtnamh san déanta agam san am gur tógadh le fear aca anuas de’n chathaoir agus do bhuaileadh d’fhíor-fhleascán a dhroma é ar bheirt sheibinneach bhan a bhí suidhte ar an úrlár go raibh a thuille agus a ndóthain le déanamh aca féin san am gcéadna.	I hadn’t been thinking so long when one of them tumbled down from the chair and fell right on the flat of his back on top of two bouncing women who were sitting on the floor with more than enough to do already.
Agus dob’é gnó do bhí ar siubhal ag an mbeirt bhan san am san ná dhá ghunnaire pípe bhí dingithe de thobac fhriseáilte agus iad d’iarraidh tútair gail a bhaint asta agus gan de sheift aca chun san a dhéanamh ach cipíní soluis, gur ghnó lae d’inneal a raibh de chipíní caithte i bhásta aca, agus fós gan iad dearg.	And the job these two women were at was trying to get a good blast of smoke out of two blunderbusses of pipes crammed with fresh tobacco, and all they had to do it with was matches; and it would take a machine a day to make all the matches they had wasted on the job, and the pipes were still unlighted.
Le linn do’n bhfear tuitim ar an mná ní ró mhaith an bheannacht a fuair sé ó lán na beirte aca mar do chnag agus do bhris an dá phíp ’n-a mbéal araon istigh ag an gcois agus iad díreach oiriúnach aca agus brácadh maith fachta aca uatha, agus le cipín soluis eile do chaitheamh leo iseadh do bheadh barr a sclábhaidheachta aca.	When the man fell on the women, they didn’t bless him very heartily, for the stems of the two pipes cracked and splintered in their mouths just when they’d got them ready with a lot of trouble, and it only wanted one more match to crown all their labours!

Le linn an fhir seo a thuit a thógaint ar a bhuinn—agus ní fear a thuilleann sé a thabhairt air ach raispín, mar dá mbeadh fear fónta insa phost go raibh sé d'fhágfadh sé an post i bhfad níosa thúisce;	When this man that fell had been lifted to his feet—and he doesn't deserve to be called a man, but a wretch, for if a decent man had been at his job, he'd have left it sooner;
ach do bhí so d'iarraidh fir mhaith a dhéanamh de féin, rud ná raibh 'n-a chumas an lá do ghoill tobac air—do bhí sé mar bheadh fanntais air le linn é thógaint.	but he was trying to make himself out a man, a thing not in his power the day tobacco got the better of him—he was like a man in a swoon.
Dubhairt duine braon uisce chur air; dubhairt duine eile blaiseadh biotáile thabhairt do ach dubhart féin leo a dhóthain tobac a thabhairt do go mb'fhéidir gurbh' é bhí ag teastáil uaidh!	One said that a drop of water should be thrown over him, another that he ought to be given a taste of whisky, but I said they should give him plenty of tobacco, maybe that's what he wanted!
Ní rabhas féin ró bhuidheach de ó'n uair a thugas fé ndeara ar dtúis timcheall an tobac é;	I hadn't felt any liking for him from the moment that I first noticed him fiddling with the tobacco;
agus do bhí fhios agam nach aon duine chuir 'n-a bhun é ach a dhailtínteacht féin;	and I knew that nobody had put the job on him, only his own interferingness;
agus dubhart le fear an tighe é chaitheamh síos fé'n dtigh, nárbh' aon ghalar báis a bhí air.	and I told the man of the house to chuck him down the room, that he wouldn't get his death of it.
Do tógadh mo réic as an áit go raibh sé agus ní raibh sé ach glan as san am gur chuala ceann de sna mná ag rádh na cainnte seo "gurab ort féin a bheidh an chéad phípeanna agus tobac eile!" ar sise;	They lifted my rascal out of the place where he was, and he'd only been cleared out when I heard one of the women saying this to him: 'May the next pipes and tobacco be at your own wake!'
agus le linn an méid sin a rádh dhi thug sí súil-fhéachaint ar an mnaoi eile a bhí i n-aice léi agus do phrioc í ach níor mhúscail sise agus níor chorruigh.	As she said it, she gave a glance at the other woman by her and nudged her, but the second woman neither waked nor stirred.
"De bheirim 'on diabhal thu, maran luath do dhein meig díot!" ar sise, ag crothadh níosa threise; ach dob' é an scéal céadna aici-se é.	'Devil take you, how soon you've collapsed!' says she, shaking her harder; but it was the same story.
Tháinig bean agus bean eile mar a raibh sí.	One woman after another came where she was.
Tháinig cupa de'n bhfíor-uisce.	Someone brought a cup of spring water.

Do cuireadh braon uirthi dhe le spíonóig agus do bhraitheadar ag teacht go mall í.	They poured a drop over her out of a spoon, and they saw her coming to herself bit by bit.
Do bhí radharc breagh agam ortha, fé mar tá ráidhte cheana agam, as an gcúinne gur cuireadh me;	I had a fine view of them, as I’ve said before, from the corner where I was placed;
agus rud eile, ba mhaith liom an radharc san mar dob’ é seo an chéad tórramh riamh go rabhas air lasmuich de’n Oileán so.	and, another thing, I was glad to have that view, for this was the first wake out of the Island that I was ever at.
Do bhí fear i n-aice liom de shíor, fear breagh deagh-chainnteach agus smuirt ’á bhaint aige as a ghunna breagh bán pípe.	There was a man sitting by me all the time, a fine, well-spoken man, smoking away at his fine white gun of a pipe.
“N’fheadar cad a tháinig le fear a’ tobac a chur ’sa phípeanna?” arsa mise leis, “gur baineadh an truist as ná feicim ó shin é.”	‘I wonder what happened to the man who was stuffing tobacco into the pipes,’ says he to me, ‘the man that was overset and that I haven’t seen since?’
“Tháinig a shuaraidheacht féin leis ar dtúis, mar ná raibh sé i gcumas an ghnótha san a dhéanamh.	‘It was his own insufficiency that did for him first, for he wasn’t capable of doing a job like that.
Rud eile, do bhí buidéal pínt de bhiotáile ólta age féin agus ag an mbeirt bhan thall gur thuit sé anuas ortha agus gur thuit duine aca féin ’n-a dhiaidh.”	Besides, he’d drunk a pint bottle of whisky with the two women opposite that he fell on top of, and one of them fainted after him.’
“Agus nach mór an seasamh ag an mnaoi thall é má chaith sí cion duine dho’n mbuidéal,” arsa mise leis.	‘And what a sticker the woman there must be, if she had a man’s share of the bottle,’ says I to him.
“Sin í do fuair an buidéal ’n-a láimh ó fhear a’ tighe chun é riaradh ar an dtriúr aca agus is dócha go bhfuil a leath ’n-a corp féin.”	‘She’s the one that got the bottle from the man of the house to share it between the three of them, and I expect half of it is in her stomach.’
“Agus nach mór an díth-úmhaltacht a dheineadar ort-sa agus tu ar an bhfód,” arsa mise.	‘And how disobliging they were to you though you were on the spot!’ says I.
“Tá chúig bliana déag ó chuaidh aon bhraon im’ chorp do.	‘It’s fifteen years since as much as a drop of it went into my body.
An diabhal ’á bhreith bhuam!” ar seisean.	The devil carry it from me!’ said he.

Do chonnac an chomhla i lár na cistean ar an bhfeag (feadh) so ach insan am go raibh na daoine créachta so, pé poll gur cuireadh chun suainis iad, socair suas aca, dob’ ’eo an té ar siubhal.	I had seen the door in the middle of the kitchen all this time, but by the time they had these casualties cleared tidily away (whatever hole they shoved them in for quiet) the tea was going.
Do bhí gach ní ann go rábach agus go flúirseach agus cead tarrac air—arán bán, subh agus té.	There was everything there in plenty and profusion and leave to draw on it—white bread, jam, and tea;
Ní raibh im ann agus ní gnáthach a bheith i dtigh d’á shórt.	there was no butter there, and there never is in houses of this kind.
Ní rabhas féin ar an bhfear deire gur cuireadh go dtí an bórd é, mar do ghaibh fear an tighe chugham go luath agus do thóg leis me féin agus mo chathaoir agus do chuir i mbun mo bhirt me agus dubhairt sé—	I wasn’t the last man to be invited to the board, for the man of the house came to me quickly, and took me and my chair with him, and put me where I could get something, saying:
“Ní mar a chéile tusa agus aenne, táid sin age n-a dtighthe féin ach tánn tusa tamall uaidh,” ar seisean.	‘You’re not like the rest. They’re beside their own home, but you are some way from yours.’
Do chaitheas scrabhadh dhe ach níor chuas thar mo riocht mar nár mhaith liom ceann a dhéanamh díom féin i n-áit d’á shórt go raibh an fear anoir agus an bhean aniar ann;	I ate my fair share of it, but I didn’t overdo it, for I didn’t want to make a show of myself in a place of this kind, with a man from the east and a woman from the west present;
agus má’s i n-oileán i lár na mara móire féin a cuireadh ’on chliabhán me níor chas aenne riamh mo bhreallaighe ná mo dhroch-mhúinteacht liom.	and, if I was cradled in an island in the midst of the great sea, nobody ever had to complain of my awkwardness or ill manners.
Do thagadh dream nua go dtí an bórd an uair do bhíodh an chuid eile réidh, nó go raibh a raibh istigh sásta agus cuid bheag cainnte bhíodh ar siubhal aca nó go dtagadh an bocaod timcheall anois agus arís.	A new lot would come to the table when one lot was done until all the company were satisfied, and they’d chat a little till the bucket would come round now and again.
Do chaitheamair mar sin cuid mhaith de’n oidhche;	So we spent a good part of the night;
tobac ar siubhal go tiugh;	tobacco going in plenty;
cuid aca do chuir a bpíp trí h-uaire go dtí pláta an tobac chun iad d’fhagháil lán thar n-ais;	some of them sending their pipes three times to the tobacco place to be refilled;
agus san déanta aca sara raibh an lá breac.	and all that before the day lightened.

Timcheall a dó a chlog do shín an fear so do bhí i n-aice liom a mhéar anonn go dtí an taobh eile ’thigh mar a raibh tuighe agus brus agus cad a bheadh le feiscint ann ná a raibh de mhná insa tigh agus míogarnach codlata ortha tar éis gach gíotáil a bheith i leath-taoibh an uair seo aca.	About two o’clock the man next me pointed his finger across to the other side of the house where there was straw on the floor, and what should I see there but all the women in the house nodding with sleep now that all their fiddle-faddle of work was done.
Ar amharc na maidine do bhí biadh eile ar siubhal, ach níor bhac an mhuinntir a bhí i n-aice a dtighthe féin leis.	At the dawn of day there was another meal going, but the people whose houses were near didn’t take it.
Um meán lae nó a h-aon a chlog do bhí na daoine ar fad bailithe chun na sochraide agus an uair a tháinig an sagart dob’ ’eo leo agus a n-aghaidh chun na cille.	About midday or one o’clock all the people were gathered for the funeral, and when the priest came they started off towards the churchyard.
Ach ní raibh an t-aistear fada.	But the journey wasn’t far.
Is i nDúnchaoin do bhí an teampall dúthchais.	Her family burying place was in Dunquin.
Dob’ é seo an tórramh is mó gur chuireas suim ann. An fáth—toisc deoch do bheith ann agus ná feaca a leithéid roimis sin.	That was the wake that interested me most, and the reason was that there was drink at it—a thing I had never seen before.
Ní mór na torraimh ó shin ná go mbeadh soitheach agus dhá cheann ortha, agus ní mholaim an dlí sin; mar is gnáthach, aon áit go mbíonn an deoch, go leanann beagán de’n rangcás í agus níl san oiriúnach do thigh de’n tsórt san.	There have not been many wakes since without a cask or two, and I don’t think much of the practice, for it’s the usual thing that wherever there is drink there is horseplay, and that’s not a fit thing in a house of the kind.
Lá Domhnaigh do bhí an tsochraid ann agus an méid ó’n Oileán do bhí i dtir do bhíodar innti agus uim árd an tráthnóna seadh do bhaineamair amach ár dtighthe féin.	The funeral was on a Sunday, and all the Islanders who were ashore went to it, and it was late in the evening before we got home.
Ba mhinic a chloisinn na sean-daoine ’á rádh gur mheasa do théigheadh turus ’on bhaile mór dóibh ná seachtain oibre age baile agus do bhí san fíor, ach do bhí seachtain ó’n dtigh againn an turus so toisc na muc a bheith againn, ar a shon go ndeireadh fear againn go mairfeadh sé féin go deo ann.	I’ve often heard the old people say that a visit to the town did them more harm than a week’s work at home—and that was true, but this time we were a week away because we had the pigs, though one of us used to say that he could live there for ever.
Seadh, do bhí críoch curtha ar mhuca min na déirce agus ar na banbhaí a deineadh a cheannach aon lá amháin ar mhargadh Dhaingin Uí Chúise.	Well, that was the end of the pigs fed on the charity meal and of all the bonhams that were bought in one day at the Dingle market.

“Ba bhun tuiscionna d’aon duine ná leanfadh an sonas ná an rath iad,” arsan file liom, lá.	‘Anyone might have known that no luck or good fortune would follow them,’ said the poet to me one day.
“Ach is beag an baoghal ná go dtabharfair-se bun led’ chainnt, dar ndóigh,” arsa mise leis.	‘I’m sure you will give a reason for what you say,’ said I.
“Ó, is mise atá deas air,” ar seisean, “le linn na mine seo theacht agus í chur go bun na dtighthe chughainn, agus ’n-a dhiaidh sin gach a raibh de bhanbhaí ar mhargadh an Daingin a cheannach chun í ithe, ba mhór an scéal é,” arsan file.	‘I’m the man for it!’ says he. ‘When this meal came and was landed below the houses, and then all the bonhams in Dingle market were bought to eat it, that was a strange thing,’ said the poet.
“Ach níl réidhteach do chainnte ó chiainibh tugaithe amach fós agat,” arsa mise.	‘But you haven’t produced an explanation of what you said just now,’ says I.
“Níl ach taobh do; nár chualais riamh go mbíonn dhá innsint ar scéal.	‘No, only half of it. Haven’t you ever heard that there are two sides to a story?
Le linn na mine agus na mbanbh san a theacht go dtí an t-Oileán so ní raibh de cheol i gCiarraighe ach é.	When the meal and those bonhams came to this island, it was the talk of all Kerry.
Ní raibh fear ar chnoc ná fear i dtráigh, bean ar shráid ná age pobal ná gurbh’ é a n-allagar min agus banbhaí an Oileáin agus níor lean rath ná sonas riamh ar rud a théigheann i mbéal na ndaoine.”	There wasn’t a man on a hill or on a strand, or a woman in a street or at chapel who chattered about anything else but the meal and the bonhams of the Island, and neither luck nor good fortune ever attended anything that runs in people’s talk.’
“Is baoghal ná beidh muc ná banbh go deo arís ann,” arsa mise leis.	‘It’s likely that there’ll never be a pig or a bonham here again,’ said I to him.
“Is é sin an tuairim atá agam,” ar seisean.	‘That’s the idea I have,’ says he.
Do bhí a thuairim fíor mar ní raibh muc ná banbh insa Bhlascaod ó shin.	His idea was correct, for there’s never been a pig or a bonham in the Island since.
Dá bhfeicfeadh aos óg an Oileáin muc ná banbh insan áit seo do raghaidís ar gealtaighe.	If the young people of the Island saw a pig or a bonham in the place, they’d go out of their senses.
Ó’s ag trácht ar an bhfile dhom é tá sé comh maith agam scéal a chur annso air.	Since I’m talking of the poet, I may as well have something to say of him here.
Tá tuairim trí bliana déag ar fhichid ó cailleadh Seán Ó Duinnshléibhe.	It is about thirty-three years since Shane Dunlevy died.

San Oileán a fuair sé bás tar éis a bheith tamall breoite.	It was in the Island he died, after being ill for some time.
Níor bhe’ leis an fhaid a bhí sé ar an saoghal so.	He had had enough of his life in this world.
Mar adubhairt sé féin:	As he said himself:
Níl aon rud is measa ná maireachtaint críona Ní fhanann aon bhinn ag aenne ort. Do bhí árd-mheón ag an bhfile agus é óg.	‘Of all miseries told ’tis the worst to grow old, With no man to heed or respect you.’ The poet had a great character when he was young.
Ba lán-mhinic a chloisinn mo mháthair ar trácht thairis.	It’s often I heard my mother talking of him.
Do bhí sí sin suas le n-a linn.	She was alive in his day.
Do bhí árd-smuirt agus fuinneamh ann—é ag léimeadh gach claidhe ag dul go dtí Aifreann gach Domhnach;	He had great stuff and spirit in him—he’d leap every dyke as he went to Mass of a Sunday;
agus é le h-aithint ameasc na bhfear a bhíodh ’n-a threo do shíor ar a ghluaiseacht agus ar a mheon.	and he was always to be remarked among the men near him for his carriage and his character.
Do bhí aithne agam féin ar a mheón thar cách eile, cé go raibh sé críona lem’ linn.	I knew his character better than anybody else though he was old in my day.
Dar liom gur i mBaile na Rátha i nDúnchaoin do bhí an chéad nead aige, sé sin an cliabhán.	I fancy that his first nest—that is to say, his cradle— was in Ballinaráha in Dunquin.
’Na cliamhain isteach a’ tháinig sé ’on Oileán so go dtí bean de mhuinntir Mhainnín, bean iongantach.	He married into the Island, a woman of the Manning family, a marvellous woman.
B’í do chuir deire le báilí agus leis na tiománaithe do bhíodh ag teacht go dtí an áit seo i n-aghaidh an lae ag scrios na mbochtán ná raibh aca féin ach an ghorta.	She it was who finished the bailiffs and the drivers who used to come here day after day ruining the poor, who had nothing to live on but famine.
Tháinig an báile i mullach an tighe aici agus do bhí ’á leagadh agus do scaoil plannc de anuas uirthi agus anuas ar a scata leanbh a bhí go lag.	A bailiff climbed on to the roof of her house and started knocking it down on her and on to her flock of feeble children.
Rug sí ar an ndeimheas nua, d’oscail í—beann de amach agus beann de siar.	She seized a pair of new shears and opened them—one point this way, the other that.
Bean láidir—bean bhuile.	A stout woman and a mad woman!
Níor bhraith an báile nó gur bhraith sé beann an deimhis ceangailte i n-árd a thóna aici.	The bailiff never noticed anything till he felt the point of the shears stuck right into his behind.

Níorbh' é díon an tighe do ghaibh isteach thríd an bpoll an uair seo ach streall d'á chuid fola.	It wasn't the roof of the house that came in through the hole this time, but a spurt of his blood.
B'é siúd an báile deire ó shin.	That's the last bailiff we've seen.
Do bhí Ó Duinnshléibhe mí-bhuidheach do'n dream do shlad a chaora air, agus ba threise 'á thuilleamh iad, gurbh' éigean do an t-amhrán millte do cheapadh dhóibh.[1]	Dunlevy was angry with the crowd that stole his sheep—and well they earned his anger—and he had to make a savage song1 about them.
Do chuir sé tamall d'á shaoghal de go lom dealbh, ar nós a thuille nárbh é.	He spent a part of his life in destitution, like many another.
Níor cuireadh luach pingine riamh 'n-a leith ach in' fhear grinn do shíor.	Nobody ever had the least thing against him; he was always a merry man.
Beannacht Dé leo go léir.	God's blessing be with them all!
Níor ró fhada tar éis teacht abhaile dom an t-am gur bhuail m'úncail Diarmaid liom agus ní ró mhaith an cúntas do bhí aige dhom.	I hadn't been long home when my uncle Diarmid met me, and he had a sorry story to tell me.
Do bhí an tarna mac leis ag ceiliúradh air, nár chuaidh sé i bhfeighil aon chodlata araer.	His second son was failing, and he had got no sleep the night before.
"Cad fé ndeara san duit?" arsa mise.	'How came that?' said I.
"Ó 'chroidhe, é bheith leath as a mheabhair," ar seisean.	'O, my dear, he was half out of his wits,' said he.
"Ach b'fhéidir gur taom galair atá ag tosnú leis," arsa mise.	'But maybe it is that he's sickening for something,' said I.
"N'fheadar," ar seisean, "ach is eagal liom go bhfuil a ghnó déanta!"	'I don't know,' said he. 'But I'm afraid that his job's done.'
"Dhera, a dhuine, tóg bog é. Nach mó rud a thagann ar na daoine agus go gcrothaid díobh é." Seadh, do chuir sé cúpla lá eile dhe agus ní raibh sé le feiscint chuige agam.	'Yerra, man, take it easy. How many things happen to people and they shake them off!' Well, he spent a day or two more without coming into my sight.
"Ní foláir," arsa mise liom féin, "nach mór an t-aistear dom dul mar a bhfuil siad agus 'fhios a bheith agam conus mar tá aca, trí n-a chéile, mar ba lán-mhaith an sás é féin lá an ghádhtair."	'Surely,' said I to myself, 'it's not much out of my way to go where they are and see how things are with them, one with another, for he was always a good stand-by in the day of need.'
Do phreabas as an machtnamh san agus níor stadas d'aon ráib amháin nó gur shroicheas an tigh.	At that thought I sprang up, and never stopped going till I reached the house.

Ní raibh an duine bocht ar a shástacht romham.	The poor fellow was in a bad way.
Do chuireas ceist air an i bhfeabhas nó i n-olcas do bhí sé ag dul.	I asked him was his son getting better or worse.
“Is ag gríosú air atá,” ar seisean.	‘It’s increasing on him,’ said he.
Tháinig taise agus truagh agam dom’ shean-úncail bocht mar ba mhinic chugham é ag cur suainis agus staidéir orm insa chruadh-chás dom féin;	I was sad and sorry for my poor old uncle, for he’d often come to me to quieten and steady me when I was in trouble;
agus dob’ fhearr liom gurbh’ é an galar báis a bheadh tagaithe ar an mac, agus b’fhearr leis féin é.	and I had rather that it had been the death sickness that had come upon his son, and so would he, too.
Rud breagh iseadh an bás seachas neithe eile a bhíonn os cionn an pheacaigh bhoicht.	Death is a fine thing compared with some troubles that hang over a poor sinner.
Do bhuaileas an doras amach ó’n réic bhocht agus ce gur minic an ainm sin agam air insa scríbhinn seo dob’ ainm bhréige í mar nárbh’ eadh é ach a mhalairt.	I went out of the door and left the poor rake—and, though I’ve often given him that name in this book, it was a wrong name, for he was no rake, but just the opposite.
Ach réic aindis dob’ eadh an mhaidean so é agus a chúrsaí aige.	But he was a hapless rake that morning, with all his troubles upon him.
Lár-na-mháireach an lae seo is túisce do bhí an t-úncail faram-sa ná bhíos-sa ’n-a theannta san.	On the morrow of that day my uncle was with me before I got to him.
Nuair a chonnac é is maith a bhí ’fhios agam nach aon tuairisc chóir a bhí aige.	When I saw him, I knew well that he had no good news.
“Níl aon scéal agam, a chroidhe, ach scéal na h-aindise,” ar seisean.	‘I have no tale to tell, dear heart, but a tale of woe,’ said he.
“Deir na daoine liom dá mbeadh sé insan óispidéal gurbh’ é an áit ab’ fhearr é, go mbeadh an dochtúir ’n-a threo.	‘The people tell me that if he could be in the hospital that would be the best place for him, where he’d have the doctor.
Ach is dócha,” ar seisean arís, “nach féidir aon chomhthrom a bhaint do insa naomhóig.” Chun na fírinne a rádh níor thaithin an gnó ró mhaith liom.	But I fancy that we can’t manage him easily in the canoe.’ To tell the truth, the job didn’t please me too well.
Ach cad a bhí le déanamh?	But what was to be done?
Nách é lá an ghádhtair an lá go bhfuil ort seasamh.	Isn’t the day of need the day when you have to stand to?

Do chuamair i ndáil a chéile, ceathrar againn, féachaint connus ba chóir dúinn a dhéanamh agus gan aon tóirtéis ar aenne againn, go mór mór ar an bhfairrge i gcúrsa d’á shórt.	We went together—four of us—to see what we had best do, all of us pretty down in the mouth, particularly as we had to go on the sea on a job of this kind.
Seadh, an rud a bheadh agat le déanamh tá sé comh maith agat croiceann a chur ort féin chun a dhéanta, nó éirghe as.	Well, when a thing has to be done, you may as well get yourself in trim to do it or give it up.
Chuireamair an naomhóg ab’ fhearr a bhí againn ar snámh agus annsan do chuamair fé bhrághaid an tighe go raibh an fear dona.	We launched the best canoe we had, and then we went towards the house where the sick man was.
Ní mar síltear a bítear go minic agus dob’in ionbhadh aige seo é.	Things don’t turn out as you expect often, and so it was in this case.
Níor dhóigh leat go raibh aon smáilc insa tsaoghal air an fhaid a bhíomair ag cur a chuid éadaigh agus eile i bhfeiste air.	You wouldn’t have thought that there was a thing in the world troubling him all the time we were dressing him and otherwise making him ready.
Do chuaidh linn go dtí an calath comh maith agus do chuaidh riamh ann.	He went with us to the harbour as easily as he had ever done.
B’eo linn chun cinn.	Off we started.
Do bhí ’athair ’n-a theannta i ndeire na naomhóige agus ceathrar againn-ne ar dubh-thiomáint ag ciorrú an bhealaigh amach nó gur shroicheamair calath Dhúnchaoin.	His father sat by him in the stern of the boat, and four of us were rowing hard to make the passage as short as possible till we reached the harbour at Dunquin.
Thánamair-ne abhaile aríst.	We came home again.
Do ghluais an t-athair abhaile lár-na-mháireach an uair a bhí an bhuachaill socair suas insan áit a ceapadh do.	The father came home next day, when he had settled the lad in the place that had been arranged for him.
Dubhairt sé liom nár dhein an garsún bocht aon chrosadh air i rith na slí.	He told me that the poor lad had never once played a trick on him all the way.
Ní mór an t-achar go raibh orm a thuille de’n aindise do sheasamh mar tar éis na mbeart so do chur díom ’seadh d’éag bean mo thighe féin.	It was only a short time till I had to suffer more trouble, for, after all this had gone over me, my own wife died.

D'fhág san bréagach, breallach me, cé go raibh beirt de chailíní beaga ag coinnlíocht 'n-a diaidh agam ach ná bíonn an éifeacht le n-a leithéidí;	I was completely upset and muddled after that, though she left two little girls to help me, but there is no great use in the like of them,
agus dá mbeadh féin, an lá a scarann páirtidhe leis an bpáirtidhe eile go lán mhinic bíonn breall ar an nduine aca fhanann; agus do b'in ionbhadh agam-sa, leis, é.	and even if there had been, when comrades part, the one that remains can but blunder along only too often, and so it was with me.
Do bhíodh orm cluas a thabhairt do gach ní agus lasmuich dem' dhícheall do bhíodh breall ar mo ghnó go minic.	I had to turn my attention to everything, and, do what I would, things would often go wrong.
Níor scar an dubrón go h-obann liom an babhta san cé go mbínn d'iarraidh é chrothadh dhíom i n-aghaidh gach lae agus dar ndóigh, do bhí fuar agam.	My low spirits did not leave me soon this time, though I was always struggling to shake them off day by day, and, Heaven knows, I had but poor success in it.
Thagadh rud éigin treasna i gcomhnaidhe a bhíodh ag gríosú an chathaithe orm.	Something would always be coming across me to wake my trouble again.
Aimsir mairciréal a mharbhú dob' eadh an bhiaiste a bhí chughainn, sinn amuich insan oidhche agus sinn d'iarraidh bheith ag obair sa ló.	The coming season was the time for taking mackerel. We would be abroad in the night and struggling to work by day.
Aon oidhche amháin do bhíomair amuich. Oidhche thar oidhcheannta dob' eadh í.	We were out one night, and it was a night to beat all others.
Do bhí droich-dheáramh 'n-a theannta san ag teacht uirthi agus dob' éigean dúinn dul i scáth talmhan.	It was beginning to look dirty, too, and we had to take shelter under the land.
Níorbh' fhada do bhíomair mar sin san am gur tháinig naomhóg eile orainn agus foisceallach éisc 's na líonta aici—comharthaí go raibh iasc le fagháil ach olcas na h-oidhche chun a mharbhaithe.	We hadn't been there long when another canoe came up to us with a load of fish in the nets—a proof that there was fish to be had if only the badness of the night had not prevented us from taking it.
I gcionn tamaill tháinig sánas ar an sín dar linn agus dob' 'eo chun siubhail cheithre naomhóga againn.	After a bit it looked to us as though a break had come in the bad weather, and we started out again, four canoes of us.

Ar shroichstint na h-áite dhúinn gur bhraith an dream eile an t-iasc ann do chaitheamair amach na líonta agus ní raibh ach an mogal deireannach as an naomhóig de san am gur tháinig clagarnach agus splanncacha agus tóirneacha ná feicfá soir seachas siar.	When we got to the place where the other people had seen the fish, we cast out our nets, but the last mesh had only just left the canoe when there came violent rain and thunder and lightning so that you couldn't distinguish east from west.
Dubhart liom féin go mb'fhearr iad a tharrac arís agus ní dubhairt aenne im' choinnibh.	I said to myself that we had best take in the nets again, and nobody contradicted me.
Is me ráinig i ndeire na naomhóige agus do phreabas agus do rugas ar an dtéid.	I went to the stern of the canoe and ran and took hold of the rope.
Do thairrigíos liom nó go raibh an líon agam agus dob' 'in le beirt againn annsan ag tarrac an lín, fear againn ar an gcorc agus fear eile ar an mbonn.	I dragged at it till I had the net, and two of us fell to pulling it aboard, one working at the corks and the other at the foot.
Is fánach riamh a rug brácadh ba mhó ná an líon a thabhairt ar bórd ar aon bheirt le gála gaoithe agus fairrge ag gabháil lastuas dinn agus tar éis dúinn an chuid deire bheith istigh de ní raibh aon amharc ar aon pháirt de'n domhan againn le fearthainn agus gaoth.	Rarely had any pair to toil so hard as we, dragging the net on board in a gale of wind, with the sea breaking over us, and when we had the last of it in, there wasn't a glimpse of the world to be had anywhere for the rain and wind.
Do chuireamair ár maidí i bhfearas agus dob' 'eo le chéile sinn agus gan faic againn le déanamh toisc go raibh ár gceann fúinn agus sinn ag tarrac an lín, ach rud a dhéanamh ar an bhfear tosaigh i gcomhnaidhe.	We got out the oars, and off we went working together, but we couldn't do a thing, because we had to keep our heads down, and we had to depend all the time for our guidance on the man in the bows.
Do bhí a cheann san anáirde d'iarraidh radharc a choimeád ar an dtalamh, cé go raibh sé féin comh dall linn-ne sa deire ach ag dul ar amhras.	He had his head turned trying to keep his eye on the land, though in the end he could see no more than we could, but had to go by guess.
Fé dheire bhaineamair amach an áit d'fhágamair agus do bhí ceann de sna naomhóga eile romhainn ann.	At length we got back to the place we had started from, and one of the canoes had got there first:
Sí seo a thug air sinn go raibh an t-iasc braithte aici.	this was the boat that told us they had seen the fish.

Do ghearruigh sí sin na líonta agus ní raibh ar a bórd ach a leath, san am so, agus gan puinn de thinneas na coda eile ortha ach iad buidheach go dtánadar slán.	She had cut away her nets so that they had only half of them on board now, but they didn't worry at all over the loss of the rest; they were only too thankful to have got away in safety.
Ní raibh, ar feadh tamaill, aon tuairisc againn ar an dá naomhóig eile ach bhaineadar san, leis, amach sinn fé dheire.	For some time we didn't know what had happened to the other two boats, but they, too, reached us in the end.
Is é sin an chéad scannradh do rug orm riamh ar an bhfairrge ach níorbh' é an ceann deire fós é.	That was the first fright I ever had on the sea, but it wasn't the last.
Is cuma, leis, mar gheall ar dhuine nó beirt mar do bheadh eagla go minic ar a leithéidí agus gan é bheith ar an méid do bheadh 'n-a dtreo;	It doesn't matter if one or two feel frightened, for often enough some such would be terrified when the others didn't mind,
ach thug gach nduine d'á raibh isna naomhóga suas do'n oidhche sin é thar ar chuireadar riamh díobh le h-olcas.	but that night every man in the canoes admitted that that was the worst night they had ever struggled through.
Seadh, tar éis teacht ar an gcalath dhúinn do bhí bogadh mór ar an scríb	Well, when we'd got to the creek the storm eased a little.
agus dheineamair comhairle go mb'fhéidir go mbeadh deire na h-oidhche breagh agus ó bhí gnáth ag an iasc rith ar bharra an uisce go mb'fhéidir go mbuailfeadh foiscealach linn a thabharfadh díolaidheacht i n-ár mór-annródh dhúinn.	We talked it over, and came to the conclusion that maybe the end of the night would be fine, and, since it was the way of the fish to swim on the surface, we should probably meet with a catch that would pay us for all our agony.
Sin mar bhí.	It was so.
Do chuireamair an rún san i bhfeidhm agus d'fhágamair na naomhóga agus gan iad ach saor ó'n uisce agus dob' 'eo abhaile le gach nduine agus chaitheamair biadh i lár na h-oidhche.	We acted accordingly, and left the canoes only just up from the water and hastened home all of us and ate some food in the middle of the night.
Do bhí an oidhche ag teacht anuas go h-álainn.	The night was coming on splendidly.
An uair a bhíos féin réidh leis an mbiadh do bhuaileas amach fé dhéin an chalaith agus do bhí fear agus fear ag teacht as na tighthe agus ag gluaiseacht chun na naomhóg.	When I'd done eating, I went out to the landing-place, and they were coming out of the houses, man by man, going down to the boats.
Do bhí iascairí eile an Oileáin 'n-a gcnap suain ó thosach na h-oidhche.	Some of the rest of the Island fishermen had been deep asleep from the beginning of the night.

Dob' 'eo leis na cheithre naomhóga againn agus níor stadamair nó gur bhaineamair amach an lanntán de'n bhfairrge go raibh an t-iasc braithte againn roimis sin insa scríb.	Off went our four canoes again, and we never stopped till we'd reached that place in the sea where we had spied the fish in the storm earlier on.
Do chaitheamair amach na líonta agus ní ró fhada do bhíodar amuich an uair a cloisfá clagairt ag iasc ag dul isna líonta, chun cinn siar.	We paid out the nets, and they hadn't been out long when you could hear the clatter of fish as they went into the nets right to the very end.
An naomhóg ná raibh a lán 'n-a líonta féin do bhí oiread le fagháil ó naomhóig eile aici agus ná tabharfadh sí léi agus tar éis gach beart dob' éigean cuid de'n iasc a scaoileadh leis an muir, agus cuid de sna líonta.	Any boat that hadn't her load from her own nets, got more than it could carry from another boat, and in the upshot we had to throw some of the fish into the sea, and some of the nets, too.
Do bhí an mhaidean i n-aice linn agus tháinig na cheithre cinn de naomhóga isteach go dtí an calath lán go bruach faid a bhí sé 'n-a gcumas aon mhairciréal amháin a thabhairt leo.	The morning was coming on, and the four canoes came into the creek brimful with all the fish they could possibly carry.
Do bhí an mhaidean go h-álainn ciúin agus thug na cheithre cinn de naomhóga againn fé Dhaingean Uí Chúise, d'fhairrge mar do bhíodh scilling bhreise le fagháil insa chéad air annsan agus toisc na breise bheith againn de dubhramair go dtiocfadh sé chun suimiúlachta dhúinn seachas é thabhairt go Dúnchaoin agus díol le capaill.	It was a lovely, calm morning, and our four boats started off for Dingle, taking the sea passage, for we could get an extra shilling a hundred there, and, since we could make that much more, we said that it would be to our advantage instead of taking it to Dunquin and paying for cartage.
Do bhuaileamair anáirde na seolta agus do bhí bolath maith na gaoithe 'ár ndiaidh—rud d'oir go maith dúinn mar do bhí na naomhóga síos go slait.	We ran up the sails, and we had a good smell of wind with us—and that suited us very well, for our boats were down to the gunwale.
Do shroicheamair an cé fé dheire gan mórán ar fad aimsire a thógaint leis agus do cheannuigh aon cheannathóir amháin gach a raibh sa cheithre naomhóga ar a cúig déag an céad.	We got to the quay in the end without wasting too much time, and one dealer bought everything in the four boats at fifteen shillings the hundred.
Sean-fhocal iseadh é "nach gnáthach iasc age liairní díomhaoine." Do bhí iasc againn-ne mar nár liairní sinn;	It's an old saying: 'The lazy lounger doesn't catch fish.' We had fish, for we were no loungers,
ach an muinntir a bhí amhlaidh, agus 'n-a gcodladh, ní raibh iasc aca.	but those that were got no fish, being asleep.

Do bhí sparáin airgid againn-ne insan am so.	We had good purses of money now.
Do bhí os cionn trí mhíle is gach naomhóig againn.	There were over three thousand fish in each of our boats.
Chuamair ’on phroinn-teach ar dtúis agus ’n-a dhiaidh sin ’on tábhairne.	We went to a house for food first, and after that to the tavern.
Do bhí leath-dosaon amhrán leis againn. Níorbh’ iongnadh san; má bhí bochtáin féin ar ár gcine ní sinn-ne iad insan am san.	We sang half a dozen songs, and that was no marvel, for if there were poor men of our kin, they weren’t us that day.
Do bhí ár ndóthain bídh agus ár ndóthain dighe caithte againn agus, fós, glór an airgid flaithiúil ’ár bpócaí.	We had had enough to eat and to drink, and, more, there was a generous chink of money in our pockets.
Sarar fhágamair an baile mór do bhí tuairisc tagaithe chughainn go raibh buachaill an Oileáin go maith, agus a rádh le n-’athair teacht ’á iarraidh;	Before we left the town we heard the news that the lad from the Island was in a good way, and we were to tell his father to fetch him;
agus cé go raibh sé siar go maith san oidhche an uair a shroicheamair an baile ní a chodladh a chuas gan dul lem’ dheagh-thuairisc go dtí m’shean-úncail, dar ndóigh.	and, though it was late in the night by the time we reached home, I didn’t go to bed without going with my good news to my old uncle, you may be sure.
Do bhí an Domhnach amáireach ann agus cheapas go mbeadh orm féin a bheith ar siubhal arís leis an úncail toisc gan an oidhche do bheith chun iascaigh ach do bhí tuiscint aige dhom agus níor bhac sé liom.	The next day was Sunday, and I thought I should have to go on my journeys again with my uncle, since we couldn’t fish that night, but he had thought for me and didn’t bother me.
Seadh, do shroich an buachaill an áit fhág sé go déanach Dia Domhnaigh, agus do chuaidh a raibh insa bhaile ar a thuairisc, dar ndóigh.	Well, the lad came back to the place he had left late that Sunday, and be sure the whole village went to meet him.
Ní raibh faic sa tsaoghal le braithstint ná le feiscint air ach oiread le h-aon lá riamh agus dubhairt gach nduine go raibh deire le n-a ghalar aige.	There wasn’t a thing in the world to notice or remark in him different from any other day, and everybody said that he was finished with his trouble.
Ní raibh insa chainnt seo ach amhras agus bíonn an t-amhras amú uaireannta.	That was nothing but guesswork, and sometimes people guess wrong.
Timcheall ráithe ’n-a dhiaidh sin do bhí daoine ’á bhrath air ná raibh sé ag fanúint staidéartha agus do bhí súil amuich age n-a mhuinntir ’n-a dhiaidh.	About three months after this people began to notice that he wasn’t keeping steady in his wits, and his family kept an eye on him.

Aon oidhche amháin agus gach a raibh sa tigh 'n-a gcodladh d'éaluigh sé amach agus ní raibh sé le fagháil ar maidin.	One night when all in the house were asleep he slipped out and couldn't be found in the morning.
Is moch do bhí an t-úncail bocht chugham ar maidin agus níorbh' é cuma fhir an ghrinn a bhí air.	Early that morning my poor uncle came to me, and it wasn't the look of a joker that he had.
Do chuaidh gach nduine insa bhaile 'á lorg ach ní raibh sé le fagháil beo ná marbh, slán beo sinn!	Everybody in the village went to look for him, but he wasn't to be found, dead or alive, God save us!
agus dob' éigean an cluiche thabhairt suas.	and we had to throw in our hand.
Trí mhíle insa tsean-áireamh atá ar faid insan Oileán agus is é an Ceann Dubh is ainm de'n gceann is sia siar ó sna tighthe.	The Island is three miles long by the old measurement, and the point farthest west from the houses is called the Black Head.
Pé gnó a thug beirt fhear, lá, siar insan áit seo—ag fiadhach is dóigh liom a bhíodar—do bhí madraí aca.	Two men had gone there one day on some job or other—I fancy they were hunting—and they had dogs.
Do chuaidh na madraí isteach uatha fé chloich mhóir a bhí ann, do leigeadar fead agus trí fhead ach ní rabhadar ag teacht.	The dogs left them and went under a big rock there, and, though the men whistled two or three times, the dogs didn't come.
Do phreab an bheirt le fánaidh agus ar fhéachaint isteach fé'n lic cad a bheadh ann ná éadach agus bróga an té ná raibh le fagháil.	One of the men sprang down, and when he looked under the flagstone what should be there but the clothes and the boots of the missing man.
Tháinig greannúireacht ortha agus bhogadar an bóthar abhaile gan a thuille fiadhaigh.	An odd feeling came over them, and they hastened home, hunting no more that day.
Ar shroichstint na dtighthe dhóibh níor mhaith leo an tuairisc chruinn a thabhairt do'n athair ach do bhí cara dhomh-sa ar na buachaillí agus is é comhairle dheineadar ná teacht agus é innsint chun tosaigh dom agus leigeant domh-sa é chur i n-iúl d'á mhuinntir.	When they got to the houses they didn't like to go and tell the true story to the father, but one of the lads was a friend of mine, and they decided to come and tell me first and leave it to me to break the news to his family.
Ní mór ná gur chuaidh sé chomh h-olc domh-sa leo-san.	It was nearly as bad for me as for them.
Pé scéal é an uair do bhuail Diarmaid bocht liom go h-obann thugas cogar do agus dubhart leis:	Anyhow, when I came unexpectedly on poor Diarmid, I asked him to listen, and said:

“Tá san imithe agus é caointe go maith cheana agat agus tá sé comh maith agat an méid seo d’á thuairisc do thógaint bog,” arsa mise leis.	‘He’s gone, and you have mourned him well already, and you may as well make the best of this piece of news of him.’
“Déanfad,” ar seisean.	‘I will,’ said he.
D’innseas do.	I told him.
Trí seachtaine ’n-a dhiaidh sin do ghaibh a chorp timcheall leis an bhfairrge mhóir agus do bhuail naomhóg ó’n Oileán leis agus thugadar chun cinn é agus tá sé curtha i Rinn an Chaisleáin insa Bhlascaod Mór.	Three weeks after this his body was brought round by the great sea. A boat from the Island came upon him and saved it, and he is buried in Castle Point in the Great Blasket.
Beannacht na nGrást le n’anam!	The blessing of God’s Grace on his soul!
XXIII — TOSACH MO SHUIME SA GHAOLUINN.	23 — I begin to take an Interest in Irish.
Na leanbhaí am’ mhúineadh, léigheamh na scéal, teacht Mharstrander, an fear nár bádh, an phiast mhór, an searc.	THE COMING OF MARSTRANDER · THE MAN WHO WASN’T DROWNED · THE GREAT BEAST · THE SHARK
Suim bhlianta roimis sin do beirtí amuich orm ar an dtír móir go lán-mhinic i gcomhnaidhe insa dubhluachair.	Some years before this it often happened that I would be held prisoner now and again out on the mainland in the winter season.
Insa tigh gur ghnáth liom stad do bhíodh a gclann ar scoil do shíor.	In the house where I used to stay the children were always going to school.
Do bhí an teanga Ghaedhealach ’á mhúineadh ar scoil Dhúnchaoin san am san, comh luath le h-aon scoil i nÉireann, im’ thuairim.	The Irish language was being taught in the Dunquin school in those days—as soon as it was in any school in Ireland, I think.
Do bhíodh clann an tighe seo ag léigheamh scéalta gan staonadh dhom gach uair a bheireadh orainn ’n-a dteannta nó go ráinig dúil agam féin insa ghnó	The children of this house used to read tales to me all the time whenever I happened to be in their company until I got a taste for the business
agus gurbh’ éigean dóibh an leabhar a thabhairt dom féin agus duine aca ar a cheart do bheith ag meabhrú an achrainn dom do bhí ’á leanúint—litir buailte, litir sínte, litir chabhartha, fé mar atá.	and made them give me the book, getting one of them by turns to explain to me the difficulties that occur in the language—marks of aspiration, marks of length, and marks of eclipse.

Níor ró fhada a thóg sé uaim-se sa chao’ ná rabhas ag brath ortha chun mo scéal do léigheamh dom an uair a bhí eolas ar an ndeifiríocht agam.	It didn’t take me long to get so far that I hadn’t to depend on them to read out my tale for me once I understood the differences.
Toisc go raibh mo cheann lán di, agus má bheadh abairt bhacach ag teacht treasna orm, ní raibh agam ach é lorg im’ inchinn féin, bhí an réidhteach le fagháil agam ann gan bacúint le cách.	For my head was full of it, and, if I came across a limping sentence, all I had to do was to hunt for it in my own brain. I could find the correct form of it without troubling anybody.
Ní fada go raibh leabhar agus leabhartha agam agus na daoine insan Oileán so ag teacht ag éisteacht liom ag léigheamh na sean-scéalta dhóibh agus cé go raibh lán-chuid díobh aca féin níor fhan aon bhlas aca ortha chun iad féin a bheith ’á rádh d’á chéile seachas an slacht a chuireadh an leabhar ortha.	Very soon I had a book or two, and people in this island were coming to listen to me reading the old tales to them, and, though they themselves had a good lot of them, they lost their taste for telling them to one another when they compared them with the style the books put on them.
Ba lán-fhada go mbeinn cortha de bheith ’á léigheamh dóibh san am san mar do bhí an gomh dearg orm féin chun dul chun cinn.	It would be long before I tired of reading them to them, for I was red-hot to go ahead.
Ó’n am san amach do bhíodh cor-dhuine ag teacht fé dhéin an Oileáin seo.	From this time on an odd visitor was coming to the Island.
I dtosach mí Iúil lá Domhnaigh thug naomhóg ó Dhúnchaoin duine uasal go dtí an Blascaod.	One Sunday at the beginning of July a canoe from Dunquin brought a gentleman to the Blasket.
Fear lom árd geal-chroicinn glas-shúlach dob’ eadh é.	He was a tall, lean, fair-complexioned, blue-eyed man.
Ní raibh aige ach blaise na Gaoluinne ar a theangain.	He had only a flavouring of Irish on his tongue.
Do ghaibh sé trí sna daoine agus do bhrath sé iad agus tráthnóna do cheistigh sé cuid aca an mbeadh ionad ósta le fagháil aige.	He went among the people and observed them, and in the evening he asked some of them whether he could find a place to stay.
Dubharthas leis go raibh agus do réidhtigh é i dtigh an Rí agus do chuaidh thar n-ais gan a thuille rádh ná a dhéanamh.	They told him he could, and he arranged to lodge in the King’s house, and went back again without saying or doing anything else.
Ní ró fhada dhe’n Luan go raibh a chip is a mheanaithí bailithe isteach aige.	Not much of the Monday had gone when he had all his traps collected.

Cuireadh ceist air cad é an réasún nár fhan sé i bParóiste an Fhirtéaraigh agus dubhairt sé go raibh an iomarca Béarla thríd an nGaoluinn aca agus ná raibh san ag oiriúint do féin;	He was asked what was the reason he didn’t stay in Ballyferriter parish, and he said that there was too much English mixed with their Irish, and that didn’t suit him;
go raibh mar dhualgas air scoth cheart na teangan d’fhagháil agus gur annso do bhrath sé an Ghaoluinn dob’ fhearr.	that his business was to get the fine flower of the speech, and that he had observed that the best Irish was here.
D’fhiafruigh sé dhe’n Rí cé an duine annso dob’ fhearr chun na teangan do mhúineadh dho.	He asked the King who was the best man to teach him Irish.
Do bheartuigh an Rí dho gur mise an té sin mar go rabhas ábalta ar í léigheamh agus go raibh Gaoluinn mhaith bhlasta agam sarar léigheas riamh í.	The King explained to him that I was the man, for I was able to read it and had fine, correct Irish before ever I read it.
Do ghaibh sé chugham gan ró mhoill agus do cheistigh me.	He came to me at once and questioned me.
Do chuir leabhar chugham, “Niamh.”	He put a book before me, ‘Niamh.’
“Táir go maith, ach a’ bhfuil Béarla agat?” ar seisean.	‘You’re all right, but have you got English?’ says he.
“Níl Béarla mór agam, a dhuine uasail,” arsa mise leis.	‘I haven’t a great deal of English, sir,’ says I to him.
“Déanfaidh san,” ar seisean.	‘That’ll do,’ says he.
An chéad lá do chuamair le chéile thug sé an teideal máighistir dom! Carl Marstrandar dob’ é é.	The first day we came together he gave me the style of ‘master’. This was Carl Marstrander.
Fear breagh dob’ eadh é, uasal, íseal agus, dar ndóigh, is sin mar bhíonn a lán d’á sórt go mbíonn an fhoghluim go léir ortha.	He was a fine man, with the same manner to low and high, and, methinks, that’s always the way with so many of his sort who have great learning.
Chúig mhí do chaith sé insa Bhlascaod.	He spent five months in the Blasket.
Téarma insa ló do bhímís le ’chéile ar feadh leath na h-aimsire, a dó nó a trí huaire ’chluig gach lá ach tháinig tuairisc chuige ná beadh an aga aige do ceapadh ar dtúis do agus annsan b’éigean do bheirt againn atharú dlí do chur ar bun.	One sitting a day we had for half that time, two or three hours every day; but he had news that he wouldn’t have the time he’d thought at first, and then we had to change our plan.
Do chuir sé ceist eile orm—ar bh’fhéidir liom dhá théarma insa ló a chaitheamh ’n-a theannta?	He put another question to me: Was it possible for me to spend two sittings a day with him?

Tar éis gnó an lae do bheith déanta iseadh do théighinn go dtí é mar do bhíodh na h-oidhcheannta fada san am de'n mbliain do bhí ann.	It was after the day's work was done that I used to go to him, for the nights were long at that time of year.
Do bhíodh seilg ar siubhal agus naomhóg agam féin, agus fear eile im' theannta agus ní lobhálfadh súd do, aon aimsir, do chuirfeadh siar óm' sheilg me, do chaitheamh leis.	We were fishing and I had a boat with another man, and that wouldn't permit me to spend any time in his company that would interfere with the fishing.
Níorbh' fhéidir liom an tarna téarma a chaitheamh 'n-a theannta ach insa ló;	I could only have the second sitting with him in the day-time;
ach mar sin féin connus a bheadh eiteach an duine uasail agam?	but, all the same, how could I give the gentleman a refusal?
Dubhart leis go ndéanfainn mo dhícheall do.	I told him I'd do my best for him.
Dob' 'eo le 'chéile sinn agus an uair a thagainn-se isteach chun dinnéir do théighinn go dtí é agus níor mhór ar fad a chuireadh an turus san siar insa tseilg me.	So we went at it together, and, whenever I came in for my dinner I would go to him, and that wouldn't set me back in my fishing for long.
Oidhche Nodlag díreach do shroich sé a bhaile dúthchais tar éis sinn d'fhágaint.	It was just Christmas Eve when he got home after leaving us.
Do chuir sé an t-ór buidhe chugham tar éis dul abhaile dho.	He sent yellow gold to me when he had got home.
Ní fhuaireas aon tuairisc air le fad' an lá.	I haven't heard anything from him for many a long day.
Tuairim na bliana 1909 iseadh bhí an Lochlannach, Marstrander, 'ár measc.	It was about the year 1909 when the Norseman Marstrander was with us.
Ní ró fhada 'n-a dhiaidh sin gur ghluais chughainn Tadhg Ó Ceallaigh.	It was not long after that when Tadhg O'Ceallaigh came to us.
Gaedhilgeóir maith dob' eadh é.	He was a good Irish speaker.
Do bhíodh scoil Ghaedhealach gach tráthnóna i dtigh na scoile aige timcheall cúpla uair a chluig gach oidhche.	He used to have an Irish class in the schoolhouse for about two hours every night.
Níor leigeas aon tráthnóna tharm gan a bheith 'n-a theannta.	I never let a night go by that I didn't spend with him.
An uair chéadna sin iseadh tháinig litir chugham ó'n Lochlannach lán de pháipéar chun ainm gach ainmhidhe ar an dtalamh, ainm gach éin sa spéir,	It was at this very time that a letter came to me from the Norseman, full of paper, so that I could send to him in Norway the name of every animal on the land,

ainm gach éisc sa bhfairrge agus ainm gach luibhe ag fás a chur chuige anonn go Lochlainn agus órdú agam gan baint le h-aon leabhar ach iad a litriú insa bhlas do bhí agam féin.	of every bird in the sky, of every fish in the sea, and of every herb that grows; with orders that I was not to have recourse to any book, but to spell them after my own fashion.
Seadh, ní rabhas ró oilte ar an dteangain a bhreacadh san am so agus, a bhuachaill mhaith, níor mhór dom a bheith go sár-mhaith chun na h-ainmneacha so go léir a litriú ceart.	Well, I hadn't too much practice in writing the language at this time, and I tell you, my lad, I'd have needed to be first-rate at it to spell all the names aright.
Do thagras an scéal le Tadhg.	I mentioned the matter to Tadhg O'Ceallaigh.
"Ó!" arsa Tadhg, "déanfam le cabhair a chéile iad go rábach."	'O!' says he, 'we'll help one another, and do it splendidly.'
Ní raibh aon leisce ar Thadhg chun an ghnótha mar do thaithin an obair leis féin thar barr.	He wasn't slow to get to work, for the task delighted him beyond anything.
Do bhíodh tamall gach lá againn ortha nó go rabhadar críochnaithe againn agus gur seoladh chuige anonn iad.	We used to spend part of the day at them till we'd finished them and dispatched them overseas.
Níor fhan Tadhg againn ach mí.	Tadhg only stayed a month.
An bhliain tar éis Tadhg ár bhfágaint do bhí iasc go flúirseach le fagháil gach oidhche gurbh' fhéidir leo dul ag triall air.	The year after he left us fish was to be had plentifully every night they could go after them.
Do bhíodh leath-dosaon naomhóg ó Dhúnchaoin ag teacht, leis.	A half-dozen boats from Dunquin used to come, too.
Ní bhídís sin comh h-oilte ar an bhfairrge san am san agus mar táid ó shin.	They were as skilled at sea then as they have been ever since.
Seadh, do bhí an oidhche seo bog ciúin fliuch agus dob' 'eo gach naomhóg againn chun na fairrige.	Well, it was a soft, calm, moist night, and every canoe we had put out to sea.
Do chaith an oidhche go maith nó go raibh a leath caithte.	The night went well till it was half spent.
Lár na h-oidhche bhaineamair an calath amach agus thriomuigheamair an naomhóg.	At midnight we made the creek and landed the boats high and dry.
Do bhain gach nduine againn amach a thigh féin agus d'itheamair greim bídh.	Every one of us went to his own house, and we had a bite of food.

Annsan do bhogamair amach arís agus do bhí cuid de sna naomhóga ’ár dteannta agus a thuille aca, gur chuaidh na fearaibh a chodladh, nár chuaidh amach thar n-ais chuige agus do bhí naomhóga Dhúnchaoin nár imigh abhaile i n-ao’ chor ach d’fhan ar snámh timcheall calaith an Oileáin.	Then off we started again, and some of the boats went with us, while others whose crews had gone to bed never went out again at all, and some of the Dunquin boats didn’t go back home, but remained at sea off the Blasket landing-place.
Ní raibh aon staonadh ag dul ar an bhfearthainn.	The rain showed no sign of stopping.
B’eo le gach naomhóg againn sa tsoláthar, cuid againn tamall maith ó bhaile.	Off went every boat of us to work, some of them pretty far from home.
Ní rabhamair féin ró fhada ó thalamh.	As for our boat, it wasn’t far from the land.
Do scaoileamair amach na líonta, gach a raibh sa naomhóig díobh.	We let go the nets, all we had in the canoe.
Ní rabhadar ach sínte insa bhfairrge an uair a chualamair an fothrom ag déanamh orainn agus cad a bheadh ann ach feothan gaoithe.	They were only just spread out on the sea when we heard a noise coming our way, and what should it be but a squall.
Do bhí an feothan comh fuinniúil gur chuir sé gach nduine againn anuas de’n dtochta ar thóin na naomhóige agus do bhain crothadh maith as an naomhóig féin.	The blast was so fierce that it flung every one of us down off the thwart into the bottom of the canoe, and gave the canoe itself a good shaking.
Do phreabas go dtí an téad do bhí ag coimeád na líonta as dheire na naomhóige agus do chromas ar í tharrac nó go raibh na líonta ag teacht orm.	I sprang to the rope that held the nets at the stern of the boat and fell to dragging on it till the nets were coming towards me.
Annsan d’imigh an ghaoth arís comh h-obann agus tháinig sí agus tháinig sórt suainis ar an scéal.	Then the wind went again as fast as it had come, and things eased off a bit.
Dubhairt an bheirt eile féachaint a’ raibh aon bhreac éisc isna líonta agus do bhí breac fada fánach.	The other pair told me to look if there was any fish in the nets, and there was one here and there.
“Scaoil siar aríst iad,” ar siad-san, mar nár tháinig aon tsiolladh eile gaoithe ar feadh an méid sin aimsire.	‘Out with them back again,’ said they, for not another breath of wind had come all this time.

Ní raibh ach an téad sínte siar insan am gur ghluais an fothrom, ba sheacht mhó ná an chéad cheann, nár fhág aon bhraon sáile insa bhfairrge gan tógaint anáirde insa spéir agus do bhain crothadh as an naomhóig agus do raid soir, siar í.	The rope was but just taut again when there came another noise, seven times as loud as the last one, and it left no drop of water in the sea that it didn’t lift into the air. It shook the canoe and tossed her this way and that.
“Preab de gheit agus tairrig aniar an téad!” arsan bheirt;	‘Be quick and jump and haul back the rope,’ cried the pair.
“beidh sé séidthe gan mhoill.”	‘There will be a storm immediately.’
“Nach breagh do bheadh sé ar bórd anois againn dá leanfaimís dár láimh an uair úd,” arsa mise;	‘We should have had it on board now right enough if we’d only kept on that time,’ says I.
agus preabaim go dtí an téad gan mhoill.	And I sprang to the rope at once.
Ní raibh sé im’ chumas ionga ná órlach a thabhairt liom de’n líon.	It wasn’t in my strength to haul in the breadth of my nail or an inch of the net.
Dob’ éigean dom m’aghaidh a thabhairt ar dheire na naomhóige agus mo dhá sháil a chur i gcoinnibh na maidí cos agus is righin mall do bhí sé ag teacht mar sin féin.	I had to face towards the stern of the canoe and set my heels against the foot-boards, and even so it came slow and stiff.
Thugamair an líon isteach slán, foláin;	We got the net on board safe and sound;
ach níor shíon go dtí mar do bhí ann insan am san le gaoth agus fearthainn.	but there never was weather like it by this time, what with rain and wind.
Do bhíomair lom díreach chun na gaoithe ar an gcalath.	We were right to windward of the creek, making for home.
Is amhlaidh do bhí fear againn ag rámhaidheacht agus an bheirt eile againn ag stiúradh agus, cé go raibh dhá dhola iarainn agam-sa i ndeire, do lúbadar leis an ngreim a rug ortha.	One of us was rowing and the two others steering, and, though I had two iron thole pins in the stern, they were bent with the strain on them.
Is ar a tharrac do bhí a shábháilt againn mar ba dhóbair go gcuirfaí thairis an gcalath sinn d’á fheabhas mar dheineamair ár ndícheall.	We were dragged to safety, for we had almost been carried past the harbour, struggle as we might.
Ar shroichstint an chalaith dhúinn do bhí sé ’n-a bharra taoide agus taoide árd rabharta do bhí ann agus do bhí an cladach lán de naomhóga rómhainn agus an áit ana-chumhang.	When we reached the harbour it was high tide, and it was a spring tide, and the place was crammed with boats as we came in, and the creek was very narrow.

Ar chur na téide i dtalamh dúinn do bhí le clos gur ghaibh naomhóg soir tríd an ngóilín agus gan innti ach aon fhear amháin agus gur ó Dhúnchaoin í, go raibh an bheirt eile de'n chriú i dtír uaidh tar éis iad do léimeadh ar an gcloich ar theacht isteach dóibh gan téad ná faic a bhreith i dtír leo as an naomhóig.	When we put our rope ashore, we heard that a canoe had been driven east through the channel with only one man in her, a Dunquin man; that the other two of the crew had left him and got to land by leaping on to the rock when they came in without bringing a rope or anything ashore with them out of the canoe.
Do ghlan an naomhóg agus an fear aonair thríd an ngóilín soir agus as go bráth leis trí anaithe na h-oidhche.	The little canoe with the lone man in her drove east through the channel, and off it went through the stormy night.
Dob' olc an scéal é dá mbeadh leigheas air; ach ní raibh.	It was a terrible thing. Could anything be done? But nothing could.
Do lean an gála ar shéideadh thar fóir i rith na h-oidhche agus do bhí an naomhóigín agus an fear 'á thiomáint ag an ngaoith roimpe treasna tré Bhágh an Daingin nó go raibh eadartha bó amáireach ann.	The gale continued blowing out of all measure through the night, and the little canoe and the man were being swept before the wind through Dingle Bay until milking-time next day.
Insan am san de ló iseadh séideadh isteach cuan Bhéil-Ínse é féin agus a naomhóg, gan mhaisle ná máchaill.	Just at that point of the day he was blown into Valencia harbour, himself and his canoe, unhurt and undamaged.
Do glacadh go maith ann é; an scríb curtha dhe aige agus é 'n-a chaonaidhe aonair agus do bhí iongantas ortha conus nár chuir an scannradh féin chun báis é i rith na h-oidhche móire fada.	He was taken good care of there; he had passed all alone through the storm, and they marvelled that he had not died for very terror in the long, endless night.
Tar éis teacht abhaile dhom féin b'éigean dom an doras amach do chur díom arís féachaint an raibh na daoine muinnteartha ar saor age baile;	When I had come home I must go out of doors again to find out if my relations were safe at home;
agus b'iad an chlann a chuir an méid sin cúraim orm, mar do bhí a n-úncailí féin ar an bhfairrge agus ca bhfios dóibh ná raibh an scríb beirthe ortha.	it was the children that put me to that trouble, for their uncles were on the sea, and how should they know whether they had been caught in the storm or not?
Do bhí an bháisteach ag tuitim go tiugh fós gan aon sánas agus is ar mo dhearnacha dob' éigean dom dul ó thigh go tigh aca.	A heavy rain was still falling unceasingly, and I had to crawl on hands and knees from one house to the other.
An uair a bhaineas mo thigh féin amach dob'in é an uair díreach do bhí sé ag breacadh agus é ag triomú.	At the very moment when I reached my own house the dawn was beginning and the rain stopping.

Do chaitheas díom anuas agus do bhaineas an leabaidh amach agus me tuirsithe, traochta agus níor mhór an aga go rabhas im' chnap innti.	I threw off my clothes and went to my bed, tired and weary, and soon I was dead asleep in it.
Lár-na-mhanathar an lae sin do chuaidh daoine ó'n mBlascaod amach go dtí an tír ag caoineadh an fhir bháidhte, mar do bhí saghas tórraimh ann.	Two days after people went out from the Blasket to the land to keen the drowned man, for there was a sort of wake there.
I lár an scéil istigh cé bhuailfeadh an doras isteach chúcha ach an fear féin.	In the middle of the business who should come in at the door to them but the man himself.
Thug long gaile treasna go Daingean é féin agus a naomhóg agus a líonta.	A steamship had brought him across to Dingle—himself, his canoe, and his nets.
Do leath an scéal amach ar fuaid na tíre gur thuit so amach agus ní ró fhada gur tháinig duine ó'n rialtas agus do bhreithnigh an góilín.	The story of this happening spread through the country, and before long somebody from the Government came and looked at the passage.
An uair a chuaidh sé thar n-ais ní fada gur cuireadh an obair ar siubhal agus bhí sé ar siubhal nó go raibh an góilín dúnta agus é níos aoirde ná aon áit eile mór dtimcheall air.	When he had gone back, it wasn't long till they were at work, and the work went on till the passage was closed and raised higher than the land all round.
Do bhí an obair tamall maith ar siubhal.	This was going on for a good while.
Thugas féin chúig púint déag aisti agus ní raibh agam ach págh fir agus breac-lá maith ná bínn, chuige, ann.	I got fifteen pounds for the work, and I only had one man's pay, and many a day I was not employed at all.
Do bhíos ag iascach oidhche tamall tar éis an ghóilín sa chalath a dheisiú.	I was out fishing one night after the passage through the harbour had been set right.
Oidhche bhreagh dob' eadh í agus ní raibh orainn dul ró fhada ó bhaile.	It was a fine night, and we had no need to go far from home.
Pé scéal é ní raibh mórán éisc ag bualadh linn agus do bhaineamair amach an Tráigh Bhán agus thugamair cor ann.	Anyhow we weren't getting much fish, and we rowed to the White Strand and made a cast of the nets.
Ní fada do bhí na líonta curtha againn san am gur bhraitheamair umlosc 'á dhéanamh tamall siar insa líon.	We hadn't had the nets out long when we noticed something floundering far back in the net.

Dubhart féin leis an mbeirt eile go raibh rón insa líon agus má bhí aon mhairciréal ann go mbeadh sé ithte aige gan ró-mhoill;	I said to the two others that there was a seal there, and if there were any mackerel there, he wouldn’t be long about eating them;
ach ní mór an tsuim do chuir an bheirt im’ ghlór agus do scaoileadar an scéal trí n-a gcluasa.	but the pair didn’t pay much heed to what I had to say, letting it go in at one ear and out at the other.
Ní ró fhada ’na dheabhaidh sin go ndubhairt an fear tosaigh go raibh diabhal éigin sa líon mar go raibh sé ag tarrac an lín agus na naomhóige leis go mear.	Soon after that the man in the bows said that there was some devil or other in the net, for he was dragging the net and the boat after him at full speed.
Ní raibh an focal as a bhéal san am gur tháinig conach ar an rud do bhí insa líon agus do thairrig leis na líonta agus an naomhóg tuairim míle slí agus ba bheag nár bháidh sé sinn de’n iarracht san ach go raibh fiche feadh de théid as ceann an lín agus dob’ éigean í leigeant leis go dtí an méid do bhí im’ láimh di.	The word was hardly said when the thing in the net went mad. It dragged the nets and the boat for about a mile, and came near to drowning us at that effort, only there were twenty fathoms of rope tied to the end of the net, and I had to pay all that out down to the last bit that I held in my hand.
Ní raibh faic le déanamh annsan ach na líonta leigeant leis agus ba mhór an cur chun deire ar iascaire bhocht é sin.	All we could do then was to let him have the nets, and that would be a great loss to a poor fisherman.
Dubhairt an fear tosaigh tarrac ar an dtéid arís agus do dheineas agus thugamair smut de’n tsaighne ar bórd agus dob’ ’in é an uair do bhí an béarla againn le n-a chéile!	The man in the bows told me to haul on the rope again. I did so, and we pulled a bit of the seine on board, and it was then that we began to talk to one another!
Oidhche ghealaighe dob’ eadh í agus an uair a chonnacamair an allait ghroidhe tamall siar ó dheire na naomhóige tháinig an liathbhuidhe ar thriúr againn gan aon phioc feasa againn cad ba chóir ná ba cheart dúinn a dhéanamh.	It was a bright moonlight night, and when we saw the huge creature a bit back from the stern of the boat, the three of us went yellow with terror, utterly at a loss to know what we ought to do.
Dubhairt an fear tosaigh liom-sa gan na líonta a scaoileadh uaim, gurbh’ fhearr leis a bheith báidhte, féin, ná bheith gan líonta!	The man in the bows told me not to let the nets go. He’d rather be drowned even than lose his nets.
Do chaitheamair i bhfad mar sin agus b’éigean dúinn bheith ag scaoileadh an lín siar agus aniar.	We spent some time like this, and we had to let the net go back and forth.

Do bhí an phiast mhór agus na sé cinn de líonta casta uirthi ach aon líon amháin;	The great beast had the six nets all twisted round him except one net;
agus an uair a thugadh sí a h-aghaidh le fánaidh dob’ éigean leigeant leis an dtéid gach uair nó go mbuailfeadh sí thíos ar an ngainnimh.	and when he went down, we had to let the rope run every time till he struck the sand at the bottom.
Do bhíomair ag comhrac léi nó gur dhruideamair leis an gcalath.	We were fighting him till we came near the landing-place.
Do bhí scian mhaith ar oscailt agam i gcomhnaidhe chun tarrac ar an dtéid ach do bheadh san faillítheach agam dá raghadh an phiast chun buile.	I had a good knife open all the time ready to draw it across the rope, but there would have been little help in that if the beast had run wild.
Fé dheire do shroicheamair an calath mar do fuaireamair cabhair ó dhá naomhóig eile.	At last we reached the harbour, where we got help from two other canoes.
Do bhí lán linne an chalaith innti.	The beast was as big as the whole harbour basin.
Ní ró fhada gur dhein sí umlosc ar an linn agus bháidh sí a raibh ann againn agus do bhuail sí clabhta de’n ioróig droma do bhí uirthi i gcoinnibh na cloiche.	Soon he wallowed all over the basin and drenched all of us that were there, and clouted the rock with his back fin.
Do scoilt sí an chloch agus do bhain leath-tonna meadhchaint aisti.	He split the rock and knocked half a ton out of it.
Is beag nár chuir sí chun báis a raibh ar an gcalath le scannradh an uair a thriomuigh sí.	He came near to frightening to death all in the harbour when he was landed.
Do bhí ae innti do dhein solus do’n oileán go ceann cúig bliana.	The liver in him provided the whole island with light for five years.
Do bhí obair ar na líonta bhaint di.	It was a tough job to get the nets off him.
Do bhíomair gan líon aici ach na téada, iad stolta stracaithe.	He left us only the ropes of the nets, all the rest was torn and rent.
Ní raibh triúr againn insa mhaith céadna ó shin, do bhí an iomad de’n annródh beirthe orainn.	The three of us have never been the same since; we’d had too great a fright;
Do bhíomair báidhte mara mbeadh a ghiorracht do’n gcalath bhíomair.	we should have been drowned if we hadn’t been so close to the harbour.

Do bhíomair lá eile agus cloch róid ag coimeád na naomhóige agus doraithe againn ag marbhú éisc.	Another day we had the canoe anchored to a stone and were fishing with the line.
Ní ró fhada gur ghaibh an searc fé bhun na naomhóige agus é anonn ’s anall gan é fhágaint, ná níorbh ’fhéidir é chur ó’n áit.	Soon a shark passed under the boat, swimming backwards and forwards without leaving it, and he couldn’t be driven away.
Do bhí fear againn sínte treasna ar an dtochta agus gan dabht do bhí a dhá chois treasna amach thar gunail.	One of us was lying along the thwart, and, of course, his legs were stretching over the gunwale.
Do bhíos féin i ndeire na naomhóige agus súil dár thugas cad a chífinn ná an searc agus a chraos ar leathadh aige agus é ag déanamh, bolg anáirde, fé dhéin na gcos.	I was in the stern of the boat, and, glancing down, what should I see but the shark with his jaws wide open, making, belly upwards, towards the feet.
Do leigeas scread ar an bhfear láir a chosa tharrac.	I shouted to the man in the boat’s waist to draw in his legs.
Do dhein de gheit.	He did double quick.
Do chuaidh a leath de’n searc anáirde as an uisce agus is beag nár bháidh sé sinn de’n scríb sin.	The shark reared up half out of the water, and he nearly sank us with the rush of it.
Dob’ éigean dúinn tarrac suas agus an talamh a bhaint amach; agus do lean sinn an fhaid a bhí dhá fheadh uisce aige.	We had to pull up anchor and make the land, and he followed us so long as he had two fathoms of water.
Ní raibh aon mhaith insa lá san ionnainn ná ní raibh an misneach céadna go ceann seachtaine ’n-a dhiaidh againn.	We were no good for the rest of that day, and didn’t get our courage back again for a week.
N’fheaca aon phiast riamh ó shin i mbarra an uisce ná go dtiocfadh criothnú im’ chroidhe.	I’ve never seen a sea beast since floating on the surface of the water but my heart shook.
Is minic do bhí naomhóg, agus bád, báidhte tar éis na h-oidhche agus, go minic, sa lá, agus théigheadh de sna daoine a dhéanamh amach cad a thagadh treasna ortha.	It’s often that a canoe or a boat has been sunk in the night-time, and often in the day, too, and the people could not make out what had befallen them.
Is é mo thuairim gurab oll-phiast mar seo a thugann fogha fútha agus an taobh síos a thabhairt suas dóibh.	It is my belief that it is a monster of this kind that attacks them and overturns them.
Is mó rud a bhíonn ag faire ar lucht na fairrge.	There’s many a danger lying in wait for those that follow the sea.
XXIV — SO AGUS SÚD.	24 — This and That.

An seanntán amuich, an seanduine fiosrach, an talamh fé'n mBórd, tógáil na dtighthe nua, saoiste gan Ghaoluinn, cúrsaí creidimh, scoláirí na Gaoluinne chugham, an cogadh mór agus an luingeas raice.	THE TENT ON THE MAINLAND · THE INQUISITIVE OLD MAN · THE LAND UNDER THE BOARD · THE BUILDING OF THE NEW HOUSES · THE GANGER THAT DIDN'T KNOW IRISH · RELIGION · STUDENTS OF IRISH COME TO ME · THE GREAT WAR AND THE WRECK
Do bhí daoine go moch, maidean, amuich san áit seo agus cad a bheadh le feiscint ná an seanntán mór bán ar bhruach an chalaith amuich i nDúnchaoin.	One morning people were out early in this island, and what should there be to look at but a great, white tent on the cliff above the harbour in Dunquin.
Dob' ait linn an scéal cé go raibh an tiarna talmhan ag bagairt orainn go minic roimis sin.	It seemed curious to us, although the landlord had been often threatening us before this.
Dubhairt cuid againn gur báilí do bhí ann agus a thuille againn 'á rádh nárbh 'eadh.	Some of us said that it was the bailiffs, others said no.
Pé bun a bhí leis an dtigh bán amuich ní raibh aon fhonn amach ar aenne 'gainn.	Whatever the white house there on the land meant, none of us had much fancy for going out.
Is beag ná go raibh cuid againn ag siollagar 'e cheal rudaí do bhí ag teastáil uainn.	Some of us were near to starving for lack of provisions.
Tháinig lá ana-bhreagh agus do bhí fear meán-aosta go raibh naomhóg aige féin, ná raibh ró mhór, agus dubhairt sé go raghadh sé féin amach dá mbeadh beirt shlatairí i n-éineacht leis.	There came a very fine day, and a middle-aged man who had a canoe of his own that wasn't an outsize said that he would go out if two lads would go with him.
Dubhart leis go mb'fhearr dho fanúint age baile, ná raibh aon rud cóir amuich.	I told him he'd do better to stop at home, and that it was no good thing that was on the mainland.
Níorbh aon mhaith a bheith leis ó chuaidh sé 'n-a cheann.	It was no use being at him since he'd got the idea into his head.
Fuair sé na slatairí agus do bhuail treasna an Bhealaigh amach.	He found the lads and started off across the Sound.
Duine beag tóstalach dob' eadh é. Tor fé n-a smeigín fé mar bheadh ar cholaphoc gabhair.	He was a vainglorious, little fellow, with a bush, like a buck goat's, under his chin.
Níor stad sé agus níor fhuar nó gur bhain sé amach calath Dhúnchaoin.	He never stopped or cooled till he struck Dunquin harbour.

Níor stad mo dhuine nó gur chuaidh sé i radharc an tseanntáin agus do fuair tuairisc láithreach gur fórsa chun an Bhlascaeid a bhí ann.	My man hurried up to view the tent, and found out at once that it was an army of invasion against the Blasket.
Ní raibh sé sásta nó go bhfeicfeadh sé cló an sórt fear a bhí insa tigh bhán.	He wasn’t satisfied without seeing what sort of men it was who were in the white house.
Do chuaidh sé i radharc bhéil an dorais agus do chonnaic sé cúpla gunna.	He went to where he could see the door opening, and caught sight of a gun or two.
Do bhí fear mar é féin insa tseanntán, go raibh meigeall eile air, agud d’aithin sé go raibh an fear amuich cabanta ar an sórt gliúcaidheacht a bhí air ag féachaint isteach tríd an ndoras ag tabhairt gach ní fé ndeara.	There was a man like himself in the tent, with a goat’s beard like his own, and he saw that the man outside was a cheeky fellow from the way he was peering at him through the door, noticing everything.
Níor dhein sé faic a bharra ach breith ar an ngunna agus é dhíriú amach air.	All he did was to snatch up his gun and point it at him.
Ar fheiscint an fhuadair sin do’n bhfear amuich do chuir sé insa cosa ó’n dtigh bán agus thug aghaidh ar an gcalath go raibh an naomhóigín aige ann.	When the man outside saw what he was at, he bolted from the white house and faced for the harbour, where he had his little canoe.
Do lean fear liath an ghunna é chun go mbeadh greann aige air agus do leig sé pléar chun crith-eagla a chur ’n-a chroidhe.	The grey man with the gun followed him for a bit of fun, and he fired a shot to put the fear of death in his heart.
Do ghlaoidh fear an Oileáin leis an dá shlataire go dtí an naomhóg.	The islandman called the two lads to the canoe.
Do tharraigíodar ’n-a ndiaidh ó bharra taoide go lag tráigh í.	They dragged it down after them from high-tide mark down to low-tide mark.
Ar dhul ar snámh dóibh níor ró fhada gur bhrath na slatairí an sáile ag teacht go glúine ortha agus do bhéiceadar go rabhadar báidhte!	They hadn’t been long afloat when the lads noticed the sea-water welling up round their knees, and they screamed out that they were drowned!
Cé nach fada ó’n dtalamh a bhíodar ní leigfeadh an fear aosta dhóibh casadh le h-eagla roimis an bhfear liath go raibh an gunna aige.	Though they weren’t far from the land, the old man wouldn’t let them turn back for fear of the grey man with the gun.

Do chuir sé a bhest sa scoilt go raibh an t-uisce ag teacht agus garsún ’á taoscadh nó gur shroicheadar a gcalath féin.	He shoved his vest into the hole the water was coming through, and set a boy to bail her until they reached their own harbour.
Do ráinig liom féin a bheith rómpa.	I happened to be waiting for them there.
Do chuireas cúntas ar an bhfear aosta cad a bhí amuich ach dob’ é an freagradh ciotrúnta do fuaireas uaidh, “gurbh’ ’in iad amuich agam iad agus dul ar a dtuairisc.”	I asked the old man to give some account of what was on the land, but it was a surly answer I got: ‘There they are for you. Go and see for yourself.’
“Dubhart-sa leat gan dul ann,” arsa mise leis, “mar nár dhuine amuich ná istigh thu.”	‘I told you not to go,’ said I to him, ‘for you’re no good at home or abroad.’
Do thógas mo dhearna agus thugas cnuig i bpoll na cluaise dho.	I lifted my fist and fetched him a clout in the ear-hole.
Tar éis dom deagh-chomhairle thabhairt dom’ dhailtín agus é ag imeacht ar maidin féach gurbh’ é an focal ba mheasa ’n-a phus a thug sé dhom tar éis teacht do.	I’d given good advice to the rascal when he was setting out in the morning, and now it was the worst word in his mouth that he had for me when he got back.
Níorbh’ é seo an chéad uair a thuit an sórt so, leis, amach agus féach gur chuir sé an t-olc chomh mór san orm nár thógas an dorn chun aenne eile an fhaid atáim ar an saoghal ach chuige.	This wasn’t the first time either that such a thing happened, and you see it made me so angry that I lifted my fist to him, the only time in the world that I ever did it to anybody.
Agus do chuir fear liath an ghunna an oiread san eagla air ná raibh sé insa mhaith chéadna ó shin.	But the grey man with the gun put such a fright into him that he was never the same man again.
Ar chloisint an scéil seo na mbáilí do sna h-oileánaigh do chuir sé trí n-a chéile go mór sinn.	When his tale about the bailiffs came to the ears of the Islanders, it worried us a lot.
Go lán-bhocht do bhí furmhór a raibh ann insan am san.	The most that lived there in those days were bitter poor.
Do bhíomair teanntaithe mar ná féadfaimís dul i dtír i n-ao’ chor.	We were in a trap then, for we couldn’t go ashore at all.
Ar chlos an scéil sin do’n sagart paróiste níor thaithin sé leis agus ní bheadh sé sásta nó go mbeadh fhios aige an raibh aon tseift le fagháil a thabharfadh fuascailt orainn.	When the parish priest heard of it, he didn’t like it, and he didn’t rest till he could find out if there was any way of setting us free.
Do bhí Bórd na gCeanntar gCumhang ag tógaint talmhaintí sa dúthaigh le tamall roimis sin.	The Congested Districts Board had been taking up estates in the countryside for some time before this.

Do chuir an sagart tuairisc amach féachaint arbh’ fhéidir leis an Blascaod a chur fé’n mBórd.	The priest made inquiries to see whether he could bring the Blasket under the Board.
Tháinig scéala chuige go mbeidís toilteannach le gabháil fé agus do chuir an sagart tuairisc chughainn a bheith amuich fé n-a bhrághaid gan mhoill mar go mbeadh feadhmanach ó’n mBórd ’n-a theannta insa lá do cheap sé.	He was told that they were willing to take it on, and he sent a message to us to come out to him at once, for an officer of the Board would be with him on the day he had fixed.
Do bhí an lá spriocálta ró láidir agus níorbh’ fhéidir dúinn dul sa ghnáth-chalath i dtír ach dul ar Chuas an Reithe.	The day appointed was too stormy and we couldn’t go to our usual harbour, but had to put in to Cuas an Reha.
Do bhí an bheirt romhainn ann agus a ndrom le stocán.	The pair were waiting for us with their backs against a rock.
Do bhíomair tamall ag cainnt leo agus iad linn nó gur chuireadar ceangailte ionnainn ná beadh an tigh bán aon lá eile le feiscint againn agus tar éis a lán a chur trí n-a chéile d’fhágamair slán age n-a chéile.	We talked with them for a bit, and they with us, till they made it clear to us that we should never see the white house again, and, after we’d gone through a lot of explanations, we said farewell to one another.
Níor ró mhaith an lá ar muir againn-ne é agus ar ’shon gurbh’ é an talamh tirm a bhí aca san ní raibh sé le moladh aca le ceathanna sneachtaidh aniar dtuaidh ag baint na súl asta féin agus as an gcapall.	It wasn’t a very good day on the sea for us, and though they were on dry land, it didn’t deserve a word of praise from them either, for snow showers out of the north-west were blinding both of them and their horses.
Ar shroichstint an Oileáin dúinn do bhí a raibh ann i bhfianaise an uisce féachaint cad é an tuairisc a bhí againn chúcha.	When we got to the Island, the whole population was down by the water waiting to see what news we had for them.
Do bhí tuairisc mhaith agus thugamair dóibh é go sultmhar.	We had good news, and gave it them with joy.
Lár-na-mháireach an lae sin do bhí an tigh bán ar lár agus ní ró fhada go raibh fear agus fear eile ag teacht ar ár dtuairisc ó’n mBórd.	The next day the white house was down, and before long one man after another came to visit us from the Board.
Seana-rádh iseadh é “gur giorra cabhair Dé ná an doras” agus “an rud is measa le duine ar domhan ná feadair sé ná gurab é lár a leasa é.”	‘Tis an old saying that ‘God’s help is nearer than the door’, also that ‘the thing a man likes least in the world may be, for all he knows, the very heart of his fortune’.
Dob ’in ionbhadh againn-ne i dtaobh an tighe bháin é.	So it was with us in this matter of the white house.

D’á mhéid an fuadar a bhíonn fé sna h-uachtaráin go minic cuireann comhacht an Árd-Mháighistir go minic i ndiaidh a gcúil iad.	However hard our masters may be after us sometimes, the Great Master of all often sends them to the rightabout.
Níor ró-fhada go dtáinig feadhmánach an Bhúird, do chuir suas a sheanntán agus thug tamall ár dteannta ag tomhas agus ag roinnt na talmhan.	Before long the officer of the Board came. He put up a tent and spent some time among us measuring and apportioning the land.
Is me féin a bhí i gceann an tslabhraidh aige.	It was I who held the other end of the chain for him.
Do chuir sé ár n-ainm síos a bheith mar threóntaithe ag an mBórd agus a bheith sásta leis seo agus leis siúd.	He wrote down our names as tenants under the Board, and we were to be content with this and that.
Thug sé saoiste leis agus a lán fearaistí i dtráléir ó’n nDaingean agus do chuir a lán oibre ar siubhal.	He brought a foreman with him and a lot of materials in a trawler from Dingle, and put a great deal of work in train.
An uair a bhí gach ní tairricthe amach aige do’n saoiste d’fhág sé i mbun gach gnótha é ach do thagadh ar cuaird anois agus arís.	When he’d got everything arranged for the ganger, he left him in charge of the whole affair, meaning to pay visits to us himself now and again.
Thagadh fear airgid a dhíol uair sa choigcíos.	A man used to come to pay wages once a fortnight.
Thug an Bórd bliain go leith ag obair sa Bhlascaod an uair sin agus furmhór an bhaile ag obair gach seachtain agus lá.	The Board spent a year and a half working in the Blasket, and most of the men in the village were at work every week and every day.
Dá scilling sa ló an págh do bhí againn—rud maith ag déanamh ár ngnótha féin.	Two shillings a day was our pay—pretty good when we were working for ourselves.
A seacht-déag de scillingí insa mbliain do cuireadh ar an ngabháltas a bhí agam-sa, agus iseadh atá fós air, go raibh deich bpúint ’á dhíol insa tsean-aimsir age m’athair críona ann.	Seventeen shillings a year was the rent on my holding, and still is, while my grandfather in the old days used to pay ten pounds.
Is mór an t-atharú ar an saoghal é sin.	That’s a great change in the world.
Tógadh chúig cinn de thighthe nua insan Oileán.	Five new houses were built in the Island.

Is mise agus an saoiste a chuir le n-a chéile gach blúire dhíobh agus do bhíodh árd-obair age lán na beirte againn go minic mar do chaitheadh gárda adhmaid bheith leo i gcomhnaidhe mar is le grean atáid siad tógtha agus táthán tríd agus do bhí orainn iad a choimeád chomh díreach le barraille gunna.	I and the ganger put up every inch of them, and often the two of us had to work desperately hard. We used a contraption of wooden boards for them, for they are built of mixed gravel and cement, and we had to keep them as straight as a gun barrel.
Sara rabhadar críochnaithe tháinig glaodhach ar an saoiste sin agus b'éigean do imeacht agus tháinig fear eile ná raibh aon chur amach aige ar thighthe dhéanamh.	Before they were finished that ganger was called away and he had to go, and another man came who hadn't the least notion of building houses.
B'éigean domh-sa na tighthe chríochnú.	I had to finish them.
I dteannta gach aindise eile ní raibh aon tuiscint ar Ghaoluinn ag an saoiste nua so.	Among other misfortunes, this new ganger didn't understand a word of Irish.
Tháinig lá go raibh úrlár le cur isteach i gceann de sna tighthe nua agus do bhí ceathrar ar an mbórd ag suathadh an mhuirtéil.	A day came when a floor was to be laid in one of the new houses, and there were four men working on a wooden platform mixing the mortar.
Theastuigh ó'n saoiste órdú a chur ortha—an oiread san tátháin a chur thríd an oiread san grin.	The ganger wanted to give them an order to mix so much cement with so much gravel.
Ní raibh aon Bhéarla age lucht an mhuirtéil agus ní lugha bhí Gaoluinn ag an saoiste agus d'fhág san breallaighe ar an ngnó agus d'éirigh straidhn ortha chun a chéile.	The men mixing the mortar had no English and the ganger no Irish, and that made a mess of the work, and they fell out with one another.
Do bhíos féin anáirde fé bhun na slinne ag plástaráil.	I was up under the slates plastering.
Ní ró fhada go bhfeaca chugham é agus gan aon deagh-imeacht fé.	Before long I saw him coming towards me in a bad temper.
"Tar annso anuas," ar seisean, "tá an ceathrar so ar an gclár chomh dall le cheithre cinn d'asail."	'Come down here,' says he. 'These four at the board are as stupid as four asses.'
Do bhuaileas anuas dréimire mór fada agus thána go dtí an clár agus fuaireas fios an tranglaim.	I came down a great, long ladder and went to the platform, and found out the cause of the muddle.
D'innseas dóibh sin cad a bhí ó'n saoiste dhéanamh.	I told them what the ganger wanted done.
Do bhí an saoiste ag cur as.	The ganger was cursing away.

“Sin iad an ceathrar is daille a chonnac riamh,” ar seisean, “agus caithfead iad a bhriseadh as an obair.”	‘Those are the four stupidest men I ever saw,’ says he, ‘and I’ll have to discharge them.’
“Ach sé adeir an ceathrar,” arsa mise, “má’s maith leis an mBórd na tighthe seo a chríochnú go gcaithfear tusa chur as an obair agus duine a chur it’ ionad fhéadfaidh é féin a chur i dtuiscint.	‘But this is what the four say,’ said I, ‘that if the Board wants these houses finished, you’ll have to be discharged and somebody put in your place who can make himself understood.
Is dall do leithéid annso,” arsa mise leis.	A man like you can be no use here.’
Ní raibh oiread píopaireacht’ ag an saoiste as san amach agus do bhíodh.	The ganger never had so much to say after that as before.
Is dóigh liom gur chuaidh sé i bhfeidhm air gurbh’ é féin a bhí lochtach.	I fancy he realized that it was with him the fault lay.
Do dhein an Bórd maisiúlacht a chur orainn insa tslí go bhfuil aithne a choda féin age gach nduine agus cosaint aige air agus gur féidir leis smut a chur i gcomhnaidhe gach uair is maith leis.	The Board improved our holdings so that every man knows his own plot and has it fenced so that he can do his sowing in a part of it whenever he likes.
Ní raibh an scéal mar sin againn roimis sin.	It wasn’t so with us before:
Mara mbeadh an chomharsa chun cur le h-ais leat do bheadh ort stad mar ná féadfá aon chosaint a dhéanamh.	unless your next neighbour was ready to sow with you, you had to stop, for you couldn’t fence your plot;
Do bhíodh curadóireacht gach nduine ró bheag.	every man’s allotment for sowing was too small.
Níor tháinig aon tóir chíosa orainn riamh ó shin ach is baoghal ná beidh san mar sin i gcomhnaidhe.	We’ve never had any distraint for rent since that time, but I’m afraid it won’t be so for ever.
Táimíd ag dul i mbochte gach lá.	We are getting poorer every day.
An uair do bhí an talamh socair suas ag an mBórd agus a ghort féin age gach nduine, thall agus i bhfus, feiste agus fáscadh ortha, ní raibh a bhac orainn ár ndóthain do chur agus do chuirimís ár ndóthain agus fuighleach.	When the land was all tidily settled by the Board and every man had his own field here and there, trimly fenced, there was nothing to prevent us sowing all we wanted, and we used to do that, and more.

Roimis an mBórd—an píosa beag do bhíodh curtha féin againn, agus go minic prátaí maithe ionnta—do bhíodh muca againn agus asail gan ceangal amuich insan oidhche agus toisc gan an fáscadh ceart a bheith ar na guirt bheaga againn, ba mhinic a bhíodh an lá luaithrigh tugtha ortha tar éis an bhrácadh go léir.	Before the Board came we hadn't proper fencing for these little fields, and in the little bits of land we did sow—often enough with good potatoes—we used to have pigs and asses, and they'd often make an utter mess of them after all our labour.
Is mó bliain a chuireas díom gurbh éigean dom bheith im' fhear mhaith insa ló tar éis a bheith im' shuidhe insan oidhche, timcheall na Samhan, ag marbhú mhairciréal agus ba lán-mhinic a thugas seachtain as a chéile gan aon chodladh nó go mbíodh mo chuid prátaí i dtaisce agam.	Many a year I've spent in which I had to do a man's part in the day-time after being up all night, about All Souls' Day, after mackerel; and often enough I've spent a whole week without sleep till I had my potatoes in store.
Annsan nuair a fuaireamair na garraithe i bhfearas, insa tslí ná raghadh fiadh ná fiolar ionnta, ní choirfeadh Éire sinn ó bheith ag cur agus ag baint.	Now, when we had our gardens all ship-shape, so that neither deer nor eagle could go into them, nothing could tire us of sowing and reaping.
Insan am san d'éirigh scolárdach suas 'ár measc agus do chuir seisean roimis go mbeadh biadh gan allus aige féin.	At this time there rose up a babbler amongst us, and his idea was to have food without sweat.
Do bhuail sé a lámha fé n' ascala.	He stuck his hands under his oxters.
Ar nós gach aon eile droch-chéirde ní ró fhada go raibh slataire, agus beirt, ag déanamh rud air agus a lán daoine ag dul chun sámhairíochta.	As happens with every villainy, it wasn't long till first one and then a pair of lads did as he did, and many of them started to take their ease.
Deireadh mac na mí-ghrást so leo gurbh' é an biadh céadna é agus ná raibh ag obair insa tsaoghal so ach capaill agus amadáin.	This ill-conditioned rascal told them that it was the same food one would get after all, and that only horses and fools worked in this world.
Do chuaidh gort ar lár agus bán gan faic a chur ann, agus dhá ghort, agus trí cinn.	First one field, then two, and then three, went to ruin, and remained fallow without a thing planted in them.
Do chuaidh an té do chuir an droch-dhlí ar bun, do chuaidh sé go dtí Meirice agus ní bhfuair sé an t-arán ar an gclaidhe ann.	The man that started this rascality went to America, and he didn't find bread growing on the hedges there.
Nílimíd comh dícheallach ag cur ó shin agus do bhíomair ar dtúis agus tá fallaí an Bhúird, a bhíodh ag cosaint na ngort, ag tuitim.	We've never been so keen on planting since as we were at first, and the walls that the Board set up to fence the fields are beginning to fall.

Do bhíos lá d’iarraidh ualach móna ar an gcnoc agus cad a chífinn ná tráléir mór ó Dhaingean Uí Chúise ag tarrac aniar laisteas de’n Oileán.	One day I was fetching a load of turf on the hill, and what should I see but a trawler from Dingle sailing east on the south side of the Island.
Do bhí gach seol do bhain léi anáirde aici agus gaoth láidir adtuaidh ann.	She had every sail in her set, and a strong gale was blowing out of the north.
Do ghaibh cóch láidir anuas cliathán an chnuic agus do chuala an fhuaim ag teacht orm ach níor chuireas aon tsuim ann.	A fierce gust swept down the hill-side and I heard the clatter coming my way, but I gave no heed to it.
Ar shroichstint an asail do, do bhí rómham amach, do bhain sé an ughaim de agus do leag an t-asal agus do leag me féin agus do bhain sé an mheabhair as mo cheann.	When it struck the ass that was just in front of me, it stripped the baskets off him and knocked him flat, and me, too, and drove all the wits out of my head.
Ar phreabadh im’ sheasamh dom agus ar fhéachaint timcheall dom ní raibh m’ughaim le faghúil, ach do bhí an t-asal.	I sprang up and looked round me, but I couldn’t find the baskets, though I found the ass.
Súil dár thugas i ndiaidh na h-ughmach do chonnac an tráléir agus is orm a bhí an t-iongantas an uair ná feaca aon tseol anáirde uirthi ach na giobail tar éis na gaoithe ’á shéideadh dhi.	I looked after the baskets and saw the trawler, and was amazed when I saw no sails on her—only rags and tatters. The gust had swept them clean away.
Do bhí sí annsúd ’n-a h-óinsigh gan cor aisti.	She lay there like a fool, never moving.
Ar fhéachaint géar dom cad a chífinn ná m’ughaim amuich ar an bhfairrge móir i ngiorracht fiche slat de’n árthach maol gan seólta!	I looked closely and saw my baskets floating out in the great sea about twenty yards from the trawler that was stripped of her sails.
Do stadas ar feadh tamaill ag machtnamh ar cad a dhéanfainn.	I stood a few minutes to think what I had best do.
Ní raibh fód móna age baile, ná aon rud a bheirbheochadh aon ní, agus mo chléibheanna imithe!	There wasn’t a sod of turf in the house or anything to cook a thing, and my creels were gone!
Is é seift a rith chugham ná an dá mhála bhí i srathar an asail a thógaint aiste agus an mhóin do chur ionnta, ceann aca ar gach taobh de’n asal.	The plan I hit on was to take the two bags out of the ass’s packstraddle and put the turf in them, one of them on either side of him.
I gcúrsaí bhaineas le creideamh riamh lem chuimhne do bhíodh duadh an domhain ag gabháil leo.	In the matter of religious service, so far as my memory goes back, we had endless trouble.
Chun Aifrinn caithtar dul treasna an Bhealaigh isteach trí mhíle móra go Dúnchaoin.	We must go across the Sound to Mass, three long miles to Dunquin.

Is annamh ar fad sa gheimhreadh a bhíonn an Bealach oiriúnach chuige agus caithtí, agus caithtear fós, fanúint sa bhaile.	In winter the Sound is rarely fit for it, and we were forced, and still are, to stay at home.
Is minic a bhímís ráithe gan aon Aifreann.	We were often a whole quarter without a Mass.
Aon Domhnach ná féadaimís dul amach bhíodh an choróin ar siubhal againn féin le linn an Aifrinn amuich.	Any Sunday we couldn’t go out we used to say the rosary at the time when the Mass was being celebrated on the land.
I dtaobh faoistine is duine fánach a théigheadh amach go Dúnchaoin an fhaid is cuimhin liom ach, uair sa mbliain, na sagairt a theacht isteach.	As regards Confession, it’s only a man here and there that would go out to Dunquin for it, so long as I can recall, but the priests came into the Island once a year.
Do bhíodh bád mór ó Dhúnchaoin ceapaithe ag an Sagart Paróiste chun iad a chur isteach agus do thugadh mar dhíol dóibh an méid airgid a bailighttí ag an stáisiún do féin.	A big boat from Dunquin was appointed by the parish priest to bring them in, and he used to give them all the money that was collected for himself at the Station.
Sin mar bhíodh aca nó gur chuaidh na báid mhóra so ar lár agus nár fhan ceann istigh ná amuich aca.	That’s how it used to be till these big boats went out of use and there were none of them remaining in the Island or out.
Is iad naomhóga an Oileáin a bheireann isteach ó shin iad.	Canoes from the Island bring them in ever since then.
Níl leath na suime ’á chur ’sa sagairt anois agus do bhíodh le linn m’óige.	Not half the respect is paid to the priests now that was paid in the days of my youth.
Insan am san agus me im’ gharsún is cuimhin liom go maith ná beadh fáiltiú ceart curtha roimis an sagart ag aenne ná buailfeadh leath-ghlúin leis ar thalamh tar éis an báirréad a bheith scuabtha glan de’n chloigeann.	When I was a boy, I remember well nobody was considered to have welcomed the priest properly who didn’t put one knee to the ground after sweeping his cap right off his head.
Insa tsaoghal fé láthair má bhíonn cruinniú roim shagart bogfaidh an chuid tosaigh an báirréad, ach b’fhéidir ná bogfaí an báirréad féin as san siar.	In the world of to-day if there is a gathering to meet the priest, those in front will doff their caps, but maybe not another cap will be doffed from there to the back.
An bád go mbeadh sagart innti ní bheadh cead ag an bhean dul innti, pé broid nó gádhtar do bheadh uirthi, agus ní thagadh aenne aca i ngoire an chalaith.	No woman was allowed to go in a boat with a priest in it, whatever her haste or need, and never one of them came near the landing-place.
Ach le tamall níl aon chosc leo má tá lán an bháid ann aca.	But, for some time now, there’s none to say them nay if the boat is crammed with them.

Tá feiscint an Easpoig insa Bhlascaod ar an gcuimhne is sia agam.	One of the oldest recollections I have is seeing the bishop in the Blasket.
Dar liom gur ceann a thógas de seachas aenne eile, toisc an bhruit fé leith a bhí air, is dócha, mar níorbh’ fhéidir liom bheith mórán blian.	I fancy the reason I took such note of him beyond anyone else was that he had a special mantle on, for I can’t have been many years old.
Aon duine go bhfuil cúntas cruinn uaidh cá bhfuil cathaoir an Easpoig sa Bhlascaod Mór níorbh’ fhada an mhoill orm mo lámh a bhualadh uirthi.	If anyone wants to know exactly where the episcopal seat is on the Blasket, it wouldn’t take me long to put my finger on it.
Bhí sé ag siubhal leis ó fhág sé an calath nó gur bhuail lanntán féar-ghlais leis.	He went walking on after leaving the landing-place till he came to a green-grassed place.
Do bhí carraig cloiche i lár an lanntáin seo.	There was a rock in the middle of this place.
Do stad an tEaspog agus d’fhéach sé timcheall agus do shuidh ar an gcloich agus do bhailibh a chlócha ’n-a thimcheall.	The bishop stopped and looked about him and sat down on the rock, gathering his cloak about him.
“Tá an áit seo ’riúnach go maith ó tá an lá breagh,” ar seisean.	‘This place is just right, since the day is fine,’ says he.
Ní cuimhin liom aon Easpog a theacht ó shin ann.	I don’t remember any bishop coming since then.
Uair san tríú bliain a thagann glaodhach ar na h-óga annso le fada dul amach go dtí áit chomhnaithe an tSagairt Paróiste i mBaile an Fhirtéaraigh chun dul fé láimh Easpoig.	Once every three years for some time past the young folk are summoned to go out to the place where the parish priest lives in Ballyferriter to be confirmed by the bishop.
Bhíodh tigh ullamh insan Oileán so chun na stáisiún gach bliain nuair a thagaidís;	A house used to be prepared in the Island for the Stations every year when they came;
ach an fhaid atá tigh na scoile ann is ann a bhíd.	but so long as the school has been here they are held in it.
Is mó duine tháinig fé dhéin an Oileáin le blianta ar lorg na Gaoluinne.	Many people have been coming to the Island for years in quest of Irish.
Mí a bhíodh age n-a bhfurmór.	Most of them spent a month here.
Do chaithinn tamall a thabhairt do gach nduine aca agus mo chuid oibre féin a dhéanamh ’n-a theannta san.	I had to spend a time in the company of each one of them, and do my own work into the bargain.
Tháinig duine go dtí an t-Oileán so agus is mór mar lean sé dhe ó shin.	A man came to this Island, and he’s come a good deal since.
“Bláithín” an ainm a thugaimíd air.	‘Bláithín’ is what we call him.

Robin Flower ó Lonndain is é é.	He is Robin Flower from London.
Do bhí faisnéis fachta aige ó Charl Marstrander roimis sin gur im’ theannta a bhí sé féin.	He had heard from Carl Marstrander before he came that he had been with me.
Ar shroichstint na h-Éireann do’n bhfear maith so níor staon sé nó gur bhain sé amach an Blascaod Mór.	When this good fellow got to Ireland, he never rested till he reached the Great Blasket.
Tá sé ag teacht gach bliain ó shin.	He’s been coming every year since.
Do chleachtaimís bheith i bhfochair a chéile ag scríobhadh.	We used to spend the time together writing.
Do bhíodh cúpla téarma insa ló againn air.	We had two sittings every day at it.
Thug sé tamall gach bliain ó shin im’ theannta chun gach focal d’á raibh scríbhte againn a chur le chéile as bhéal a chéile nó go raibh sé go réidh, socair.	He spent some time every year in my company to get every word we had written arranged in order till it was right and easy.
Beidh cur síos insa leabhar san ar gach aindise dár thuit amach timcheall na mBlascaod, beag agus mór;	That book will tell of every disaster that befell round the Blaskets, both the little and the big:
an cruadh-chás do bheir ar chuid de sna daoine, ar an gcuma gur mhair cuid aca insna h-Oileáin bheaga ar feadh tamaill, an crut agus an cló do bhíodh ortha ionnta, an long bháidhte,	the strait that trapped some of the men, how some of them dwelt for a time in the little islands, how they fared in them, the wrecked ship,
an glór sidhe agus samhlaithe eile do bhíodh le feiscint go mion, minic, má b’fhíor iad.	the fairy cry, and other apparitions that were to be seen often and often, if report speaks true of them.
An cailín inghine do bhí agam, í siúd a mhair tar éis lae na Trágha Báine, do bhí bean mhuinnteardha dhi sa Dún Mór agus ba mhaith leo í seo a bheith i mbéal an dorais aca.	The daughter I had—the one that survived that day on the White Strand—had a relation in Dunmore, and this woman wanted her living near her.
Chuaidh sí agus phós sí sa Dún Mór agus bhí áit mhaith aici.	She married in Dunmore and had a good place there.
Do dhein a h-imeacht san easnamh lán-mhór domh-sa.	Her going made a great gap for me.
Do bhíos annsan gan aon duine chun aon chrích a chur orm, ach sinn go breallach ag tarrac an tsaoghail ’ár ndiaidh.	I had nobody then to look after things for me, but we were left to blunder on, dragging the world after us.
Do bhíos im’ dhuirc dhubh dhubrónach ar scarúint na h-inghine liom.	I was but a dark, dispirited dullard after my daughter left me.
Dosaon blian do mhair sí insa Dún Mór ’n-a dhiaidh sin.	A dozen years she lived in Dunmore after that.
D’fhan seisear de pháistí óga ’n-a diaidh.	She left six young children behind her.

D'á olcas do bhí gach scéal agam do bhuaidh scéal na h-uagha ortha ar fad.	Whatever sorrow else befell me, that sorrow of the grave was the crown of them all.
Ní ró fhada do bhí an cogadh mór buailte insan am go raibh loingeas d'á shíneadh agus d'á threascairt ar an mór mhuir agus daoine stróinséartha ag teacht i mbáid béal-oscailte ós gach páirt de'n bhfairrge.	The Great War hadn't been going on for long when ships were being wrecked and destroyed on the ocean and strangers were coming in open boats from every quarter of the sea.
Ní raibh insa tigh an uair sin im' theannta ach dritheáir dom, Paidí, a bhí dhá bhliain déag níosa shine ná me féin.	The only person I had in the house with me at that time was my brother Pats, who was twelve years older than I was.
Do bhí an pinsion an uair sin aige.	He had his pension then.
Níl aon chur síos ar an méid earraidhe a bhí ag imeacht ar uachtar na fairrge le linn an chogaidh sin.	There's no telling of all the goods that were adrift on the surface of the sea while the war was going on.
Cúpla míle ó'n gcalath annso do bhuail long mhór an chloch ann.	Two miles from the harbour here a great ship ran upon the rocks.
An "Quabra" dob' ainm di.	The Quebra she was called.
Dubhairt an captaen a bhí uirthi go raibh cuid de gach earradh do bhain le beatha an duine uirthi, ach deoch amháin.	Her captain said that she had in her cargo everything that feeds mankind except drink.
Do bhí an fhírinne aige.	And he was right.
Do líon an fhairrge de gach sórt do chonnaic súil, agus ná feacaidh súil, riamh insan áit seo.	The sea filled up with everything eye had ever seen and that we had never seen in this place.
Do sábháladh luach na gcéadta de'n raic agus do dhein na h-oileánaigh mórán airgid di, cé nach é a gceart a fuaireadar.	Hundreds of pounds' worth was salvaged from the wreck, and the Islanders made a great deal of money out of her, though they didn't get what they ought.
Ní raibh agam-sa ach bheith ag féachaint ortha, dar ndóigh, mar nach i mbád ná i mbarc a chuas ná puinn ag glaodhach orm.	I had nothing to do but to watch them, to be sure, for I went neither in boat nor in bark, and nobody invited me.
Le linn an chogaidh mhóir iseadh do bhuail Brian Ó Ceallaigh chugham.	While the Great War was on Brian O'Ceallaigh came to me.
Do chaith sé bliain 'ár measc agus is againn a chaith sé an Nodlaig an bhliain sin.	He spent a year with us, and he was in our company for Christmas that year.

Tar éis imeacht do Bhrian do bhíos ag cur cúntais cinn lae chuige ar feadh cúig bhliana.	When he had gone, I used to send him a journal every day for five years.
Annsan ní raibh sé sásta nó go mbreacfainn mo bheatha féin agus conus mar do chuireas an saoghal díom.	Then nothing would satisfy him but that I should write of my own life and tell him how I had passed my days.
Mar nár ghnáth liom aon duine riamh d’eiteach do chromas ar an ngnó do chur ar bun.	It was never my way to refuse anybody, so I set about the job.
Seo ’á léigheamh agat, a léightheóir, toradh mo shaothair.	What you’re reading now, reader, is the fruit of my labours.
Do bhíos ag cur an tsaoghail díom ar an gcuma so ar feadh tamaill eile dem’ shaoghal.	I was putting the world past me like this for some time more;
Fear ag teacht, beirt, agus triúr;	people coming in ones and twos and threes,
agus do bhíodh a théarma féin age gach nduine aca liom.	and every one of them having his own sittings with me.
Bhínn ag iascach ar na clocha agus bhíodh prátaí mo dhóthain gach bliain agam.	
Chúig bhliana do bhí Connradh na Gaedhilge ar bun insan am gur chuireas mo cheann innti, agus d’á mhéid bráctha bhíos ag cur díom is i ndéineacht a bhíos ag dul ó bhliain go bliain agus táim indiu níos déine ná riamh ar son teanga na tíre agus na sinnsear.	The Gaelic League had been founded five years when I put my head into it, and, however hard I’d worked, I’ve been working harder year by year, and to-day I go harder at it than ever for the sake of the language of our country and of our ancestors.
Tháinig an t-Athair Mac Clúin bliain agus thug sé trí seachtaine im’ theannta.	Father Clune came and spent three weeks with me.
Deireadh sé an t-Aifreann gach lá dúinn.	He said Mass for us every day.
Tháinig sé thar n-ais agus thugas mí ’n-a theannta.	He came back again, and I was a month in his company.
Sinn i gcabhair a chéile ag ceartú a bhfuil insa “Réilthíní Óir.”	We helped one another, correcting all the words in ‘Réilthíní Óir’.
Do bhíodh hocht n-uaire ’chluig suidhte síos gach aon lá againn; dhá théarma insa ló—cheithre h-uaire ar maidin agus cheithre h-uaire tráthnóna—ar feadh an mhí.	We used to be sitting at it eight hours a day in two sessions—four hours in the morning and four in the afternoon—for all that month.
Sin é an mí is mó do ghoill riamh orm, ar muir nó ar talamh.	That’s the most painful month’s work I ever did, on land or sea.
Do bhí mac dom i Meirice ar feadh dá bhliain déag.	One of my sons had been in America for twelve years.

Tháinig sé abhaile timcheall na h-aimsire sin, é féin agus a bhean agus beirt leanbh.	He came home about this time, himself and his wife and two children.
Do bhí sé ar bórd aon luinge leis an Árd-Easpog Mannóg an uair a tógadh as an luing é.	He was on the same ship as Archbishop Mannix when he was taken out of the ship.
Níor fhan sé im’ theannta ach leath-bhliain san am gur thug sé fé anonn arís agus d’fhág annsan me.	He only stayed with me half a year when he started across the water again and left me.
Ní raibh seilg ná faic ’á dhéanamh le linn dóibh teacht ach aon phúintín d’ár thugadar leo anall ’á chaitheamh aca agus is é rud adubhairt sé má leanfadh an saoghal mar bhí sé aon achar fada gur caithte bheadh pé pinginn a thug sé leis— agus do bhí ’n-a bhóthair ag teacht—agus gurbh’ amhlaidh ná beadh sé thall ná i bhfus aige.	There was no fishing or anything when they came, but they spent the pound or two that they had brought with them, and what he said was that, if things went on as they were going much longer, he’d have spent every penny he brought with him, or that might be coming to him, and that he’d have nothing left at home or abroad.
Is é mo thuairim go raibh an ceart aige.	And I think he was right!
D’fhág an seana-phinsinéir de dhritheáir me an uair a thánadar san abhaile.	My brother, the old pensioner, left me when they came home.
Do glacadh isteach i dtigh i nDúnchaoin é agus tá sé fós ann agus é cheithre fichid bliain.[1]	He was received into a house in Dunquin, and is still there, in his eightieth year.
Tá buachaill eile de mhac dom im’ theannta agus is éigean do fanúint timcheall an tighe mar níl mór-mhaith ionnam-sa ach a bhfuil im’ theangain.	I have another young son with me, and he has to stay around the house, for there is little good in me except in my tongue.
Níl bó ná capaill, caora ná uan, naomhóg ná bád againn. Bíonn dorn prátaí agus an teine againn.	We have neither cow nor horse, sheep nor lamb, canoe nor boat. We have a handful of potatoes and a fire.
Táim seacht mbliana fichead ceangailte insa teangain seo agus tá seacht mbliana déag ó casadh an Lochlannach, Marstrander, chugham.	I have been twenty-seven years hard at work on this language, and it is seventeen years since the Norseman, Marstrander, came my way.
Bíonn rud éigin ag teacht im’ threo anois agus arís i mbéal a chéile ná fágann aon mhór-ghanntar orainn.	Something or other comes to me now and again, one thing after another, that keeps me from starvation.
Is mó spreallaire a chloisim ’á rádh ná fuil aon mhaith sa teangain dúthchais;	I hear many an idle fellow saying that there’s no use in our native tongue;

ach ní mar sin a fuaireas-sa í.	but that hasn’t been my experience.
Mara mbeadh í is ag agall na déirce bheinn-se.	Only for it I should have been begging my bread!
XXV — CRÍOCH.	25 — The End.
Seadh, táim sleamhnaithe liom go deire mo scéil go dtí so.	Well, I’ve slipped along thus far to the end of my story.
Níl curtha síos agam ach an fhírinne;	I have set down nothing but the truth;
níor ghádh dhom aon cheapadóireacht mar bhí an aimsir fada agam agus is mór fós im’ cheann.	I had no need of invention, for I had plenty of time, and have still a good deal in my head.
Is mór a bhíonn bailithe i gceann duine aosta dá mbeadh duine eile ag cur cúntais air agus ’á cheistiú.	It’s amazing what a lot there is in an old man’s head when somebody else starts him talking and puts questions to him.
Mar sin féin, dob’ é an rud ba mhó gur chuireas suim ann a dheineas a bhreacadh.	All the same, what I’ve written down are the things that meant most to me.
Dheineas breithniú ar chúrsa mo shaoghail agus an rud is mó gur chuireas suim ann is é is túisce tháinig chun mo chuimhne.	I considered the whole course of my life, and the things that had meant most to me were the first to come back to memory.
Thugas daoine eile isteach im’ scéal seachas me féin. Ní bheadh slacht ann gan san a dhéanamh, ná iomláin’.	I have brought other people besides myself into my story, for, if I hadn’t, it would have been neither interesting nor complete.
Ní raibh fuath agam d’aenne riamh díobh agus do chaitheas go dtí so mo shaoghal leo gan sinn féin do chur aon bhárthainn ar a chéile.	I never disliked any of them, and I’ve spent my life in their company till to-day without any trouble between us.
N’fheadar cad é a dath atá ó’n dtaobh istigh de thigh na cúirte i nDaingean Uí Chúise, d’á fhaid atáim ar an saoghal.	I don’t know what colour the inside walls of the court in Dingle are, old though I am.
Daoine bochta saonta sinn ag cur an tsaoghail dinn ó lá go lá.	We are poor, simple people, living from hand to mouth.
B’fhéidir nárbh’ fhearra dhúinn bheith n-ár scannróirí.	I fancy we should have been no better off if we had been misers.
Bhíomair oilte, toilteannach leis an slí bheathadh do cheap an Máighistir Beannaithe dhúinn a dhéanamh gan leisce, ag treabhadh na mara go mion minic gan súil le dul chun cinn ach ár ndóchas i nDia.	We were apt and willing to live, without repining, the life the Blessed Master made for us, often and again ploughing the sea with only our hope in God to bring us through.

Malairt meóin nár dheárthach le chéile agus nár dheárthach le lucht mín-tíre—subháilcí linn féin againn agus ár lochtaí beaga féin ag baint linn comh maith.	We had characters of our own, each different from the other, and all different from the landsmen; and we had our own little failings, too.
Níor cheileas na tréithe fónta ná na lochtaí beaga ach chomh beag agus do cheileas an cruadhtan agus an t-annródh a bheireadh orainn agus gan an tarna dul suas againn ach gabháil tríd.	I have made no secret of our good traits or of our little failings either, but I haven’t told all the hardships and the agonies that befell us from time to time when our only resource was to go right on.
Carraig í seo i lár na mara móire agus go lán-mhinic tagann an fhairrge cháithteach lastuas di le fóirneart gaoithe ná beadh sé ar do chumas do cheann a chur amach ach oiread le coinín i n-Inis Mhicileáin a fhanann i bpoll an fhaid a bhíonn fearthainn agus sáile amuich.	This is a crag in the midst of the great sea, and again and again the blown surf drives right over it before the violence of the wind, so that you daren’t put your head out any more than a rabbit that crouches in his burrow in Inishvickillaun when the rain and the salt spume are flying.
Ba mhinic sinn ag dul chun fairrge ar mhochóirighe na maidine agus an uain oiriúnach a dhóthain agus fé dheire an lae do bhíodh na daoine istigh ’ár gcaoine le droch-chló a bhíodh tagaithe ar an aimsir.	Often would we put to sea at the dawn of day when the weather was decent enough, and by the day’s end our people on land would be keening us, so much had the weather changed for the worse.
Do bhíodh orainn bheith amuich istoidhche agus níl cur síos ar an annródh a leanann an sórt san seilge.	It was our business to be out in the night, and the misery of that sort of fishing is beyond telling.
Tugaim díogh ar na gnóthaí eile go léir di.	I count it the worst of all trades.
Ba lán-mhinic an fhairrge ag gabháil lastuas dinn, gan radharc againn ar thír ná ar thalamh—oidhche mhór fhada fhuar mar seo ag comhrac na mara agus go lán-mhinic ar bheagán fagháltais ach ó uair go h-uaire ag tnúth le cabhair Dé.	Often and again the sea would drive over us so that we could see the land no more—a long, long night of cold like this, struggling against the sea, with often little to get, only praying from moment to moment for the help of God.
Do thagadh ár ndóthain de’n tseilg orainn go fada fánach insa tslí go mbíodh orainn na líonta a ghearradh agus iad a scaoileadh leis an muir.	It was rare, indeed, for us to get a full catch, and then often we would have to cut away the nets and let it all go with the sea.

Oidhcheannta eile—tar éis brácadh an mharbhaithe, agus na naomhóga bog-lán de, agus ná féadfaí bualadh ar chalath ná ar thír ach tarrac ag dul anáirde go dtí an féar glas, stoirm aniar dtuaidh, na bainnc ag briseadh—	On other nights, after all the labour of the fishing, the boats would be fairly full, and we couldn’t make the harbour or the land, but the swell would be rising to the green grass, the storm blowing out of the north-west, and the great waves breaking.
chaithimís rith roimis an aimsir, cuid againn go Cuas Cromtha, cuid go Cuan Fionntrágha, cuid go dtí an Daingean.	We would have to flee then before the gale, some of us to Cuan Croumha, some to Ventry harbour, some to Dingle.
Fágann na neithe sin nach comórtas sinn le daoine i mbailte móra agus lanntáin míne réidhe.	You may understand from this that we are not to be put in comparison with the people of the great cities or of the soft and level lands.
Má bhí lochtaí beaga le cur ’ár leith uaireannta dob’ é an uair do bhíodh aon bhraon dighe eadrainn é.	If we deserved blame a little at times, it would be when a drop of drink was going round among us.
Do ghoilleadh an deoch orainn seachas cách toisc sinn do bheith suaidhte tnáithte do shíor ar an gcuma atá luaidhte agam, ar nós an chapaill, gan aon phioc de’n sánas ná de’n suaineas do shíor.	The drink went to our heads the easier because we were always worn and weary, as I have described, like a tired horse, with never any rest or intermission.
Bhíodh an saoghal go maith an uair úd.	It was a good life in those days.
Bhíodh scilling i láimh a chéile againn;	Shilling came on shilling’s heels;
biadh flúirseach agus neithe saor.	food was plentiful, and things were cheap.
Bhíodh an deoch saor.	Drink was cheap, too.
Ní le dúil sa digh a bhíodh sainnt orainn dul ’n-a treo ach chun oidhche shúgach a bhaint amach i n-ionad an annróidh a bhíodh fachta againn go minic roimis sin.	It wasn’t thirst for the drink that made us want to go where it was, but only the need to have a merry night instead of the misery that we knew only too well before.
Do dheineadh braon a thógaint croidhe a chur ionnainn agus do bhíodh lá agus oidhche anois agus arís againn i bhfochair a chéile gach uair a bhíodh cao’ againn air.	What the drop of drink did to us was to lift up the hearts in us, and we would spend a day and a night ever and again in company together when we got the chance.
Tá san imithe agus tá an mór-chroidhe agus an scléip ag dul as an saoghal.	That’s all gone by now, and the high heart and the fun are passing from the world.

Thugaimís ár mbóthar abhaile orainn mar seo go mín macánta tar éis gach raghairne, mar bheadh clann aon mháthar gan díth ná díobhail a dhéanamh d'á chéile.	Then we'd take the homeward way together easy and friendly after all our revelry, like the children of one mother, none doing hurt or harm to his fellow.
Do scríobhas go mion-chruinn ar a lán dár gcúrsaí d'fhonn go mbeadh cuimhne i mball éigin ortha agus thugas iarracht ar mheon na ndaoine bhí im' thimcheall a chur síos chun go mbeadh ár dtuairisc 'ár ndiaidh, mar ná beidh ár leithéidí arís ann.	I have written minutely of much that we did, for it was my wish that somewhere there should be a memorial of it all, and I have done my best to set down the character of the people about me so that some record of us might live after us, for the like of us will never be again.
Táim críona anois.	I am old now.
Is mó rud a tháinig treasna orm i rith mo mharthain go dtí so.	Many a thing has happened to me in the running of my days until now.
Tháinig daoine ar an saoghal lem' linn im' thimcheall, agus d'imíodar.	People have come into the world around me and have gone again.
Níl ach cúigear is sine ná me beo ar an Oileán.	There are only five older than me alive in the Island.
Táid sin ar an bpinsion.	They have the pension.
Níl uaim-se ach cúpla mí, leis, chun an dáit chéadna, dát nach rogha liom.	I have only two months to go till that date—a date I have no fancy for.
Is ag bagairt chun báis a bhíonn sé, dar liom, cé go bhfuil mór-chuid daoine gurbh' fhearr leo a bheith críona agus an pinsion aca ná a bheith óg 'á éagmais.	In my eyes it is a warning that death is coming, though there are many people who would rather be old with the pension than young without it.
Is cuimhin liom bheith ar bhrollach mo mháthar.	I can remember being at my mother's breast.
Thugadh sí suas ar an gcnoc me i gcliabh do bhíodh ag tarrac mhóna aici.	She would carry me up on to the hill in a creel she had for bringing home the turf.
An uair a bhíodh an cliabh lán de'n mhóin is fé n-a h-ascail a bhínn ag teacht aici.	When the creel was full of turf, she would come back with me under her arm.
Is cuimhin liom bheith im' gharsún;	I remember being a boy;
im' fhear óg;	I remember being a young man;
i mbláth mo mhaitheasa agus mo nirt.	I remember the bloom of my vigour and my strength.

Tháinig gorta agus flúirse, rath agus mí-rath, lem' mharthain go dtí so.	I have known famine and plenty, fortune and ill-fortune, in my life-days till to-day.
Is mór an fhoghluim a thugaid sin ar an nduine a thugann fé ndeara iad.	They are great teachers for one that marks them well.
Beidh an Blascaod lá gan aenne de'n dream atá luaidhte agam sa leabhar so—ná aenne go mbeidh cuimhne aige orainn.	One day there will be none left in the Blasket of all I have mentioned in this book—and none to remember them.
Tugaim buidheachas do Dhia a thug cao' dhom gan an méid de'n tsaoghal a chonnac féin agus go rabhas ag bruic leis, a dhul amú, agus go mbeidh 'fhios im' dhiaidh conus mar bhí an saoghal lem' linn, agus na comharsain do bhí suas lem' linn.	I am thankful to God, who has given me the chance to preserve from forgetfulness those days that I have seen with my own eyes and have borne their burden, and that when I am gone men will know what life was like in my time and the neighbours that lived with me.
Ó lasadh an chéad teine insan oileán so níor scríobh aenne a bheatha ná a shaoghal ann.	Since the first fire was kindled in this island none has written of his life and his world.
Adhbhar maoidhimh domh-sa mo scéal féin agus scéal mo chomharsan a chur síos.	I am proud to set down my story and the story of my neighbours.
'Neosaidh an scríbhinn seo conus mar bhí na h-oileánaigh ag déanamh sa tsean-aimsir.	This writing will tell how the Islanders lived in the old days.
Théigheadh mo mháthair ag tarrac na móna agus mise hocht mbliana déag d'aois.	My mother used to go carrying turf when I was eighteen years of age.
Dheineadh sí é d'fhonn go bhféadfainn-se dul ar an scoil, mar gur fánach a bhíodh fagháil ar scoil againn.	She did it that I might go to school, for rarely did we get a chance of schooling.
Tá súil le Dia agam go bhfaghaidh sí féin agus m'athair an Ríoghacht Bheannaithe;	I hope in God that she and my father will inherit the Blessed Kingdom;
agus go mbuailfead-sa, agus gach n-aon a léighfidh an leabhar so im' dhiaidh, leo i nOileán Parrthais.	and that I and every reader of this book after me will meet them in the Island of Paradise.
(CRÍOCH.)	THE END
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